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EIGHT JOURNEYS ABROAD

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ASTOR, LENOX
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M. D. Richardson

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EIGHT JOURNEYS ABROAD

LETTERS OF
MRS. FRANK H. ROSENGARTEN
(NÉE MARY D. RICHARDSON)

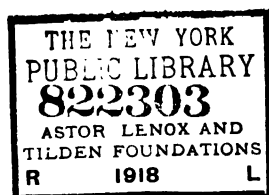
WRITTEN IN
1869, 1870, 1892, 1897, 1900, 1903, 1906, 1910

WITH MANY ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS



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DEDICATION

AS A MEMORIAL OF HER WONDERFUL TALENTS AND
UNCEASING INDUSTRY, THESE LETTERS ARE PUB-
LISHED AND DEDICATED TO THE SONS, RELATIVES
AND SUCH FRIENDS AS REMEMBER THE WRITER IN LIFE

PREFACE

The writer of the accompanying letters, Mary D. Rosengarten, was born in 1846 at Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, daughter of James and Laura Clifford Richardson. In 1857, Mr. and Mrs. Richardson removed to St. Louis, Missouri, and it was in that city their daughter received her early education, graduating from the high school at the head of her class, in 1862.

After her graduation in St. Louis she entered the home of President Sanborn of Dartmouth College at Hanover, New Hampshire, and under his supervision studied English literature.

Later, in 1863, she entered a school in Brooklyn, N. Y., on Brooklyn Heights, and applied herself to the study of vocal and instrumental music.

The following years she studied vocal and instrumental music and became a most accomplished singer, having a mezzo-soprano voice.

Her intense desire for culture induced unceasing efforts in all branches. Her study of music, and French, Italian and English literature never wavered, even during her long years of married life and motherhood. Her appreciation of the artistic and beautiful was a strongly marked characteristic. Her kindness of heart, generous disposition and quiet charity made her beloved by the many who knew her.

In the winter of 1863, instead of journeying to her home in St. Louis, she spent the Christmas holidays at the home of the father of her future husband at 1532 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

Her visit there began a friendship that never wavered and resulted in her subsequent engagement and marriage in 1873, ten years after her first visit to Philadelphia, followed by over forty years of intensest mutual love. From 1864 to 1869, she lived at her father's home, 2827 Locust Street, St. Louis, from

PREFACE

time to time making journeys in the United States, until in 1869 she was enabled to fulfill her ideals for European travel and musical culture.

She left New York on the 30th of October, 1869, accompanied by her father, journeyed to Italy and settled in Milan to study singing under the celebrated Maestro Lamperti.

At first she studied singing under the Maestro Corsi, taking three lessons a week, but wrote home objecting, "He will not let me practice more than two hours a day!"

Later she concluded her studies under Lamperti, among whose pupils was the great tenor Campanini, who created in his later career the intensest enthusiasm and with Christine Nilsson constituted probably the greatest vocal duo ever known.

Her letters written during this period of late 1869 and 1870 were treasured by her parents and were carefully preserved; it has been a labor of love to reproduce them literally, for they so fully demonstrate the deep appreciation she felt for the wonders of Europe, although written in hurried moments.

These pilgrimages included travels in Italy, Switzerland, France, Belgium, England, Scotland, Norway, Sweden, Finland, Russia, Poland, Austria, the Tyrol, Spain, Algiers, Turkey, the Balkans, the Holy Land and Egypt. The places and things described by her will certainly interest persons familiar with them. Persons intending to travel can read her descriptions with assurance of their accuracy.

She was married on the 5th of March, 1873, at the home of her parents, 2827 Locust Street, St. Louis, and, after a short wedding journey by way of Louisville, Cincinnati, Harper's Ferry and Washington, arrived at Philadelphia, her home from that time onward.

At first residence was made at 1532 Chestnut Street. After a few months, 256 South 15th Street was purchased and then furnished and adapted to suit her taste for artistic surroundings. This home was occupied for twenty-one happy years and here were born her two sons, J. Clifford and Samuel Richardson Rosengarten.

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In 1894 the family home was changed to 1905 Walnut Street, and occupied by her for the nineteen remaining years of her life.

During all her forty years of married life in Philadelphia she was enthusiastically busied with musical activities. She constantly attended the Grand Operas and delighted in listening to the greatest singers of the world. She joined the Beethoven and St. Cecilia Choruses, was a director of the Philadelphia Orchestra from its inception until her death, was one of the founders of the Eurydice Chorus and was president of that society at the time of the celebration of its 25th anniversary.

She induced the conductor, Professor Parker, of Yale University (composer of the Opera of Mona and other celebrated compositions) to make the concert given in honor of the celebration a unique musical event. The concert was devoted to the memory of Michael Cross, first leader of the Eurydice and conductor of the Orpheus Club, and in the programme were several songs that had been taught the chorus many years before by Mr. Cross. Compositions written by Professor Horatio Parker, by his assistant at Yale University, Professor Smith, by Mr. Chadwick of Boston, who has written music of the very highest worth, a song by Gilchrist of Philadelphia and one by Frank Damrosch, at one time conductor of the Eurydice and now the head of the great conservatory of music in New York, were rendered.

The crowning feature of this concert was the fact that each of these eminent composers conducted in person the composition allotted to him.

After the concert these men and many of the chorus were entertained at Mrs. Rosengarten's home, and speeches were made congratulating the society on such a wonderful event and praising the genius and musical talent of the president of the society.

Mrs. Rosengarten was insatiable for travel and study of the wonders of the world. She visited Europe in 1869-1870, in

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1872, in 1892 and 1897, in 1900, 1903, 1906 and 1910. Twice she was in California and many times in Canada. She visited the Centennial Exposition of 1876, the Exposition at Paris in 1900, the St. Louis Fair, the Pan-American Exposition in Buffalo and went twice to the World's Fair in Chicago.

While her summer home and garden in Jamestown, Rhode Island, were quite satisfying to her esthetic and artistic ideals she always declared it to be a waste of valuable time to reside there when there was so much of intensest interest to her in many parts of the world she had not seen.

She deeply regretted her inability to visit her niece, the wife of a high military officer attached to the staff of the Viceroy in India, and another niece, married to an American officer attached to the United States Embassy at Peking, China.

She died on the 29th of October, 1913, at Coronado, California, after long months of illness. She passed away peacefully, surrounded by her family and loyal home servants, beloved and admired by all who knew her.

F. H. R.

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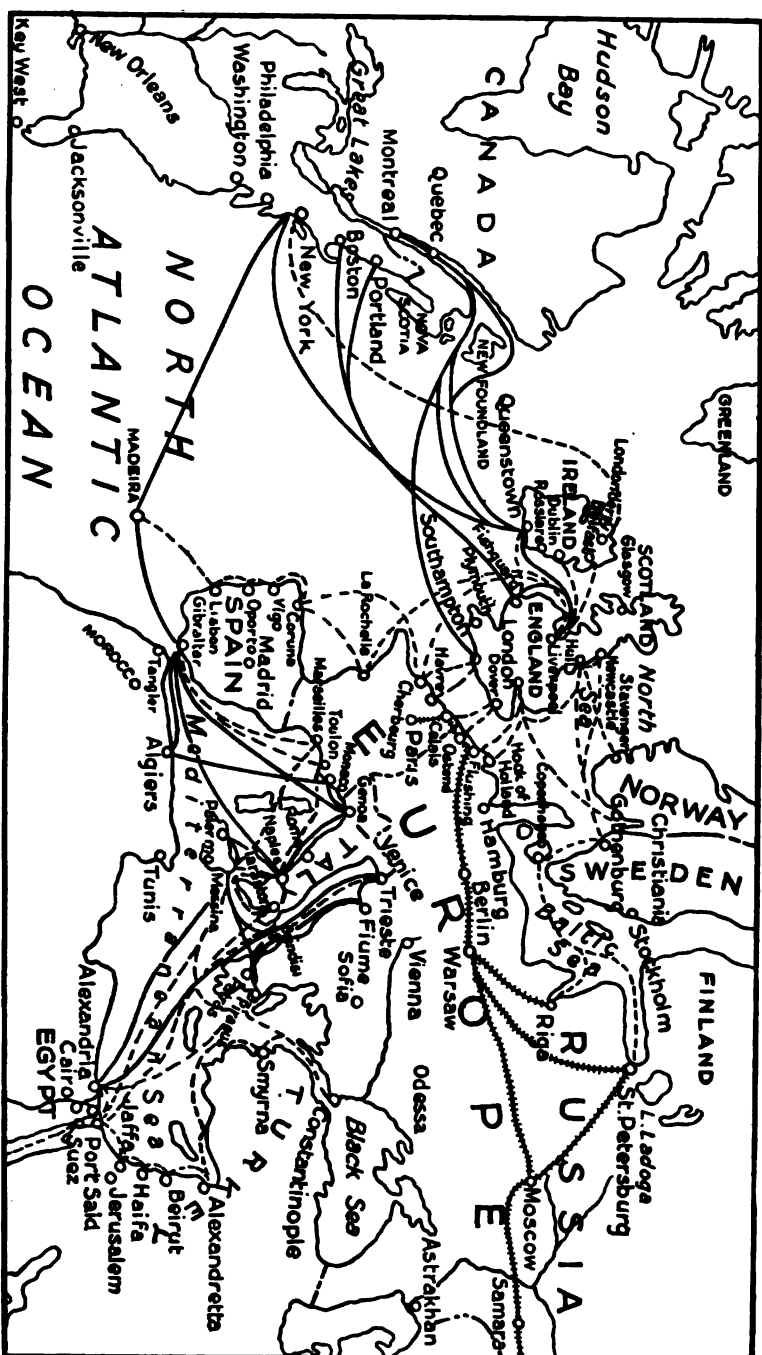
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THE JOURNEYS OF 1869-70



THE JOURNEYS OF 1869 AND 1870

Ambition for culture and travel finally brought permission to satisfy these long-looked-for undertakings, for Mrs. Rosengarten, at that time Mary D. Richardson, sailed on the 30th of October, 1869, with her Father, James Richardson, of St. Louis, and arrived safely in Paris, and thence followed her experiences in France, Italy, Switzerland, England, Scotland, Norway, Sweden, Finland, Russia, Austria and the Tyrol and a return to Italy. After the long months of study under Maestro Lamperti in Milan began the journeys through Germany, Belgium to England.

It is apparent from the letters that every moment was utilized in the acquisition of useful and intellectual experiences, the study of historic, artistic and social conditions, and the noting of surroundings in a manner remarkable for a person so young.

The energy shown in the ascents of Vesuvius and of the Grand Mulets was exceptional, and the memories of these accomplishments were always sources of deepest pleasure to her during the forty-four subsequent years of her life.

Notwithstanding the exciting conditions caused by the War of 1870, the journeys were but little inconvenienced.

On the 9th of December, 1870, the return to America was made on the Steamship Russia.

F. H. R.

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EN ROUTE

New York, Friday, Oct. 29th, 1869.

DEAR MOTHER,

This is the last opportunity I shall have to write before we sail, which will be to-morrow at 2 o'clock.

We sail in the French Steamer Pereire, and father heard to-day that one of the German Line sails at the same time and it is to be a race between them, the Pereire is one of the fastest steamers, its last trip was the fastest on record. We have got a heavy lap blanket and sea-chair apiece, and are going to have a state room together so if Father is sick I can take care of him. Our address will be in Paris, Care Munroe & Co., No. 7 Rue Scribe. Emma Rosengarten is to be married the last of next month and Frank is not coming home. I feel rather blue when I think how far we are going, but of course I shall enjoy it immensely. Do all of you write me often. With much love to all

Your aff. daughter

M. D. R.

Paris, Friday, Nov. 19, 1869.

DEAR FRANK,

I don't wonder you were surprised to hear from me on this side of the water. The truth of the matter is I did not know of it myself until about four weeks before we started. In October Father was taken sick. He came straight through to New York, where I met him and we sailed on the Pereire on the 30th of October.

EIGHT JOURNEYS ABROAD

Our plan is to spend the winter in Italy; shall probably remain here a week longer, leaving here the first of week after next for Marseilles. We shall go to Nice and other places and intend to be in Rome during the Holidays. Father expects to stay longer in Naples than anywhere else on account of the climate. He will return in the spring and I expect to remain at the Musical Conservatoire at Milan, but may go to some other. We did think a little of going to Stuttgart thinking that friends will be there, but as they are not and we would have to go just that much out of our way and return to Paris again, it would be foolish. Besides I shall have opportunities to travel with friends next summer through Switzerland and Germany.

I am going to do my best to get Father to go to Athens.* Can't you meet us somewhere and go with us and perhaps to Egypt? Wouldn't it be fun? Don't you think you will be able to come to see me somewhere before you return. I can't go to see you so you ought to come to me. Of course I wouldn't expect you to come specially for that purpose, but you can arrange some of your vacation trip so we can meet. I must close this as I am going out. Write me soon will you not? I stand very much in need of letters, have not heard a word from home.

Yours truly,

M. D. R.

* Not till 1903 were visits to Athens and Egypt made.

FRANCE

Hotel de Paradis,
Nice, Dec. 8th, 1869.

DEAR JIMMY AND LOLLY,

I shall direct this letter to you, because I got such a nice letter from both of you to-day.

We left Paris last Thursday morning. We arrived at Lyons at 11 o'clock at night, and put up at the Grand Hotel. We all started out early in the morning to see the town of Lyons. Went first to an old church founded on the site of a palace in which Caligula was born, then we ascended the Height of Fourriere where on a clear day you can see Mont Blanc and the Alps a hundred miles off.

There is a church on the top, containing a miraculous image of the Virgin. It is dressed in gold cloth and big as a good-sized doll and when there is an invalid to be cured, it comes out and holds a doll baby in long clothes over their heads. The church is filled with crutches of the people who have been cured. Then we went to see a church with a wonderful clock that has little wooden images that popped out from holes and staggered around and went back again, and a cock that crowed very faintly, and one of them was gilded and was called the angel Gabriel.

The most interesting of all the places are the manufactories of silk and velvet. They all are small affairs each owned by separate persons, and not conducted on a large scale like ours. We saw elegant silks and velvets and damasks for

EIGHT JOURNEYS ABROAD

furniture, but the most wonderful are the portraits woven in black and white silk. We bought one of Louis Napoleon to take home.

The next day we came on to Marseilles, where we had our first glimpse of the Mediterranean. The scenery was magnificent, and on the way we saw lots of old Roman ruins, aqueducts and amphitheatres. At Avignon we saw the Palace of the Popes who used to live there, also the home of Petrarch the poet. His "Laura" is buried in one of the churches there. Rienzi, the Roman tribune, was also once confined at Avignon. On the way they showed us the rock from which Pontius Pilate threw himself down.

The country is very barren, the hills are principally chalk, but every square foot of ground which can be cultivated is covered with grape vines. Between Lyons and Marseilles is the great wine country, where the finest wines in France are made, and we began to find olive trees also.

Marseilles is a beautiful city, with the Mediterranean in front and a mass of mountains directly behind.

I was taken sick the next morning with a touch of the ague and didn't go out at all with Father but went the next day riding. From one of the hills behind the city there is one of the finest views I ever saw. The immense chalky hills and the valleys filled with vines and olive trees taken with the beautiful blue of the Mediterranean, combine to form a view intensely picturesque.

The celebrated Corniche Road commences at Marseilles. We drove along it for a mile or two then turned into the Prado which is the fashionable drive. It is full of fine buildings, the Imperial Chateau, Palais de Justice, and Palais de Longchamps. In front of the latter and a part of the building is a magnificent fountain, the handsomest we have seen. On the Island is the prison where Mirabeau was confined. There is also a Monument to Cataline and baths named after him.

We were two days in Marseilles and then came on here. On the way we saw quantities of vineyards and olive trees, towards

FRANCE

the last orange trees, and here and there roses, red and pink and all kinds of flowers in full bloom in the open air. There is a magnificent promenade all along the sea planted with orange, palm and date trees, and the water comes rolling in and dashes almost over it. Along this are fine hotels and elegant villas.

There are plenty of the nobility here at this season of the year. A gentleman told father he saw the Duke of Newcastle gambling in the Casino yesterday. They have music on the promenade every afternoon and all the people in town walk there at that time. Tomorrow we go out to see the kingdom of Monaco, the smallest in the world, but it has its palace and fortifications and theatres, &c and all the things pertaining to a large one—and on Friday we leave for Genoa by the Corniche Road by carriage, it will take two days. I am too tired to write any more to-night. If you only knew how fatiguing it is to sit up and write late at night when you have been on your feet all day you would appreciate these letters. I will finish this to-morrow.

Thursday Night. Dec. 9th, 1869.

We have just returned from Monaco, having spent the day there. We had a car to ourselves, being eight in number. It took us an hour by railroad passing through the most beautiful scenery. The railroad is for the most part tunnelled through the high rocky cliffs that rise abruptly from the Mediterranean, and the rest runs along embankments close to the sea.

The Kingdom of Monaco is built on a very high promontory of solid rock, is surrounded by high walls mounted with cannon and contains a small town and palace. The reigning family dates back to the tenth century, and the present prince has just married the Duke of Hamilton's daughter, and there was a splendid green arch to their honor and flags flying in every direction. We went first to the part that is leased to an English Company for a summer resort. There they have a fine garden-hotel and a Casino where there is a

EIGHT JOURNEYS ABROAD

fine instrumental concert; free, and gambling rooms. We saw men and women gamble at roulette and rouge et noir. I think it is a disgusting sight.

To-morrow at noon we take the cars for Mentone, where we take a carriage and drive all the way to Genoa, which will take until Sunday night, from there we shall go to Leghorn and run out to Pisa to see the leaning tower, and from there by sea to Naples. This morning we went through the old Italian part of this town. We had to go single file and the streets which you would call alleys are so narrow that you could shake hands across from one house to another, and the smells are beyond description, what with filth and garlic.

I am making a collection of stereoscopic views and photographs, and making a flower album. I wish I could buy some of the elegant bronzes and inlaid wood tables I find everywhere. Perhaps I shall get a book rack. I cannot possibly write letters and keep a diary too, and I want to have my letters for a diary on my return. Jimmy and Lolly will be interested to know that I sat beside a real Russian princess at dinner yesterday!

Women go round the streets driving donkeys about as big as Jack. Men drive three horses abreast and all the horses have great peaks on the harness between their ears. The men do the chamber work and the women act as clerks. We see women carrying fresh sardines in baskets and crying "Bella sardina" and saw loads of orange trees loaded down with ripe oranges. It is just as warm here as late in April with us, and they don't have colder weather. Will write from Genoa if possible. With much love to all,

Your aff. sister, M. D. R.

Father is looking better than I ever saw him, and in excellent spirits.

ITALY

Naples, Dec. 18th, 1869.
Hotel du Louvre.

DEAR CLIFF,

I have been trying to summon up courage for three nights to write to some of you, but if you could only know how tired we come home every night you would not wonder.

I believe that very last letter finished with our stay at Nice. We left there the next morning in the cars for Mentone, where we spent the night,—it is becoming a rival of Nice as a resort for invalids, has a lovely promenade on the sea, and protected on the north by a high wall of mountains. In the evening we took a walk, climbed up very narrow streets and long flights of steps, old Roman Masonry, to the top of the hill, where they have converted an old Roman fortress into a cemetery.

It was most weird and romantic—after poking round through the olive groves on top of the hill in the half moon-light we came down into a Plaza with two large churches facing each other, and the stone pavement, and one gas lamp lighting the whole, once in awhile a figure creeping out of the shadows just like a scene in an opera, which has always seemed so unnatural. When we were coming down through one of the narrow streets, where you could shake hands across, in turning a sharp corner, two old women poked their heads out of the doors so suddenly that, with the deathly silence all round, we were quite startled. I can't imagine anything more "poker-

EIGHT JOURNEYS ABROAD

ish," as Mrs. Place would say, than the funny narrow streets in these places!

The next morning we took a carriage in which we rode all the way to Savona within a few miles of Genoa, taking two days. It was a most delightful drive along a perfectly built road skirting the shores of the Mediterranean, in some places reaching an elevation of two thousand feet, and through grove after grove of olive and orange trees, and along beaches, where a fine surf comes rolling in.

The first day we took dinner at San Remo, an interesting old town built on arches, and stopped over at Oneglia. All along the road we saw the old ruins of Roman fortresses and the chain of towers built on all the high points, visible from each other so that they could signal from one to the other. It was a rare sight to see the Mediterranean rolling in at our feet, and feel the warm air around us and at the same time to see the Maritime Alps, their tops one mass of glittering snow, coming down almost into the sea.

We arrived in Genoa "the Superb" Saturday night at nine o'clock and went right to bed. The next day we started out early in the morning and went first to the cathedral built of black and white marble, in which there is a chapel of St. John the Baptist, where his bones are kept locked up and ladies are not allowed to enter, by order of the Pope. We also saw another church which was modelled after St. Peter's at Rome, and contained four magnificent statues and one of them a celebrated St. Sebastian. We went next to the Palazzo Doria, which was the residence of Andreas Doria called the father of his country, and once Doge of Genoa. It has a fine garden, and contains many interesting things, such as the chair in which he used to ride around the city, and opposite to the windows of the chamber in which he died is the monument he erected to his dog.

At the Palazzo Brignoli we saw a magnificent collection of paintings, among them the celebrated "St. Sebastian" by Guido Reni, and Madonna by the same and the "Tribute Money" by

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Vandyke, also portraits of three members who have been Doges of the Republic. The two sisters of the last one are living one at Milan and the other at Paris. From there we went to see one of the finest villas in the suburbs. The house was on a level with the street and the garden built up in terraces behind it, so high that one could see all over Genoa from the top. There were most beautiful fountains and grottos.

In the evening at nine o'clock we were taken with our trunks in a sort of dory out to the steamer for Leghorn and Naples. All that night Emma and I were terribly sick and thought we should die before morning, and quite made up our minds we would not go to Egypt.

We were in Leghorn early in the morning and after breakfast went to shore in a little boat. As soon as we had put our feet on shore we were surrounded by at least thirty ragamuffins each one of whom wanted us to hire his horse and carriage.

They didn't pay any attention to Father, but devoted themselves to Emma and me because we understand them and Father would insist upon screaming English at the top of his voice and gesticulating with his cane. After we had ridden round the city and visited several churches and the water-works, we took the cars to Pisa, where we visited the Grand Cathedral and the Leaning Tower. The tower consists of eight stories supported by Corinthian columns of white marble, some of them quite new and others looking very dilapidated. When the bells ring they shake the whole tower. We heard them just after we had come down, and they were very musical.

The greater portion of the town has lately been inundated by the Arno, and as we walked through the town we saw them scraping out the settlements of mud and filth from the stores and churches. After that we went back and had our dinner in a restaurant at Leghorn and went back to the steamer. And all that night we suffered horrors untold with seasickness, while father was not sick at all, but he came very near it. During one hour it was so rough that he couldn't put into practice his method of accommodating himself to the mo-

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tion of the boat, for when he thought the boat had gone down far enough it did not come up again but went down further still.

We arrived at Naples early Thursday morning, and have had the most delightful weather imaginable. I have a room in the front of the house facing the promenade, which runs along the seashore, and is planted with beautiful trees, palms and orange trees, and a place for people to ride on horseback. Every afternoon thousands of people walk here and ride up and down on horseback and in carriages, dressed in the most elegant velvet costumes, pink and blue silks. From our window we have the whole view of the bay of Naples with Vesuvius and Herculaneum on the left, the Island of Capri directly in front and Baiæ and Ischia on the right and at sunset nothing could be more beautiful than the effect of the scenery and the promenade and all the elegant turnouts and gaily dressed people and the music.

It is so warm we can open our windows before we are done dressing and keep them open all day until the sun goes down. We have given one day to shopping, i. e. looking at coral and gloves. You can get those sets of coral flowers very cheap, comparatively, but they are so frail that they are not worth buying, and are old style besides. The new style is heads, but not like mother's, that is they are not set in gold, but are modelled after the antique and have two and three heads in a row with pendants. They are more expensive because they require larger pieces of coral. I think I would rather have a set of coral, necklace and bracelets, than to have any other kind of jewelry for of course I can afford to have but one set, and I would rather have that one handsome than to have more and poorer quality.

I am on the dead run every minute to see one thousandth part of what there is to be seen. I shall buy some small scarfs in Rome for us all. I think we shall not attempt to buy any pictures. I have to sit up late at night when I am nearly dead in order to write. My love to all.

Yours aff. M. D. R.

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Rome, Jan. 2nd, 1870.

Hotel del America.

DEAR AUNT MARY,

I have gotten so behindhand that I have hardly courage to commence. We have been now in Rome a week, having arrived here Christmas eve. We were in Naples eight days, and in that time managed to see almost everything but the Blue Grotto, at Capri and that can only be seen for a few days during the year, as the surface of the water is so near the roof of the entrance that if there is the slightest ripple on the water an entrance cannot be effected.

We spent most of the time in Naples in visiting the surroundings, which are very beautiful. One day we devoted to Posilipo, Pozzuoli and Baiæ, saw the temples of Venus, Mercury, Jupiter and Diana. At the former were found the four celebrated Venuses now in the Museum at Naples. At Pozzuoli we visited the extinct volcano of Solfatera, which was in action at the same time with Vesuvius when Pompeii was destroyed. The crater is almost circular and about a mile in circumference, and at one side is a small opening from which sulphurous smoke pours out. The heat is so intense that there is danger in holding one's hand near it, and the mouth of the opening is red hot, while down inside one can hear a terrible warning noise, which makes you feel that you are on pretty dangerous ground.

Near this volcano which is on the opposite side of Naples from Vesuvius, is the old Roman Amphitheatre, where the Emperor Nero sometimes fought in the arena. Along that hill which extends from Pozzuoli to Baiæ are the summer residences of some of the distinguished Romans, and they showed us the ruins of Julius Caesar's villa, and that of Nero, and many other celebrated Romans, also the hot baths of Nero, where the water which is brought from the Solfatera is so hot that it boils an egg easily.

Our most amusing adventure was in the Cave of the Cumaean Sibyl which is described by Virgil in the *Æneid*.

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We went into a long subterranean passage, and there we had to get on the backs of men provided for the purpose, who wade through water up to the knees, through narrow circuitous passages and finally deposit you on a slab of stone about two inches above the level of the water. The soot from the torches used there for years has enveloped everything, but they brush it away and show you the ancient frescoes all over the walls. In the time of the Sibyl the water was not there but was introduced warm from the hillside into the large stone bath tubs, now under water, one for the use of the Sibyl and one for Nero. They show also the small opening through the thick wall from this chamber into the open passage where the Cavaliers of the day used to stand to receive the divinations of the Sibyl.

Father had the slimmest guide of all and it was a laughable sight to see him on the poor man's back. But the funniest of all was to see him going up Vesuvius. We took a whole day for that, leaving Naples in the nine o'clock train and commencing the ascent with horses from Portici. We were on the horses about an hour and a half. After we had passed the hermitage about half an hour we left our horses and commenced the ascent of the cone which is 1500 feet high. As you look up at this it appears almost perpendicular and almost impossible for any one to climb, but I knew people did it, and although father said he wouldn't attempt it I announced my intention to do it, and to walk into the bargain.

Finally we began the ascent as follows. I ahead, with a guide who had a strap over his shoulder of which I took hold, and another behind who pushed me up. Next came Emma seated in a chair borne on the shoulders of four guides, looking very much like the Pope when he enters St. Peter's at the ceremonials, and father bringing up the rear fixed out, as I was, with two guides. When you think that there is no road whatever like on Mt. Washington, and that under foot is exactly like broken glass bottles and ashes, and with all that inclined at an angle of 45 degrees, you can realize that making an ascent of 1500 ft. under such circumstances is no small matter.

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However, I accomplished it without using the chair, but if I live to a thousand years I shall never forget how father looked when he was tilting along in the chair at the imminent risk of being spilled over backwards and shouting at the top of his voice, "On the mountain's top appearing," &c. Once arrived on the summit of the crater, we could see nothing (and any way there is nothing to see on account of the dense clouds which surrounded, and the sulphurous smoke is terrible). I got very much frightened while I was up above the rest on the crater,—after breathing the sulphur three or four times I felt I could not take it in again without strangling, and so I just turned about without being able to see an inch before me through the dense smoke, slid down, tumbled down, any way to get down from the crater, where I got a breath of fresh air and felt as if I had made a narrow escape.

The descent is made part of the way on that side of the mountain where there is nothing but ashes. It seemed quite fearful to think of first, but is in reality the easiest way, for the ashes have so much body to them that you don't slide in further than up to your knees, then you pull out that foot and put the other in and slide on, only that you reverse the process, really.

The next day we were all pretty well used up and took the day for shopping, buying coral and gloves. On the following day we went to Pompeii. We were a little disappointed to find that all the objects of interest found in the houses have been removed to the Museum at Naples to preserve them. However, there is sufficient to interest one in the bare walls, and who last lived there, and under what circumstances they took their departure. In the streets are the grooves worn by the chariots' wheels, and where the last chariot that rolled over them was that of a Sallust or a Cicero. The remnants of the Forum, Temples and theatres are all very interesting, but the private houses more so. In the corner of a room by a barred window we saw a skeleton all doubled up and the head stuffed hard with ashes. In the house of Diomedes who was the richest man in Pompeii in one of

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the underground passages there was on the wall the impress of a human body, overtaken there and buried standing upright by the volume of ashes. The skeleton of course was removed when found.

Under Sallust's house was a wine shop, with great stone counters with holes in which the wine jugs were set. In all the houses the floors are of fine stone mosaics and the walls are covered with beautiful frescoes, the finest of which have all been conveyed to the Naples Museum. I picked up a few pieces of the mosaic to send home.

Our last day at Naples we spent at Sorrento, which is an hour's ride in the cars and an hour's ride in a carriage along a lovely coast from Naples. There we saw the most luxuriant orange groves we have seen at all. It would be impossible to describe the beauty of the Sorrento portion of the famous bay. The great hills luxuriantly clothed with verdure rising with scarcely any slope out of the sea,—the water dashing up against their rocky bases and displaying as many as five or six different hues until they all blend in the distance into a deep dark blue.

It was about dark Christmas eve when we arrived in Rome, and as we had to get up early in the morning went right to bed. At 3 o'clock we dressed and went to St. Peter's to hear the Rastorella the only time it is performed during the year, but were very much disappointed in it. I don't like the soprano voices which belong to men, women not being allowed to sing in the Catholic churches here. After it was finished we hurried back to the hotel and put on black lace veils over our heads and returned as rapidly as possible to the church in order to get a good seat in the tribune for the high mass at ten o'clock Christmas morning.

The tribune is a place on one side of the high altar in St. Peter's, for the accommodation of ladies, who are only admitted, however, in black lace veils. I wish I could give you an idea of the magnificence and variety of the costumes I saw on that day. First there were the members of the

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Pope's household, his chamberlains, &c., one of whom seated the ladies in the tribune I spoke of, and for various other purposes were stationed around the church. They are all noble and were gorgeously dressed in purple silk short clothes and velvet doublet, and deep cuffs of elegant point lace on the sleeves, and high white ruffs around the neck, and a short velvet cloak hanging from the shoulders, while their coats are covered with badges and orders.

Then there were priests of every order and description, some in white and some in red, and brown and black, with every degree of shaven head. When the church was quite full, and it is said to be capable of holding 40,000 people, the Pope's Swiss Guard came in and formed a line around the high altar. Their costume is very peculiar, was designed by Michael Angelo, consists of slashed trousers of black and yellow and red, and high boots, and the upper part was dressed in steel armor while the sleeves matched the trousers and steel helmets on their heads, and a long spear called a halberd in their hands. After them the bishops and archbishops, Greek and Latin, came in one after another. They were most gorgeously dressed in long embroidered robes and the Latin with high white pointed mitres.

The Greeks wore richer dresses and a sort of triple crown instead of a mitre; they are also bearded while the Latins are not. In the meantime the nobility were entering on all sides,—they have a separate tribune, the ladies all in black and the gentlemen also, but with all their orders on. One lady came in escorted by five or six footmen, who proved to be the Empress of Austria, a tall fine-looking woman. Then we heard a blast of trumpets and the *Giarde Nobile*, the Pope's guard, all the members of which belong to the nobility, came in and formed a double line the whole length of the church for the Pope to pass through. They were dressed in scarlet with white leather breeches, and finally, after a great deal of delay, the large feather fans made their appearance and we knew the Pope was coming. These fans are of large white ostrich feathers

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set with peacocks' eyes, and are typical of the eyes of all men resting upon him, and seven men carrying tall candles go before him, referring to those described in the Apocalypse.

Then there are six men carrying a white silk canopy, under which is the Pope in a magnificent white robe, seated on a portable throne carried on the shoulders of men, and as he passes up the aisle he lifts his hand feebly at intervals to bestow his blessing on the multitude.

At this ceremony there is always a hat and sword blessed and given to some of the nobility. They had the hat bobbing round on a stick during the whole of the ceremony. At the conclusion there was a burst of silver trumpets from the immense dome, of which the effect is more beautiful than can be described.

I am too tired to write more to-night, in regard to what I have seen. It would amuse the children very much to see Father shake hands with the little beggars who come after him, and they think he is going to give them something but they are vastly mistaken. I will write once more before we leave and try to tell you all about Rome.

With much love to all,

Father continues well.

Yours Aff. M. D. R.

Rome, Jan. 3rd, 1870.

We have seen so many things in Rome that I can scarcely make a beginning, but I think I have seen nothing that I prefer to the Coliseum and the Baths of Caracalla. The seven hills are all included within the walls, the Capitoline, Palatine, Quirinal, Esquiline, Viminal, Caelius and Aventine, and the most interesting remnants of old Rome lie near the two former. At the foot of the Capitoline are the ruins of the Roman Forum, considerably below the level of the modern city.

There is very little standing now—a colonnade in one corner, what is left of the School of Xanthar, and there are eight columns of the Temple of Saturn, and three columns of the Temple of Jupiter, also the Arch of Septimius

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Severus under which may yet be seen a remnant of the old Via Sacra, and the ground all around is covered with fragments of columns. On the right, and covering the Palatine Hill, are the ruins of the Palace of the Caesars, an immense mass which has only recently been discovered, the summit of the hill having been heretofore a public garden. Since the discovery it is being excavated at the expense of Napoleon III.

They have found three tiers of houses, built one upon the other, first that built by Constantine II, that by the

THE FORUM, ROME

Caesars, and third that of Romulus. The mosaic pavements in these old ruins are most wonderful and the amount of elaborate carving in white marble, and the glorious old columns are beyond description. Opposite these ruins are the Basilica of Constantine, and the temples of Antoninus and Faustina, and in between the temple of Venus and Roma, and in front of all the Coliseum, the grandest ruins in the world. We climbed way up to the top of it, and could hardly bear to look down, the height is so tremendous. It is constructed with four rows of seats, the lower for the Emperor

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and Senate, the next for the nobility, the third for the middle classes and the highest for the plebeians.

I bought to-day a very fine stereoscopic view on glass, which I paid nearly a dollar for; it is a new kind of view and considered very beautiful. One day we visited the Baths of Caracalla, a magnificent ruin, with beautiful mosaic pavements (it was here Shelley wrote most of the *Prometheus Unbound*), and porphyry columns. I took away a few pièces

INTERIOR OF THE COLISEUM, ROME

of the mosaic, they are very antique, and look very much like malachite, and the same day we went to the Catacombs of St. Sebastian. I think we walked a mile or two, and there is no knowing how far one could walk. They are merely narrow passages lined with holes on each side, for the bodies, and every once in awhile altars, and by the side of a great many tombs are little bottles which held the blood of the martyrs.

We went to a church called the Three Fountains, on the spot where St. Paul was beheaded. The tradition is that when

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Paul's head fell off it rebounded three times, and at each place a miraculous fountain sprang up. Then at another church outside the walls, called St. Sebastian, and where there is a beautiful reclining statue of that Saint, they show visitors a stone in which are the foot-prints of Christ when he appeared as a vision to Peter and Paul as they were fleeing from Rome. We saw also, in a little church outside the walls, the spot where St. Peter was crucified and I took some sand in a little bottle.

Rome, Jan. 4th, 1870.

To-day we have been all day long in the Vatican, and have seen the two finest pictures the world contains, that is according to the artistic standard. I think I have seen pictures that have given me quite as much pleasure, but in point of grandeur of conception and beauty and delicacy of finish, nothing could excel the "Transfiguration" of Raphael and the Last Commission of St. Jerome by Domenichino. They are in the Pinacotheca or Picture Gallery in the Vatican.

The other fine pictures are the Madonna da Foligno, and a Magdalen by Guercino and Bavoccio. The celebrated cartoons of Raphael are executed in tapestry and hung on the side walls of a long corridor. I think I should enjoy the original drawings much more. They are in Hampton Court, England, I believe. The Stanze of Raphael are distributed through four rooms. Among them is the celebrated picture of the deliverance of St. Peter from prison and the School of Athens, and a fresco called "Poetry" representing Apollo on Mount Parnassus, surrounded by the muses and Greek, Roman and Italian poets.

In the whole effect of the Sistine Chapel I was considerably disappointed, for it is very much defaced in places, and I had expected to see something extremely elegant in detail. The things worth remembering in it are the "Last Judgment" by Michael Angelo, which occupies one whole end of the Chapel and the frescoes on the roof by the same painter pleased us as much as anything we have seen,—they representing the different stages of the Creation and the Expulsion

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from Paradise. The two figures of Eve are considered perfect representations of female beauty. The statuary of the Vatican is the finest in the world with the exception of a few pieces in the Capitol here, and some at Florence. What I liked best were the Perseus and two Wrestlers by Canova, the celebrated Maleager with hound, the Belvidere Apollo, the Belvidere Antinous and the Laocoon. These were the finest, but there were Venuses and Minervas and others by the thousand, all beautiful in themselves, but comparatively un-

POPE PIUS IX IN THE GARDEN OF THE VATICAN

important when viewed beside the great masterpieces. In the Palazzo Barberini is the celebrated portrait of Beatrice Cenci.

The rest of the best works of Art in Rome are to be found in the Capitol. This is a collection of large palaces on the Summit of the Capitoline hill overhanging the Forum. The galleries of sculpture and painting occupy two sides of a square and the Hall of Senators a third. In the middle and front of the latter are two colossal statues of the Nile and Tiber and in the middle of the open square a large statue of Marcus Aurelius. It must at one time have been covered with gilt as there are traces of it on the neck of the horse. In

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the Sculpture gallery we saw the "Dying Gladiator." I could only take a short look at it, which, however, was long enough to impress me with the great power of expression displayed in it. It represents a Gallic gladiator dying in the arena of the Coliseum probably, and the agony in his face is finely expressed:

In the same room is the Faun of Praxiteles mentioned in the "Marble Faun" as the one of Donatello it so strikingly resembled. The Venus of the Capitol is kept under lock and key, and is a most lovely creation. All these are relics of ancient Roman art. I think the marble the ancients used does not compare with the Carrara Marble now in general use among Sculptors.

Our last day in Rome was spent among the studios, but as we were all very tired we concluded to visit those of American artists only. We went first to Buchanan Read's, found him at home and very affable. His paintings are all very much in the same style and I must say that I think his conception of angels is far finer than one sees generally—he makes them to appear almost transparent. The "Pleiades" and "Will of the Wisp" I liked best of the pictures we saw in his studio.

Miss Hosmer we did not find at her studio—had just gone out. We saw her "Sleeping Faun" and a beautiful fountain ordered by an English lady, all very fine works. We went to Vinnie Ream's studio partly to see her and partly the statue of Lincoln she is making. She was not by any means the beauty I expected to see and I was not particularly prepossessed by her or her statue, though the face of the latter is very natural.

Reinhart is the American sculptor who has gained the highest reputation in Rome, and we certainly found more to admire there than anywhere else. I have no doubt you think these letters terribly tedious for I find that I have confined myself quite too strictly to the things I have seen, but you must remember that it is a great deal more satisfactory in the end to have an account of all one's travels, for traveling as rapidly as we do it is impossible to remember one-half of what we see or what is told us.

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Hotel della Citta,
Florence, Jan. 7th, 1870.

DEAR MOTHER,

We left Rome very early yesterday morning and had a very long fatiguing journey here, although we passed through some of the loveliest country I have ever seen. The road runs along under high mountains, the Apennines, and we had a fine view of fertile valleys and high peaks and narrow, swift streams and sometimes cataracts. One reason why we were so tired was that we were kept awake all the night before by the noises in the streets of Rome. It seems that on the night of the 5th of January the Pope liberates the Devil in Rome for three days, and he is allowed to run loose and do what he chooses until the end of that time. And anyone would have certainly thought he had really got loose by the noise of the men, women and boys who collect and go through the streets each playing on a different instrument, and they manage to make an outrageous noise.

As we entered the depot at six o'clock to come here, the guns of St. Angelo ushered in the Epiphany and there was to be a grand ceremony at St. Peter's. All day yesterday and to-day I have been troubled with a terrible cold in my head and throat, so we didn't manage to do much sightseeing to-day. We went, however, to the Pitti Palace and through its Gallery, saw several beautiful Holy Families by Andrea del Sarto, and the Madonna del Seggiola of Raphael, considered the most beautiful of all Madonnas and indeed it is beautiful. But a Holy Family of Andrea del Sarto I like just as well. In one of the rooms we saw a most elegant mosaic table which cost an almost fabulous price.

The shops here are filled with mosaic jewelry and paper weights inlaid with beautiful flowers almost as perfect as nature, and boxes for all sorts of uses.

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Florence, Monday, Jan. 10th, 1870.

We haven't had one decent day since we arrived here last Thursday night, so that we have really seen very little of Florence. One day we spent in the Pitti Palace, which is the residence of Victor Emmanuel. This Palace is on one side of the river and the Uffizi on the other,—they are both used as galleries of Art, and are connected by a long narrow passage built over the tops of the houses and that crosses the bridge over the Arno in the same way. In the Uffizi we saw the celebrated Venus di Medici, in which I was dreadfully disappointed, the Dancing Faun, the Young Apollo, the Wrestlers and Antonino or slave whetting his knife, five works of great celebrity as well as antiquity. The finest of the paintings in this gallery were the Madonna of the Goldfinch, and of Raphael and his celebrated Fornarina, the Venus alluded to by Byron, Guercino's Sibyl, and a Madonna and child by Correggio. The Carlo Dolce's Mater Dolorosa, of which there is an engraving in the parlor, we saw, I think, in the Pitti Palace. Afterwards we went to the house where Dante used to live. It is unoccupied and the windows broken in so we did not think it worth while to enter, and went to the house of Michael Angelo, which is a palace, as he was noble. There we saw quantities of sketches in all stages of completion. They show his furniture and portraits of his family and the little cabinet where he used to write.

We then drove to the Palazzo Vecchio, where in the open square is a fine fountain called the Fountain of Neptune, and in the portico along side of it are some magnificent statues, Michael Angelo's David, Perseus, with the Medusa's Head, and the Rape of the Sabines, and after that to the Museum where there is a good collection of bronzes and ancient armor and weapons. The only thing worth remembering is, I believe, a fine bronze of Mercury represented in motion. I take more interest in the churches than anything else and they are remarkably fine here.

In the Church of Santa Croce are buried almost all the

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Florentines of distinction. Here are the tombs of Michael Angelo and Dante, Machiavelli, Galileo, Michele, Nobili, Lami, and Bruni. This church is alluded to by Byron in the 4th canto of Childe Harold. It is very large and gloomy, as most Catholic churches are, and they were conducting Vesper service while we were looking at the tombs. The combined effect of the music and associations connected with the place I shall never forget.

"THE NOON HOUR," FLORENCE. A CONTRAST

In the church of San Lorenzo in front of the high altar is the testimonial presented to Cosmo di Medici, with the words "Pater Patriae." In one of the side chapels is the tomb of Lorenzo di Medici executed by Michael Angelo. The finest part of the church is the Medicean chapel, built in circular form with a magnificent dome and lighted only by a few windows way up in the dome. In this are the tombs of the rest of the Medici family. The walls are one solid mass of the most elegant mosaic in costly marbles you can imagine, even precious stones are used in the ornamentation.

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But of all things the Duomo or great cathedral pleases me most. The exterior, which is 500 ft. long, is covered with blocks of black and white marbles arranged in patterns, and in the interior, which is quite plain, the light is always like subdued moonlight, and the echoes of the organ tones are wonderful. We ascended to the dome, and from the balcony, which is built just at the foot of the dome, looking down, the men and women below look like flies crawling on the pavement, and the feet of figures in the fresco of the dome are longer than a man's cane, while from below they look perfectly minute. The

PONTE VECCHIO, FLORENCE Built in 1345

Campanile or bell tower is built separate from the church and is square, built of marbles of all colors and blocks of all sizes arranged in the most elaborate patterns. The Baptistery in which all the children are baptized has the celebrated bronze doors by Ghiberti which Michael Angelo said were worthy to be the gates of Paradise, but I couldn't see it.

I am so glad Jimmy wants to take lessons on the organ, do let him take of Mr. Anton, and tell him I want him to take pains with him and be strict with him.

We leave to-morrow morning for Venice and shall be in Milan Saturday night. With much love.

Yours aff'ly,

M. D. R.

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Venice, Jan. 12th, 1870.

Hotel Victoria.

DEAR AUNT MARY,

Here we are in Venice, and all of us perfectly carried away with it, and Father the most of us all. We travelled all day yesterday through the most beautiful country imaginable, among mountains with their tops covered with snow, and by little villages in the hollows between them and in sight of all sorts of pretty and romantic bridges spanning the mountain torrents, and towards evening the railroad swept out into the open sea and we were in Venice before we knew it. We had a moonlight ride in a gondola to the hotel and for real romance found it the only thing that has not disappointed us at first sight.

Venice, Jan. 13th, 1870.

We have concluded to go away to-morrow morning and as I don't wish to have anything on my mind, I will give you an account of it and send this off from Venice so it may go by the way of Germany.

We spent our first morning in looking at the surroundings of St. Mark's square, which can be reached from the hotel by a very narrow and crowded street. This brings us out facing St. Mark's church, which is decidedly the most interesting church we have seen in point of architecture, being built in the Moslem style with domes and minarets. The front is supported by pillars brought from the church of Santa Sofia in Constantinople, and over the doors are the gilt bronze horses of St. Mark. The inside is more peculiar than the outside, if that be possible. The roof is one mass of mosaic on gilt ground and the floor is mosaic and very elaborate, the parapet is formed entirely of the fronts of tombs from Constantinople and four of the pillars of the high altar were brought from Solomon's Temple, though I find the latter rather hard to believe.

They also show some very rich columns carved in alto relievo the whole length, and in the Baptistery an elegant

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font from Constantinople of bronze carved instead of moulded. In this church is the pulpit from which the Doges preached at the time of the crusades—you know they all started from here and were fitted out here. In front of the church are three red masts, standards to commemorate the three great conquests made by Venice. The open square of St. Mark's is about 600 feet long and paved with large blocks of stone. It is very imposing, surrounded on all sides with magnificent palaces, on one side the ancient palace of the Doges and on the other the royal palace of Victor Emmanuel. The open side of the square is on the water and is the grand or State landing, and there stand two immense pillars of granite, one surmounted with the Venetian lion and the other with Theodore, the first patron saint of the city.

It was between these two columns criminals were formerly executed. When Mariano Faliero landed at Venice in the dark he came by mistake between these columns, a fact held to be ominous by the people, and in a year he was executed. I forgot to say that in the baptistery of the church the altar was formed from a large rock, from the summit of Mt. Tabor, where the Transfiguration took place.

The Doges' Palace is full of historic interest. Part of it is now used as a public library and is ornamented with very fine paintings. In it are the Halls and Antechambers of the celebrated Councils of Three, Forty and Ten, who ruled the Republic with the Doge, and also the secret passages leading from the Bridge of Sighs to these Halls, for the use of the prisoners. Father seated himself in the Doge's seat and felt very important.

The garret was formerly used as a prison in the summer season, as a more severe punishment on account of the heat. Here Silvio Pellico and Casanova were imprisoned and the former used to feed the doves out of his prison window. Of course the Bridge of Sighs interested us more than anything else. It connects the Doges' Palace with the large prison separated from it by a small canal. The most gloomy and dreadful prisons are on the Palace side of the bridge and were

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called the Political prisons. It is said that no one could survive more than eight days in them. It was here Mariano Faliero and the two Foscari were imprisoned and were executed at the entrance of the bridge in a narrow dark passageway. All criminals were brought over the Bridge of Sighs to hear their sentence and executed between the two columns in the Piazza.

4

THE CAMPANILE AND THE PALACE OF THE DOGES, VENICE

There is a magnificent entrance to the Palace called the Giants' Staircase on account of the colossal figures of Mars and Neptune at the top. At the head of this stair-case the Doges were crowned and in the middle half-way down Mariano Faliero was executed, having been tortured for two days before. The clock tower of the church is a great

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curiosity, on the high tower are two bronze men standing, one on each side of a bell, and these men strike the hours with huge hammers. As the clock strikes two every day all the pigeons in Venice come to one window in the square to be fed, an old lady having left a bequest to that effect. You cannot imagine what a curious sight it is to see those birds flying from all points as the clock strikes and many come a few minutes beforehand and seat themselves around the window. We have fed them for two days with corn and they come around us by the hundred and will even light on your hand, they are so tame.

We have been into quite a number of churches, one of them remarkable for being the burial place of most of the Doges, but have seen none that pleased us so much as that containing Titian and Canova, Santa Maria dei Frari. That of the former is very beautiful in itself, but is so completely eclipsed by the tomb of Canova that one scarcely cares to look at it. Anything to equal that in the effect it has upon one, I never saw. It represents a pyramidal tomb with half open doors and flight of steps on which at one side Genius habited as an angel is presented dying, and on the other a procession of figures all life size are ascending from the side, the foremost of which, a beautiful figure completely veiled, carries an urn in which is Canova's heart.

There is also in this church a very remarkable monument to one of the Doges, colossal Moors in black marble and clothed in white, holding up a balcony on which he sits.

We went to-day to the Arsenal but were not permitted to enter as the workmen had mutinied but we were quite satisfied to look at the outside. On each side of the gate is a colossal lion in Greek marble, brought from Athens, and dating back to before Christ. It seems when the 1st Napoleon came to Venice he broke the heads of all the lions in Venice so that they are all to be seen now with patched heads.

Yesterday we went to the Rialto, the famous bridge over the grand canal, consisting of one arch and having three pas-

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sage-ways—near this we found Shylock's money shop, and found them still at the same old trade. Father went in and asked them if they had any "monish" to lend. On the grand canal are many fine palaces, belonging to the old Venetian nobility, there also is the house of Desdemona, and in another part of the city that of the Moor, Othello, ornamented with a black statue of himself. Nearby was the house of Paul Veronese and in another part of the city we were shown where Titian lived. Canova the great sculptor lived here, and in one of the private palaces here are two fine statues of his "Ajax" and "Hector." We have seen some fine works of art, but I am so tired of looking at pictures that I find it very difficult to remember them. Paul Veronese's "Rape of Europa" and the Assumption of the Virgin, and some historical pictures of value are the best worth remembering. In the Scuola St. Roch are very fine frescoes and wood carvings and parapets for the altar, one mass of gold and precious stones, used on Feast Days.

We have just returned from a moonlight walk in the square, and the Rialto. It is a sight I shall never forget. As we were standing near the column of the Lion of St. Mark, a man issued out dressed in an immense white mask with long flowing hair and saluted us. We were quite a little frightened at first, but he did not molest us.

We shall be in Milan to-morrow night and I am very glad, being about worn out with travelling, for between driving about all day doing the hardest kind of work for there is no harder work than sight seeing, and writing all night there is not much left of me. Emma is going to stay with me in Milan, where I shall remain until ready to travel next summer. Father is beginning to be anxious to get home, and I think we shall all be glad to rest. We have got Kate Flinn a rosary blessed by the Pope, and I had one given to me, a present from the Bishop of Toronto, Canada, who came over with us. My love to all inquiring. Tell the children to write.

With much love,

Yr. aff. niece

M. D. R.

ITALY

No. 7. P. Via Pasquirolo,
Milan, Jan. 18th, 1870.

DEAR AUNT MARY,

Father has left us and here we are sitting in our parlour as forlorn as possible. I felt dreadfully to have father go. We moved into our apartments yesterday and he stayed with us until his dinner, then went and returned for us to accompany him to the railway station. I never felt so badly in my life as when I saw the last of him and I think he felt very badly also. He seemed to dread the journey very much. His general health seems very good, but he suffers very much with the cold, as indeed all of us do. He can outwalk any of us and has slept well until lately, and now he wakes up early in the morning. He will be in Paris to-morrow morning if he is not delayed, and we shall hear from him in a day or two.

We spent the time while he was here in seeing the places of interest. Sunday afternoon we went to the Cathedral and to the top of it, and from there had a splendid view of the Mountains with their tops covered with snow. This Cathedral is a wonderful structure. It is all built of white marble and the outside is a mass of the most delicate and ethereal pinnacles and the inside of Gothic arches. There are accommodations for ever so many thousand statues, but as there is such a difference of opinion in regard to the number, I will not attempt to tell how many! Under the altar is a subterranean chapel dedicated to St. Charles the first, Archbishop of Milan. He is exhibited in very elegant clothes in a silver coffin, through a rock-crystal cover.

In the church of Santa Maria delle Grazie we saw the celebrated painting of Leonardo da Vinci, the Last Supper, which you have seen in many engravings.

Now I will tell you about our apartments. We went to work the first thing to find the American Consul and call on him. He told us it would be of no use to go about in search of apartments, that he would do it for us, &c., and the next day he came for us to go look at some. We were well

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pleased and he said he knew it was the best we could do. They consist of quite a large room with two windows, grand piano and quite handsome furniture,—that is our parlor, and a small bedroom adjoining.

We have made arrangements to-day about our French and Italian lessons and by the time I write again shall be able to tell you what sort of person I have got for a singing teacher. I suppose you all think that as we are in sunny Italy we ought to be very warm. Far from it! I never suffered so in all my life with the cold. I spend most of my time sitting, bellows in hand, trying to keep the fire from going out altogether. The only people in the house are three English girls and an Italian Professor of literature. We have seen them only at dinner and such a dinner! Macaroni, chestnuts and onions!

We took our coffee in bed this morning and had breakfast at half past eleven. Then we went out and got some few necessities. I have been reading over all your letters to cheer me up. I feel so dreadfully now father is gone. It is awfully lonesome for us two, alone among strangers. I wish you would write very often—you don't know how welcome your letters are. I like to get just the kind of letter you write telling all the home news. I have sent to Paris for my gray poplin and black and white silk, and expect to wear out some of my old clothes while I am here. I shall not get anything new unless perhaps a new black silk suit when I leave here next summer.

We understand they keep the carnival here more than in Rome. I suppose we shall go to one of the Masked Balls in "La Scala" before it is over. I forgot to say that Father took us one night to the Opera to see "Piero di Medici." We had a box and invited the Consul and he came. I would give a good deal to-night if I could toast my feet over a register. My hands are so stiff now that I can hardly write and I don't see but what we are really going to suffer with the cold until warm weather comes. Do write often and tell Cliff and Warren to write also.

With love to all inquiring friends,

Your aff. niece,

M. D. R.

ITALY

Milan, Jan. 30th, 1870.

DEAR MOTHER,

I am not feeling very well to-day, but felt that I ought not to let the day pass without writing a letter home. I think I have got the ague, this climate is very much like ours, and they have intermittent fever here as well as all through Italy, but I hope to get over it soon. We begin to feel quite at home in our rooms now, and long for warm weather to come. We have had several calls, a Mrs. Heisch and her daughter—very nice English people who boarded at the hotel where we stopped when we first came, and the minister who preaches at the English Chapel, where we go every Sunday and pray for Victor Emmanuel and the Queen of England. He has gone away for his health and the minister who has supplied his place has also called. The American Consul, Mr. Clarke from Boston, comes to see us nearly every other day; and to-day he introduced the English Consul to us, and he will also call.

We are now settled at our lessons, but no matter how diligent we may be, four months is too short a time to learn very much. We take lessons in French and Italian of a lady, and Emma takes lessons in instrumental music of Luca Fumigalli, who is a composer and has played at the best concerts in London. I take singing of Maestro Corsi who has been one of the great artists, such as Garcia and Ronconi have been. We went the other night with Mr. Clarke to see the Opera of "Rigoletto" in which Corsi is playing for the first time in fifteen years for he is quite an old man and has not had any voice for a long time. His acting is very celebrated and certainly is the finest I ever saw. We got quite frightened at one time, the people became so excited when there was a particularly fine part, crying "Corsi" and "Bravo," and called him out before the curtain four times before they became quiet.

I am taking three lessons a week now and he will not let me practice more than two hours a day, says my voice is soprano and sweet and flexible. I went to hear a lesson at Lamperti's who has trained a great many for the stage, and was

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never so disgusted in all my life. His lessons are from twelve to four. In the meantime all the scholars come in and he takes them in turn. He sits down on the sofa and takes hold of the pupil's hand and with a stick which he holds in the other hand he marks the time and how he wants the tones shaded by passing the stick over the pupil's arm. He in the mean time smokes and laughs and talks with all the people in the room and all the artists in the city walk in and out of the room smoking also, and the smoke and confusion cannot be imagined. All sorts of characters go there, most all of them are training for the stage.

This is one of the places where all the engagements, musical, are made. I had a letter from Father this morning saying that he had concluded to wait a week longer in London for the sake of going with Mr. Perry and Cyrus W. Field, as they wanted him to. I am glad Father has met friends. He needs a great deal of society and is very dependent on it,—he was dreadfully homesick. Vienna is the place to buy all sorts of things in Russia leather. Silks and velvets and laces and underclothing are the things that it pays to buy. I shall not be in Paris until next September at least, so you will have plenty of time to think over what you want me to get by that time.

I shall be dreadfully discouraged if I get the ague fastened on me again. It takes all the ambition out of one. I shall go out to-morrow and hunt some quinine. Mr. Clarke says it is well to take it often in this climate. I would give a good deal if I could look in on you all to-night. I do miss father so. I think you had better decide to come over next summer with Mr. Greeley, and travel all summer, and we'll go back in the fall together. Do write often, just think how you would feel if you were off here alone. Some of you can certainly write once a week. My letters are to all. My time is so occupied I can't write oftener than once a week.

Your aff. daughter,

M. D. R.

ITALY

No. 7 Via Pasquirolo,
Milan, Feb. 9th, 1870.

DEAR AUNT MARY,

It is nearly a month now since I have heard a word from home and I can't imagine what you are all thinking of. It is three weeks since Father left us to go to London and since then I have not heard a single word from any of you. Father has written me every few days, and I'm thankful to say so, or I don't know what would have become of us. Last Saturday, the day I knew Father was to sail from Liverpool, I thought I would die of homesickness, and sat down and cried for two or three hours.

You at home cannot imagine how we are situated here. We don't know but two or three people here, and of course being busy can't see much of them. A Mrs. Bonney and children from Boston were here to-day and a Mrs. Heisch and daughter from England are the only acquaintances we have. There is not a large foreign population as in the German cities and Florence, Rome and Naples, and one has no choice between no society at all and the Italian, which is very corrupt and is of two kinds, that which includes the highest rank of nobility, who don't admit foreigners, and the other a combination of musicians, artists and critics, and some few counts and countesses, which is as corrupt as any society well can be. I don't know what we would do if Mr. Clarke didn't take such an interest in us, and he is an old stick and is gone now to Vienna to stay three weeks. And in the house the two young ladies of whom I have spoken manifest no desire to be at all friendly with us. They go with the artist set and are studying for the stage, and whether they are afraid we shall get into their set or not, I don't know, but as they are infidels I don't think the loss of their acquaintance will do us any harm.

The truth of the matter is that between music, French and Italian I have to work too hard and don't have enough relaxation. Every time we go out we are spoken to by men, some of them old grey-headed ones too. The lady of the house don't

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speak anything but Italian and the man speaks only a little of the worst French you ever heard. You would be much amused if you could see us take some tea of an evening with the landlady. We talk in French, Italian and pantomime, and have a great time understanding each other, and sometimes we talk for an hour or two, so you can imagine we get along somehow.

The Court Ball takes place in two or three weeks where King Victor Emmanuel will be present. I suppose we could go if we had our names put down a long time before, but one has to go in Court dress and I should have to get a new one and as there is not the least probability that anyone would take any notice of us, it would hardly pay. We shall probably go to one of the Masked Balls during the Carnival. The King will come here for that they say, as this is the only place where they keep the three days succeeding Ash Wednesday. In fact there is more gaiety here than in any other city in Europe at that time. During those days they pelt everybody who appears on the Corso with white lime.

I wouldn't say much about my studying music here, for although I shall do my very best to acquire as much as possible, still four months is a very short time to accomplish anything in, and I found that losing my practice while travelling made a great difference, and we shall probably be travelling six months after leaving here and shall consequently lose a great deal for want of practice. We have been so busy we have not really seen any of the sights of Milan. We are going some day soon to see the King's Palace, and when the warm weather comes shall go to the Gardens, and old Sforza Palace or Triumphal-Arch erected by the 1st Napoleon.

The place where they drive and walk here is called the Bastione, and is a magnificent wide street, planted with trees on both sides of great height, and has a low stone wall the whole length, also on both sides, and is several miles long. It is the most delightful place to walk you ever saw.

I had a letter from Father this morning saying that Mr. Perry had arrived in Liverpool, and they were to go on board in

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three hours. I feel dreadfully to have him go as long as he was on the same continent. I would give a good deal if you could look in on us and see what we are doing.

We take turns in practising and the only recreation we have is sometimes to go out walking together. We have been getting up earlier in the morning lately to gain more time. The people here generally take their coffee and bread and butter in bed at half past eight and then get up and dress. I don't believe the servant girl gets up before half past seven o'clock, it is the custom here, and at 12 o'clock we have another breakfast of meat or omelette and bread and butter and wine, and at half past five dinner.

I never saw such a place for dwarfs and singing. All the people down to the infants in arms sing in the streets at night and I don't exaggerate when I say that one person out of every five is a dwarf. One spoke to us and winked at us on the street the other day and we were so indignant. The children would think our street was an alley if they should happen to get into it—it is not a bit wider than, if it is as wide as, the alley behind our house, and is built four or five stories high on each side, so that the sun never comes in more than a half hour during the day.

They say there will surely be an uprising in Paris, on account of their acquitting Pierre Bonaparte, the people are so indignant.*

In my letter this morning Father writes "the next time I travel I shall take your Ma with me," and I hope he'll conclude to come over next summer with her and we'll all go home together. Don't forget to get Father to tell you about the verse in scripture that he thought would be rather a hard sentence on the people of this country. Emma wants him to tell over the adventures to her father and mother. I do long for some oysters so! I haven't seen one here.

With love to all,

Your loving niece, M. D. R.

*In July, 1870, the Franco-Prussian War began! Doubtless the result of universal political unrest such as again brought on the War in 1914.

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Milan, Feb. 10th, 1870.

DEAR FATHER,

I received yesterday your letter from Liverpool written just before you sailed, and thought as I was just sending off a letter to Aunt Mary would write you a few lines which you will probably get in New York. I suppose you are now in the middle of the ocean. I don't exactly envy you but I don't doubt you are in pleasanter company than I am, and hope you will have a safe journey.

The weather continues very cold here, and although now that we have got a stove we manage to keep warm, we really suffer when we are taking our meals. An American lady by the name of Bonney, who was introduced to us by Mr. Clarke, called yesterday and we are going with her some day to see the king's palace, which is said to be a remarkably handsome one. You didn't tell me anything about Westminster Abbey. Is it like anything else we have seen? Do write from New York and tell me all the people you see and all the news.

I am drinking beer now in hopes to get some flesh on my bones, and like it much better than wine, for I don't derive much satisfaction from the food, as to nourishment. Mr. Clarke has gone away to Vienna for three weeks, and we are more lonesome than ever—said perhaps he would write us once. You ought to see my hands, they look as if I had done kitchen work, for the last week, and as it is the fashion among all classes to have chilblains I expect to see mine all swollen up with them some morning when I awake. I do hope you and mother will come over next summer for me. If mother can make up her mind to cross the sea, it will do her good, and above all things do take time to write me once a week and oftener if you can. The time seems so long between. So with love to all inquiring friends, good-bye my darling Father,

M. D. R.

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Milan, Feb. 20th, 1870.

DEAR AUNT ALVIRA,

I have just a half hour in which to write you a few words, having to take a music lesson and after that a French lesson and after that get ready to go to the Opera.

We suffer dreadfully with homesickness here, being so alone. Father is probably in America now—left here five weeks ago. Milan is a beautiful city. The public gardens and promenade are magnificent. The carnival commences very soon and we are going to one of the Masked Balls at La Scala, the great Opera house. Also think of going to the Court Ball. The King Victor Emmanuel gives this year, one ball at Turin, one here and one in Florence, at the different Palaces. We shall go if the Consul gets back from Vienna in time to take us.

Will write you all about it when it is all over. We find the climate very debilitating and are very weak from it. So much study keeps us confined to the house and we don't get exercise enough, which is very necessary here, they say. While we were travelling we were on our feet all day long and although we got tired we slept well and had good appetites.

With love to all the family,

Yr. aff. niece, M. D. R.

Milan, Feb. 28th, 1870.

DEAR AUNT MARY,

It is now six weeks or more since I have heard a word from St. Louis! All the time that we were travelling I used to sit up at night after a hard day's work and deprived myself of sleep that I might keep you informed as to our whereabouts, and since we have settled here I have written regularly once a week, but I have made up my mind not to do it any more and shall not write until I have had some letters from home, so you may have to wait some months before you hear anything from me.

Father must be in New York by this time, as he left here five weeks ago. If he hadn't taken pity on me and written as often as he did I don't know what I should have done.

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The climate proves very debilitating for us. I never felt so weak in my life. When we first came we set ourselves to work too hard and did not take enough exercise, and then the food is not so strengthening as ours, their meat being cooked into perfect strings. They say it is necessary here to take a great deal of exercise to keep well and we can't find time to do it and study much.

My singing teacher won't let me practise over two hours a day, thinks it would tire me too much and weaken my voice. The weather is gradually softening—to-day being quite warm. This afternoon we went to walk in the Public Gardens, and it was quite like spring. I wish you could see them. At the end of the principal street, the Corso Venezia, at the left is a beautiful Park and running along it at right angles with the Corso and at a much higher elevation is the Bastione or Rampart, a very long street and very wide, and with wide side walks with four rows of tall trees running the whole length, one on each side of each pavement. Every afternoon in pleasant weather and on Sundays especially (Sunday being the great day for amusement here) all the elite of Milan drive and walk in this place, and it is really a fine sight.

We are invited to some private theatricals by the English Consul this week—shall enjoy them much. There will be three masked Balls at "La Scala" and we expect to go to one of them in mask, but don't know how we shall go exactly and in three weeks we are going. I expect to go to the Court Ball at the Royal Palace. Victor Emmanuel gives three balls a year, one at Turin, one here and one at Florence. We may go with Mr. Clarke, but are not certain. I don't want to get a new dress if I can help it. I can't wear my blue silk because no one can go without a train. We shan't be able to talk with any one so don't anticipate much pleasure. Last evening our French and Italian teacher came to call on us with her brother, who can't speak a word of English, and so we had to maintain a conversation in French, which is a very trying affair. However, I am determined to learn to speak well, even if it does prove mortifying sometimes.

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I have indulged in a pair of jet earrings and put them on with a gold wire which passes round behind the ear and looks exactly as if the ear were bored. I find Russia leather work is as cheap here as in Vienna and think I shall get some before we leave.

In great haste,

Yr. aff. niece; M. D. R.

You must talk over with Father and ascertain if I can get some bronzes in Munich. It seems too bad to come home without something nice for the house.

Milan, March 9th, 1870.

DEAR FATHER,

I received two or three days ago your very short letter from New York, telling me that you had arrived and nothing more. Why couldn't you have written me a good long letter telling me all about your passage and about getting through the custom house? Lolly writes an amazingly good letter for her age. It is lovely weather and warm sun so we are about done with a fire.

I want to tell you all about the Carnival and the Balls, but I hardly know where to commence. A week ago to-night was the first mask ball in the Scala. We went with Mr. Menni in black dominoes trimmed with blue, and blue masks and met the Heischs there. All the seats were removed from the Parterre and a flight of steps led up to the stage. The heat and crowd were something terrible and all the boxes were filled with people in full dress with the most elegant jewels and diamond coronets. There were people in every sort of costume that one could imagine. Very soon after our arrival there was a tournament and the men had feathers nearly a yard long sticking up from the tops of their hats and were supposed to be mounted on horses and they had a drill of soldiers in linen jackets representing the Austrians whom the Milanese hate cordially.

There were women with next to no dresses at all on and we were very much astonished while standing near a box to see a man and girl come along and the man leaped up into the box

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and pulled the girl up after him. In short we saw a good many sights that we never saw before and shall come from Europe somewhat wiser on some points than before we came. When we came away they were eating suppers in all the boxes—it was as beautiful a sight as I shall ever see. We did not go until one o'clock and returned at four.

All day Thursday, Friday and Saturday the streets were thronged with people celebrating the Carnival. The Grand Processions take place on the Corso and are something like ours, that is there are all the different journals, etc. represented. We were much amused to see an immense pair of bellows walking along without any visible support, and all the newspapers were dressed as immense carrots with the roots sticking up in the air. One wagon came along fixed as a pudding with cakes round the edge of the platter. But the best of all was a company of men in a wagon who represented the silk manufacture. The wagon was led by six horses, each one mounted by a man completely hidden by a cocoon, and the wagon itself was covered with representations of worms in the different stages, and all the men were dressed as worms, white with black stripes.

While everybody and anybody threw what they call confetti, which are bonbons done up in fancy papers and conandoli, a species of lime, which they carry round in the carriages by the bushel, each one being armed with a wooden ladle with which they scatter the lime over everyone within reach. Besides the companies there were private and public carriages filled with people in fancy costumes, masked, who threw confetti and "conandoli" as fast as they could. Sunday afternoon there was a parade of all the different kinds of officers on horseback, on the Bastione, which was very interesting. Some of them had on scarlet coats and short clothes and powdered wigs.

On Saturday night we went to the Court Ball at the King's Palace with Mr. Clarke. We both looked well and didn't feel at all ashamed of ourselves beside the nobility with all their jewels. The whole Piazza in front of the Palace, which is that large building to the right of the Cathedral as you stand facing

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it, was as light as day, with a thousand gas lights erected for the occasion, and filled with a dense crowd of people through which we had to drive to get inside of the Palace. Arrived at the foot of the staircase which was carpeted down to the carriages, we found a line of soldiers on each side, and when we reached the antechambers, which had also a line of soldiers all the way around it, we had to take off our things there, there being no private dressing room. We then walked through five or six rooms before coming to the grand salon where the dancing was going on. This was crowded and heated to an extent that was almost unendurable, and the gallery which goes all around was also crowded with people who get tickets to come in. The whole ceiling seemed one mass of light on account of the number of chandeliers all of crystal and candles. They illumine here as in France only with candles because they think they give a more becoming light. The room was also surrounded with two rows of cushioned stools for the ladies and the place for dancing was not large.

The King Victor Emmanuel stood at one end of the room with the Mayor and Prince Amadeo, the second son, and a few ladies were seated near him of the highest nobility with very elegant lace and diamonds but as ugly as sin. I thought the King very ugly and fierce looking, looked as if he was bored to death standing in one corner with his arms folded. He left the ball early and went away on the cars that night. He is not liked at all here, they think he wants to take away everything of importance from Milan. They say he would move the Cathedral to Turin if he could.

We danced several times at the ball with an Italian and were very much noticed, all the old women were looking at us through their glasses. There were some very fine people there I believe but can't remember their names, but they were not well dressed at all, though they had elegant laces and jewels. There was one lady there with 250 thousand dollars' worth of diamonds on, but they did not make her look any better. We came away from the Ball at half past twelve on account of its being Sunday morning.

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Last night we went to a little company at the Hotel Grande Bretagne given by Mrs. Heisch, and had a very nice time. They expect to leave here the last of next week for the Lakes, Como and Maggiore, and will go soon to England. We have an appointment to walk with Mr. Clarke, for everybody says we must not walk alone and it is very disagreeable, you can have no idea of the wickedness and depravity of Italian men until you have lived a while in an Italian city—it is terrible. I wouldn't trust some girls here three days.

The weather is becoming much warmer already and the gardens are quite green. I wish you could have seen more of Milan than you did. I hope you will keep me posted as to your intentions in regard to coming over here next summer. I hope and pray you will, with mother.

My black silk dress is the meanest thing I ever bought, it is worn out all over. I shall have to get something before I leave here.

I said I shouldn't write home again for two months, but I find I can't stand it to go without any communication. I find that the gloves here in Milan are much nicer than those we sent from Naples. You can get five button gloves for a dollar and shorter ones less, and they are much nicer than the others. When I leave I think I shall buy some to carry with me.

With much love to all,

Your aff. daughter, M. D. R.

Milan, March 15th, 1870.

Not having gotten this letter off yet I thought I would open it to say a few words. Yesterday was the King's birthday and we went to hear the Te Deum performed in the Cathedral. The Prefect and all the high civic officers were there in full dress but the church was so large that the music made almost no impression at all. The square in front was filled with soldiers and the band played splendidly all the time the ceremony was going on inside. When we came out we found the Reeps, those people who were on the steamer from Genoa to

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Naples, you remember, and who were at the hotel at Naples with us and we are going to see them to-night at Hotel de Milan on the Via del Giardino.

We are having a little more cold weather for a few days but it is very clear and bracing. I am almost destitute in the matter of outside garments having nothing to put on between a cloak lined with fur and a lace shawl, and my hat is perfectly gone up. No one can know what sort of a feeling it is until they come into a foreign country entirely alone. Good bye and don't forget to write soon.

Milan, March 17th, 1870.

DEAR GRANDMOTHER,

I am so homesick to-day I don't know what to do with myself, never knew before what a home-baby I could be. But you can form no idea of what it is to be so very far away from home and friends and to be among foreigners and people who have no ideas whatever in common with you and never to hear your own language spoken—it is terrible. We have had delightful weather here until lately and now it is quite cold again, but it cannot last long for the trees are all ready to leaf out and before long everything will be green. The public gardens here are very beautiful and almost every day we go to take a walk there and there is a very beautiful street which runs all around the city at a higher level and is planted with four rows of trees, the finest place to ride and walk in that I ever saw. At first we did not walk much because we were so anxious to study, but we found our health began to suffer and since have taken a long walk almost every day.

I wrote all about the Carnival and the two Balls we attended in a long letter home which I suppose they will send you. Last Monday we went in the morning to hear the Te Deum performed in honor of the King's birthday and in the evening Mr. Clarke came and took us to the large Café in the Galleria, which was illuminated for the occasion. The Galleria is a very large structure built in the shape of a cross and is like a covered street and lined with elegant buildings three and four stories high.

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The roof is all in glass and at the intersection is a large dome and on grand occasions this dome is illuminated. There are several very fine cafés in this Galleria where they have free concerts. You would undoubtedly think them very strange places. At night they are filled to overflowing with crowds of citizens and officers seated at little round tables and all of them smoking, for the men smoke everywhere. And in the midst of all this noise and smoke we go and take some coffee or ices, but never alone, always with Mr. Menni or Mr. Clarke.

We find things very cheap here for a nice pair of fine kid boots with buttons I have to pay only three dollars and a half. At home I would have to pay just twice as much. You can get beautiful gloves here with five buttons for 3 francs and a half and the 2 buttons cheaper. They are much better than the Naples gloves that I sent home.

I think if you had to sit down one day to macaroni soup, then two different kinds of meat cooked with garlic and onions without a single vegetable, and chestnuts for dessert, you would think you were well off at present in the way of things to eat. That was what we found when we first came and the change affected our health so much that we had to tell them we must have beefsteak rare and some potatoes and lately we have had cauliflower and by dint of telling them how to cook things we get along better now, but we have had but one thing for dessert since we came. As regular as night comes whipped cream and chestnuts. We are so tired of it. Yesterday I received a few lines from Father written with pencil to say he had arrived at home.

With much love,
Your aff. granddaughter,
M. D. R.

Milan, March 27th, 1870.

DEAR AUNT MARY:

Last Monday I received yours and father's letters. I had not heard from any of you for some time and was very glad

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to get them. I have not much news to tell you, everything goes on in the same old humdrum way. I get rather discouraged sometimes in thinking that I am not accomplishing very much, although I do as much as I can, and when I think how short a time I can spend here I can't expect to accomplish very much.

The other day we went with Mr. Clarke to a service held in the church of the grand Hospital in commemoration of the burial of those who were killed during what is called the "five days of Milan" in 1848. We couldn't have gotten in except for Mr. Clarke as the church is very small and there were hundreds waiting outside. The church was round and built with a dome and from the centre of this dome to walls on all sides was arranged black drapery with silver stars and wide silver border and red, white and green lamps were suspended from the centre of the dome. There was one part of the service very beautiful. That was when the band which was stationed behind the high altar played a very sweet and mournful air while the priest elevated the Host.

The other day we had a delightful walk in the country—went out by the Porta Vittoria. Father can tell you that the country round Milan is nothing but a series of fields hedged in by ditches filled by running water and planted on both sides with trees. On the edges of these we found violets like our cultivated violets and buttercups and daisies and wood anemones and myrtle, all wild, and all the trunks of the trees are covered with ivy. We came home laden with flowers and have pressed some for our books. To-morrow afternoon we are going with the Heischs out in the country somewhere to hear a remarkable echo.

A few days ago we had a snow storm but it very soon ended and disappeared though the mountains are covered almost down to their bases. The view of the mountains from here is very grand. They say from the top of the Cathedral one can see Mont Blanc, so we are going up early some morning to take our breakfast there, that being the best

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time to see the mountains. We went to church this morning as usual, and heard a very good sermon from Mr. Garrard. A young American artist from Boston, who has been singing near Rome this winter, brought us some of Henry Ward Beecher's sermons, which we read this evening. At dinner to-day we got into quite a warm discussion with the Professor in regard to observing the Sabbath. As I was obliged to talk all the time in the French language I could not say all I wanted to, though when I first came here I should have been astonished to hear myself talk so fluently. Has father displayed his French as yet for your benefit? We used to have a great deal of fun over it.

They have some very fine books here, beautifully illustrated, at very low prices. I shall buy the "*Promessi Sposi*" and "*My Prisons*" by Silvio Pellico, whose prison we saw in Venice in the Ducal Palace. They have also Dante's three works, the *Inferno*, *Purgatorio* and *Paradiso*, illustrated by Gustave Doré, but I think I will buy them in London translated into English by Longfellow. By the way, we heard that Longfellow is coming here very soon. The Italians think everything of his poetry and praise very highly his translation of Dante.

I had my pictures taken last week but have not yet seen the proofs—as soon as I get them will send them home.* I want you to keep me posted all the time in regard to any of the folks coming over this summer. I thought I wrote you what I wore to the reception in Paris. I wore my long black silk and Roman sash and my dress open in the neck. The people were dressed in all sorts of ways, some in black silks—some in full dress and some in plain short silks and some young ladies in light short silks and white swiss overdresses. I remember they had for the supper, coffee, tea and chocolate and all kinds of cakes and ices in fancy forms. They had a peculiar kind of soft cake made with fruit and wine. In Rome I wore my black silk with my black lace shawl arranged as an overdress, and scarlet

*The frontispiece is a reproduction of a miniature painted from one of the photographs.

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sash covered with black lace and open at the neck, and my coral and red flowers.

I expect to get a good deal of wear out of my light blue silk this summer. My black silk short dress is all worn out and I am quite destitute but dislike so much to have anything made here; I shall try to get along without. I bought Jimmy the other day one of every kind of stamp they use here in Milan, and I have asked Mr. Clarke to save all his stamps for me and will send them to him. There is a little boy here in this family who is afflicted with kleptomania and he is getting so bad they talk of sending him off for a sailor.

Don't forget to write often and I will do the same.

Your aff. niece,

M. D. R.

Milan, Monday, April 4th, 1870.

DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER,

I intended to write to you yesterday but was sick in bed all day so put it off. During the day I received your letters telling me about the party. It must have been quite an affair from what you say. How I wish I could have been there! You must have had a good many young people there.

It is getting warm and pleasant here now and the Americans are beginning to come. Last Friday as Emma and I were walking in the street with Mr. Clarke whom should we meet but the Mr. Jones we met at the Grand Hotel in Paris, not the one we saw at Florence. Saturday as I was coming home from a lesson at Lamperti's I met Conklin and brought him home with me and we went to the Scala that night to hear the new opera, *Il Guarany*, and he made an appointment to go walking with us yesterday afternoon.

The other day I bought you one of those black embroidered shawls—while I was about it I thought I would get you a handsome one and this is as handsome a one as I ever saw. It is of very fine cashmere, extra size and the embroidery is very fine. They wear lace on them a good deal and perhaps that old

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Puschia lace of yours. I paid 60 francs for it, or 12 dollars, but that is cheap for it. I am sorry my pictures are not yet finished so that I might send them in this letter. I expect to have them Wednesday and will send them immediately. They are the best I ever had taken. I think before I go away I shall order some more as it is so difficult for me to get a good picture.

There is a good deal of sickness in the city we hear. Mr. Jones told us of a very sad case of a young lady from Boston who died at the hotel du Louvre at Naples. She had been travelling with the Cushings and they had left her there to wait for some others with whom she expected to go to Egypt, and while waiting she was taken sick with fever. Mr. Jones hearing of it went to offer his services but the hotel people wouldn't let him in—told him she was much better and would soon be out. Two days after she was dead and he heard that she was delirious and used a knife on herself. There was also another case in Rome. A young gentleman and his three sisters from Philadelphia were there and one of the sisters took the fever and died and it affected the brother's mind, so they couldn't induce him to leave on account of his own health and in two weeks from the time his sister died, he died also.

There is a family from Boston by the name of Bonney living here, of whom I have made mention before, I think. The oldest daughter is very sick and the doctor who attends her says it is a wonder to him that all the Americans who come here don't die, that they make too much of a change in their diet and ways of living, besides the change of climate. However, now we live very well. We have excellent bread and butter and good rare beefsteak, nearly every day, and chicken and salad. We told the lady of the house that we couldn't live on the Italian dishes and since the fare has changed we are much better.

The season in London is from May to August and we were saying perhaps it would be better to go straight to England from here and meet Mr. Greeley in Paris and be in London while there is something going on and then come

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back to Germany and Switzerland and Holland and do Paris the last thing, sailing from Havre. I don't think it is nice for ladies to travel alone. It would be a grand thing if I could learn to speak Italian and French and German fluently. But although it would be a great advantage mentally, I don't feel as if I could stay away from home among strangers so long. I want you to keep me posted all the time in regard to what you intend. If mother comes don't bring more than a small trunk with a few things, three or four of your most suitable dresses, just enough to wear out in travelling, and get new things to bring home. The cost of extra baggage is enormous and in travelling one doesn't need a variety of dresses. Tell Jimmy and Lolly we have a tame hen here who walks all around the table when we are at dinner and fights with the cat. The hen flew over my head one day when it got very angry, the cat is afraid of it. Neither of the animals is remarkably neat. With love to all from

 Your aff. daughter, M. D. R.

Milan, April 10th, 1870.

DEAR AUNT MARY,

I was so disappointed not to find any letters on my return from church to-day.

My pictures came a few days ago and I enclose two of them. I am very much pleased with them—think before I leave shall order another dozen though I expect to have some taken at Labitzky's in Paris, a famous place. I am so very hard to take.

We have seen no more Americans since last week. I went to church alone this morning and found it quite full of strangers, but they were all English. The week has passed by without anything occurring. I am trying to learn as much as possible while taking lessons in French and Italian. Have changed my music teacher—he was too lazy, did not come regularly. As yet have taken only one lesson of my new teacher, Lamperti, who has the greatest reputation of any one here. I bought half a dozen tickets at twelve francs apiece. Shall only use

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one a week till they are gone and after, Mr. Menni thinks he can get him to give me two a week for twenty francs. I have to pay a little more because I take my lessons alone. For his ordinary lessons he charges 8 francs and they are very strange affairs. From twelve o'clock till five every day he is in his parlour and as many as twenty people come to take their lessons. He takes them in turn as they come (has a lady to play the accompaniments) and gives each 10 or 15 minutes on exercises and after he is through with the exercises he goes back to the first one and gives them another 15 minutes on cavatinas.

There are men as well as women who take their lessons and it is a rendezvous for all the artists in the city. They all smoke and talk as loud as they can and walk up and down the room. For my part I don't know how they manage to sing in such a hubbub. My voice seems weaker than it used to, perhaps because I am studying those exercises calculated to make it agile and flexible. We are very much astonished to find how the money goes, but when I consider that we are paying for our board and lessons and everything we have it is certainly cheap.

I have made a hat of thread lace on a thin frame and put violet ostrich tips on. The whole cost me 30½ francs or 8 dollars and a half, greenbacks. Dress goods here in Milan cost as much as in America and thread and valenciennes lace more. I sha'nt buy any dress while I am here, tho I am sadly in need of one. Our washing is certainly very cheap, never over 25 cts. a dozen, and when I went to the ball, I had some things done up that would have cost fully two dollars and I only paid about 60 cents. The Carnival and the two balls are what took the money out of our pockets.

I never would advise any one to come to Europe to travel in the winter—summer or spring is the time to come, when one can be comfortable. We could go from England to Holland and Germany and Switzerland. It would give us a better chance to see all the countries in a pleasant season and save carrying all our baggage through England from Paris for we should return

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by the French line. How I dread crossing the ocean again, it seems as if I could never get up courage to do it!

What do you think about my getting some coral earrings to match my set. I would like to have some. It is still quite cool here—not a strawberry as yet. I have no doubt it is warmer in St. Louis than here. The Prince Umberto and Princess Marguerite are here now and will drive on the Bastione this afternoon, but we don't either of us feel very well and don't think we'll go out.

Hoping you will like the pictures and will write soon, I am,
Your aff. niece, M. D. R.

Milan, April 24th, 1870,
Sunday Afternoon.

DEAR FATHER,

Your letter dated Feb. 5th arrived yesterday and very glad I was to get it, also in the same envelope one from Aunt Mary. Since I last wrote you, which was two weeks ago, I have had two letters from you. Last Sunday I got all ready to write in the afternoon when Mr. Clarke came for us to go walking with him on the Bastione, and I had to give it up.

Last Sunday being Easter we went to hear service in the Cathedral. It was crowded with strangers and the music was superb, two full choirs placed on opposite sides of the high altar. The Arch-Bishop performed the service and it was quite as grand in its way as the ceremonies at Rome. You remember probably the two pulpits, one on each side of the altar. It was rather comical to hear the different priests who climbed up into one of the pulpits and read out of a book for two or three minutes and then retired, the people not paying the slightest attention to them, in fact I don't think half of them knew they were there until they were gone, but finally the Arch Bishop, whom we could distinguish by his wearing a jewelled mitre, ascended into the pulpit, accompanied by a long row of priests and candles and preached a sermon in Italian. When the Host was elevated and all the

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people were on their knees the great bell of the Cathedral was rung and one of the choir with a magnificent baritone voice sang a solo. I never heard anything so beautiful.

In the afternoon we went up into the public gardens and heard the band play and then on to the Bastione where we walked until the Princess Marguerite arrived. She is a daughter of the Duchess of Genoa and has married the oldest son of Victor Emmanuel, Principe Umberto, and will be future Queen of Italy. When she made her appearance on the Bastione she had one outrider on horseback, who went before the carriage. She was dressed in a suit of wine-colored velvet and bonnet to match and the footmen and trappings of the horses were in scarlet. A lady and gentleman of her suite were with

her, while her husband, who never is seen with her, was in another carriage with an officer. They have only been married one year.

Sunday evening while we were sitting quietly in our room who should come in but Mr. Clarke and Gen. Fiske. It seems Mr. Clarke was calling at the Hotel Cavour and was accidentally introduced to Gen. Fiske, who told him he had been hunting all day for two American young ladies and mentioned our names, and Mr. Clarke brought him immediately to the house. We were so delighted to see him and he seemed equally delighted to see us and in-

PRINCESS MARGUERITE
Now Dowager Queen of Italy

vited us to go with his party the next day to Lake Como, and we accepted. So at four o'clock the next morning he came for us and we started off in great spirits. There were Major Sealy of New York, and Mr. Murphy, the Consul General at Frankfurt, Germany. The latter's wife was to have gone but was sick.

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After an hour and a half by rail we arrived at Camerlata, and the Courier got places for the General, Emma and myself in the banquettes of the diligence, in which we went to Como, a delightful ride. As the mountains opened out before us they seemed like a high impenetrable wall. As we rode into the town we passed under a remarkable old gateway quite ancient in appearance and higher than any of the houses in the town. The openings were open arches and the whole overgrown with moss and weeds. In passing through the town we saw the Cathedral, a very beautiful church in white marble, covered with elaborate carvings of angels and saints. Arriving at the Lake we all went on board the steamer lying at the wharf and in a few minutes were off. We were quite a jolly party, all of us except Major Sealy being quite lively and the courier not the least so.

The Lake is more like a river than a lake in appearance, being quite narrow—nothing can exceed the beauty of the shores, mountains rising in every direction abruptly from the water, and at every turn we could see the more distant and higher ones covered with snow, while everything around us was of a vivid green. The shores were lined with beautiful villas and groves and walks. One had a stone wall coming out into the water in a curve and mounted with statues. After about an hour and a half we arrived at the town of Cadenabbia, and took our breakfast there.

In the meantime we had made the acquaintance of two American gentlemen on the boat. They turned out to be two rebel officers from Savannah. General Fiske knew the father of one of them and said they were a very fine family and he was a Union man. They were going to make the tour of the lakes Lugano, Maggiore and Como, had just returned from Constantinople and Athens. We had a nice breakfast at Cadenabbia and then visited the villa of Princess Carlotta. There we found a Magdalen by Canova and a bas-relief by Thorwaldsen in marble, executed at immense cost—also some pictures that I did not much like.

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The gardens were very beautiful—saw quantities of large camellia trees, one mass of exquisite flowers. After that we took a boat and went to the town of Bellaggio to visit the villa Serbelloni. We had quite a climb through the town and after we reached the grounds we had to make a very steep ascent to get a view of the three Lakes. In all our travels I never have seen anything equal to Lake Como in beauty. The water looked like velvet and the outlines of the mountains against the sky were too beautiful for my pen to do justice to them. At Bellaggio they have work in olive wood to sell. We bought some of those travelling bottles in wood cases for one and two francs apiece, and about two o'clock took the steamboat back to Como and arrived in Milan at about six o'clock. The two young Americans came back with us and General Fiske went away the next morning, but they stayed until Friday morning, when they left for Spain. While they were here we went with them to the French Comedy and saw the Princess there. They expect to be in Switzerland and Germany next summer and we may possibly meet them.

Gen. Fiske was very kind and generous. He would not let us pay any of our expenses for the trip to Lake Como, although we insisted. I hope you will call and thank him immediately on his return; there are not many men who would have done it, however rich they might be. He has bought the greatest quantities of everything at every place he visited and sends the boxes continually to Paris.

A Russian and his wife who are boarding here now have been telling us what a delightful trip one can make to St. Petersburg and back in three weeks, and I do hope you and mother will come over. We are inclined to think it would be better to go to England first instead of putting it off until the last thing. I don't see why you can't come over this year; as the summer is the pleasantest time to be over here I should think you had better come in June, or if not, I can travel until you do come. The trip we have been talking of is to go by steamboat after visiting England and Scotland to Stockholm

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and from thence touching at several ports to St. Petersburg and to Moscow, then back to St. Petersburg again and by rail to Königsberg and Berlin. This man says there is no country in Europe to compare to Sweden and for my part I would rather see some things that all the world has not seen than to explore thoroughly every little town in Germany and Italy. For instance in visiting Switzerland one can see just as much in two weeks as in four, for there is little variety in the scenery.

We were the biggest fools ever known not to have gone to Constantinople and Greece. We could have gone from Trieste there and back in two weeks and we could go the route I have described on leaving England, by Stockholm and St. Petersburg, to Moscow and through Caucasia to Constantinople, to Vienna, Athens and to Trieste in six weeks. I would give anything to be able to make these trips. I don't see why it isn't possible. Would much rather see less of Europe.

I think I have heard from Frank Rosengarten several times. He sails from Liverpool for America the 30th of this month, he wrote me. I wish you would send to his father for me the value of 46 francs in greenbacks, for those Roman scarfs he bought for me. It will be eleven dollars and a half, I think. I should think it would not be much longer before we leave here, about five weeks. If we don't go to Paris first I shall send and have a suit made, or if I do go there shall buy it myself, a black silk one, my old one is completely gone.

It is a hard life to live here tho one doesn't mind it so much except when one gets homesick.

With much love to you all and to all inquiring friends,
Your loving daughter, M. D. R.

Milan, May 15th, 1870.

DEAR LOLLY;

This morning I went to church as usual but saw no Americans, all the strangers being English. Mr. Garrard is not well enough to preach, although he insists upon coming to church,

EIGHT JOURNEYS ABROAD

and tries to put on his robes and enter the chancel, but the doctor will not allow it. We sent him a bouquet about a week ago. You can buy a bouquet as large around as a large dining plate for one franc. It is astonishing how cheap flowers are. You will think when I tell you how cheap things are that it is astonishing how I manage to spend so much money. It is because I have to pay for everything and the demand is constant, some little thing being necessary every day. I am taking now three singing lessons a week for which I pay 12 francs the lesson. A German lady who has been singing in Berlin for several years boards in the same house with us, and as she takes also three lessons a week we manage to go every day together and take an hour lesson, so I take one half-hour and she the other, much better for both of us as we really get the value of six lessons instead of three. Lamperti keeps me entirely upon the exercises so I am not learning anything new but intend to take a few songs just before I go. I think I shall buy some operas here, but they will weigh down my trunk amazingly. Don't know whether I shall buy any Italian books or not, have not yet been to price them. I would rather have such things as those for souvenirs of Europe than merely clothes.

The other day Mad. Grün, the German lady I spoke of, and I went into a little vegetable store to buy some eggs to drink before going to our music lesson, and were much amused to see an image of the Virgin with a nasty little oil lamp burning before it and beside it anything but an elegant picture of a danseuse. They are the most inconsistent people here, you would think from the number of the Madonnas and the faithfulness with which they keep the lamps burning before them that they were the most religious people in the world, whereas they haven't a single idea of religion.

We took one day of last week to go to Monza to see the King's park. We left here at one o'clock and drove the distance, ten miles, arriving at the town at about half past 2, and drove through the park for an hour or so. The Prince and Princess spend a few weeks here every summer at a castle near the park.

ITALY

The public park is very large and beautiful, nothing more than a series of woods cultivated and kept in perfect order. The turf was dotted with forget-me-not and all sorts of beautiful wild flowers. And there were beautiful little streams and rustic bridges. It all looked so delightful and secluded that Emma and I and little Rose from the house, whom we took with us, took off our shoes and stockings and went in wading. I guess there are not many people who have done that in a King's Park.

At five o'clock we took our dinner in the garden of an albergo, in the midst of the park, and then had a delightful ride home through the twilight. As we were riding along who should we meet but the Prince on horseback and all alone, going out to Monza to see the Bonognini, a lady friend for whom he neglects his wife shamefully, although she is very pretty and they have only been married a year.

We made a desperate effort Friday and went to the Ambrosian Library, where we saw a few fine paintings and quantities of sketches by all the celebrated painters. Among the cartoons was one of Raphael's of the School of Athens. We saw the correspondence of Lucretia Borgia and Cardinal Bunbo, also letters by Cardinal Borromeo and Leonardo da Vinci, and some very valuable illuminated volumes in Latin and Hebrew, also two books of the Koran. Attached to Lucretia Borgia's letters was a lock of her hair, very light, and of a dull yellow tinge, perhaps in the sunlight it may be golden, but there it appeared of a dull tinge, though pretty.

Mr. Clarke invited us the other day to coffee at his house, also Mad. Grün and her husband who is a Russian, and says he is going to ask us some time to eat strawberries. You would laugh if you could see the berries they have here. They are about the size of peas and have not nearly so much flavor as ours, and they eat them here some with lemon juice and sugar and others with wine. They look at us in astonishment when we put sugar and cream on them.

We had thought some of going to Stuttgart if it got too

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Give my love to all my friends. I believe it is easier to spend five francs than a dollar, for they do fly away so. I hardly expect to hear from you after you get this, in Milan, for we shall probably have left. However you might hazard writing once more to Ulrich.

With love to all inquiring friends, and much love for you
all, I am, Your aff. sister, M. D. R.

Have you kept all my letters? The stamps are for Jimmy and the four together are Russian.

The other day Emma and I went up on the Bastione and sat down on one of the benches there, and very soon the Princess drove past. In the course of a half an hour she passed many times and seeing that we were not Italians she seemed to notice us and called the attention of the lady and gentleman who were with her to us. A few days after we saw her again and she smiled at us and they all looked after us. She is always with the same gentleman and lady. I wouldn't change places with her for a good deal.

Milan, May 18th, 1870.

DEAR MOTHER,

I have time only to write a few words. Bring your black satin, you may have an opportunity to wear it. Don't buy a single thing in America. Anything will do to come over on the steamer and you can buy a travelling dress in Paris for one-

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half of what you can get it at home. Of all things don't get a waterproof suit, they are the meanest things in the world. They stick to everything and catch all the dust and dirt. As to the wrapper, I scarcely wore mine at all on the steamer. I have worn it more since I came here when I have been sick, but I should think there would be very little use for one in the summer. On the steamer all that I wore was my suit of flannel and flannel petticoat and then put one of the blankets over me and suffered more at night with heat and want of air than I did with cold, but in the day time it was difficult to keep warm. A waterproof cloak serves for a rainy day. For Switzerland one needs only two dresses, one to ride on the mules and the other to dress up in. Take my advice and don't get anything but shoes to bring with you and bring enough of them and comfortable ones. I should think you had better get a hat in Paris to travel in. It will be more comfortable and it is pretty warm work to go sightseeing all day. I feel quite sick to-day. It is only the 18th of May and yet the heat is like with us in July. We find our rooms very warm. I don't know if we can stand it another month but will try. The missionary that father writes about is this very Mr. Clarke himself. He used to be a missionary at Constantinople also. Don't bring any more stuff with you than you can help. I had to leave half of mine in Paris.

In great haste,

Your aff. daughter,

M. D. R.

SWITZERLAND

Chailly, Lausanne, Switzerland

June 7th, 1870.

La Rosiere.

DEAR AUNT MARY,

You will be rather astonished to find that we have changed quarters, but the heat became intolerable in Milan so that we couldn't sleep at night and lost our appetites so we concluded to come here, where Mary Perry spent some time last fall on the shore of Lake Geneva, not far from the Paris route, so we can be ready to start for Paris on short notice. I have already sent our address to Bowles and Bros., so that father will find it as soon as he arrives.

We left Milan the last Sunday night of May. Mr. Clarke, Mde. Grün and Mr. Sadler and two Italian Professors, Patuzzi and Castelfranco, came to see us off. We felt quite badly when it came to leaving as we had been there so long, we had begun to feel quite at home. Another Italian by the name of Garavaglia whom we knew quite well went to Turin at the same time we did. In the afternoon he sent us each an enormous bouquet with small notes in English. We laughed over them until we cried, so you can imagine they were amusing.

We arrived at Turin that night at eleven o'clock and went to the Hotel Trombetta, and the next morning early started off to see the sights with Mr. Garavaglia. At breakfast we had made up our minds to go to the church of La Superga, situated at some distance from Turin, on the top of a high hill or rather mountain. Underneath this church are the tombs of all the Kings of Savoy. So we took a carriage

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at about eleven o'clock, after having walked through some of the principal streets, and drove to the foot of the hill. Mr. G. had informed us that it was necessary to go on "aback," as he expressed, so we were quite prepared to see the three donkeys awaiting us. They are such comical objects, and one does look so funny on them. I think you would all have laughed well if you could have seen us start off, Indian file, each one with an enormous sun umbrella. Mr. G. expresses himself so comically with his Italian idioms put into English words, that it is utterly impossible to keep from laughing in his face. I have as much control of my risibles as any one and I couldn't abstain. When we get home E. and I will have some rich things to tell you.

By the way I long to see Mother on a donkey! It was a very hot day that we made the ascent of the mountain and it is a great wonder that we did not take terrible colds, for on descending into the vaults we found it so cold that we could see our breath distinctly. The centre tomb is magnificent. It is here that the last king is always kept until his successor dies, then he is removed into a side tomb to make way for the new one—so we go! Victor Emmanuel was king of Savoy before he was made King of Italy, and will be buried here also. They say he never has entered the place but once on the occasion of his father's death.

The church itself is built in circular form with a dome and is quite rich in marbles. They used to keep a great many priests here but Victor Emmanuel, not being sufficiently fond of them to be willing to maintain the expense, has cleaned them all out except two. There is a chapel where they say the priests used to assemble and one of them would go up into the pulpit and address them on the subject of the dinner for that day and advise them to eat, drink and be merry. When we got down to the foot of the hill before Emma could get off her donkey it commenced to roll and kick up such a dust!

Coming back to Turin, in the afternoon we went into the Cathedral, not by any means remarkable. The royal chapel is

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separated from the church by a glass partition, behind the high altar. We were obliged to go through the royal palace to enter it. It is quite imposing but gloomy, being finished all in black and gold. Inside a glass box kept in the grand altar, is a cloth bearing the impression of the body of our Savior. Afterwards we visited the apartments of the royal palace, ascending by means of a magnificent staircase. On our way out we met the Prince Amadeo, face to face, with two gentlemen of his suite. The drums beat every time he enters or goes out of the Palace.

At dinner that day rather an amusing circumstance occurred. There were two gentlemen sitting opposite us who didn't hesitate to criticize us quite freely, thinking themselves perfectly safe, as they were speaking Piedmontese, a dialect which strangers don't understand. But Mr. Garavaglia happened to be perfectly familiar with it and so after they had discussed us at length he called a waiter and spoke to him in Piedmontese. The amazement depicted on the countenances of those men was too comical. They didn't try to conceal their consternation but said, "Oh what shall we do—he understands Milanese!" After dinner we drove an hour or so on the Corso, a long street bounding a square and shaded on both sides with tall trees. The Corso in summer is from six to nine, but in the winter from 3 until dinner.

That evening as we were in the hall settling up our accounts we made the acquaintance of two Chinese. There was an embassy of them, staying at that hotel, travelling round the world. They passed us several times in the hall and finally one of them stopped and smiled at us and we were so much amused at his appearance that we smiled too. He was dressed in rich blue and gray silk and his hair all shaved off except at the back and that was braided in a long queue which hung down almost to his feet. Seeing a flower in Emma's hands he said "flower" and we were quite amazed to hear him speak English. Then another came up and we managed to find out that they had been in America and liked

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it better than any other country. They said also "America—mademoiselles—very well," with a vigorous affirmative nod, which was meant to convey more than the words expressed. They wrote their names for us, Fuyeh and Rworan, and asked us for our pictures. They said theirs were in their trunks locked up and down stairs and that they would give them to us the next morning, but we told them we were going away too early.

We left Turin early Tuesday morning, Mr. G. having accompanied us to the depot, but after we had said good-bye to him and the train started out of the depot, we began to feel that we were pretty well alone, with nobody but ourselves to depend on. Consequently we pulled long faces and sat up very stiff and straight with an expression which was intended to strike dismay into the hearts of all (men) beholders. It was sufficient for all but one—he, in spite of our ferocious appearance, continued to smile amiably upon us during the two hours' ride to Susa. There was also in the carriage a very amusing French woman who informed us that crossing Mt. Cenis was the worst thing in the world and that she suffered terribly with seasickness, in consequence of which she had prepared herself with a big hood and already, in anticipation of the ascent, she began to cough suspiciously out of the window. The amiable gentleman alluded to now began to render himself still more so by attempting to open a conversation with me in reference to travelling in general—it is unnecessary to say he was not successful.

We were now arrived at Susa and went into the waiting room to eat the lunch we had brought with us from Turin. The "amiable" stationed himself about two feet in front of us and we were really beginning to fear he would prove a nuisance when the door opened and who should enter but Mr. and Mrs. Bishop, who had been at the same hotel with us in Rome. We were glad enough to see them and to have the pleasure of their company as far as Aix-les-Bains, where they were going. There were too many people to be accommo-

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dated in the train and we were obliged to wait a half an hour for them to put on another train and after a great deal of sputtering about first-class and second-class, we were at last put into a first-class car and off we started. We were immensely pleased with the scenery for about four stations, and then, beginning to feel rather queer, nothing more, there was a perceptible diminution in the enthusiasm of the party, we settled down into contenting ourselves with admiring the constancy with which an old French lady and gentleman took their potations of eau sucré as we issued from each tunnel at the top of the mountain.

For at least two hours on the top the railway is covered to prevent the avalanches which are constantly falling from injuring the road. There was also in the car a Swiss woman who had paid second-class but was put in our car,—as the only available space, whose head was a little turned by her sudden elevation in rank, and she held forth to an admiring but small audience on the beauties of Alpine scenery. I think most of us were oblivious to everything but our own feelings until we reached St. Michele. There just as we were about taking the train for Geneva I encountered some Lowell friends, the Whitneys, who were travelling with a party of Bostonians. I had only time to say good-morning and ask how they were and they were off.

Arrived at Aix-les-Bains, Mr. Bishop thought it advisable for us to get into a carriage especially for ladies, as the “amiable” was still to be seen lurking around. We had still another change to make before arriving at Geneva, which place we reached at nine o’clock.

We had been much amused all day at seeing a most awkward youth with a fat old gentleman, whom we supposed was his father (he wore a most extraordinary red and white cap), but the former with all his awkwardness had a pleasant, intelligent face that we took rather a fancy to. When we arrived at Geneva we got into the omnibus of the hotel De la Paix and had to wait some time for the baggage. In the meanwhile this fellow seated

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himself at the other end of the omnibus and we began to discuss him. Emma said—he understands English! No, said I, every time I have heard him speak it was in Italian, so we felt quite free to discuss him. When some man offered to come in E. said to me, we won't let any but good looking ones come in, well then, said I, you will have to put somebody out. You can imagine then our amazement when on arriving at the hotel he spoke to the waiter in plain English.

We took our supper at contiguous tables, and he informed us that the old man was a Russian and he an Irishman. The next morning as we were waiting in the reception room for the omnibus he hung around and finally asked us why we didn't go by boat, that he was going that way to visit his mother, Lady Armstrong, who was boarding at Ouchy just below Lausanne. He insisted upon riding to the depot and buying our tickets for us, and not in the least minding the remonstrances of the guard he ushered us into the car.

So here we are some distance out of Lausanne in the midst of the most beautiful scenery imaginable, and occupying an attic room—fortunately it is not hot. Our beds I think have made the ascent of Mt. Cenis head foremost and have never been able to recover their equilibrium. We could be well enough off here if we could be out of doors all the time, but of course I don't like to leave Emma long alone, and it is awfully dreary in the house. Moreover the table is miserable.

Yesterday evening was the most beautiful sunset I have seen in a long while. On the north side of the lake where we are there are only hills, but on the other side are the high Alps rising abruptly from the water's edge, some of them covered with snow, and yesterday when the sun set the white rocks of all these mountains were tinged the most beautiful rose color and the water of the lake was of all colors of green and blue. From our windows we can see the ruins of a tower built by the good queen Bertha the Spinner. I cannot realize that I am in the midst of so many historical objects, one gets used to seeing them and they don't have at all the same prestige

EIGHT JOURNEYS ABROAD

that one would think they would have. I have not heard a word from father for about two weeks and as I am very anxious to hear when we can join him in Paris I don't know what to make of it.

Lausanne, June 12th., 1870.

Still not a word from Father. I think it is very strange he must have known we couldn't stay in Italy so late as this. Night before last we went into town to hear a sacred concert

THE LAKE OF GENEVA

given at the Church of St. François by the St. Cecilia society of Lausanne. The chorus was finely trained and they gave a part of the St. Paul very effectively. I forgot to say that last Sunday I went into town to attend the English service and saw our young Irishman and his mother, whom he introduced to me as Lady Armstrong and then he walked out home with me. Since then he has been out to call twice, first alone, and

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second with his mother, and she invited us to come to see her. So yesterday we drove down to Ouchy and she insisted upon our sending away the carriage and staying to tea, and after tea we went out on the lake in row boats. As it was bright moonlight and the mountains were enveloped in a sort of haze, it was as lovely as possible.

The Beau Rivage, a magnificent hotel, is situated directly on the shore of the lake, *i.e.* with only a garden between, and here all the evening a band plays and there is a platform built out into the water where people can sit and watch the boats and hear the music. I cannot imagine a greater combination of delights than is afforded by a stay in such a place as that. It seems Lady Armstrong is a sister of Sir Francis Armstrong. This son, Montague, is only eighteen years old, but has seen so much of society that he appears much older than that. He spent all the winter in Florence with an aunt and as he had letters of introduction to the Prince Orsini and some of the first families there, went into society a great deal. We thought it was very polite in them to come and see us, as they didn't know anything of us and meeting us on the railway, and he is too young for us to have any designs on or he on us. I must go now and get ready for dinner, so will say good bye. The Irishman is going to make us some sketches—he does them remarkably well.

In great haste and with much love to all,

Your aff. niece, M. D. R.

P. S. I open this to say I have just received a telegram from father in Paris saying they all safely arrived and we leave to-morrow noon for Paris by the way of Yverdon and Neufchatel.

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Paris, June 27th, 1870.

DEAR AUNT MARY & CHILDREN,

There is something about the very atmosphere of Paris which is fatiguing—there is so much noise and confusion, and so much to be done that we feel, when we come home late in the afternoon, as if we could go right to bed and stay there. I don't think Paris is any too healthy myself and long to get away from it. Tuesday or Wednesday, the 2nd or 3rd of July, we shall leave for London.

We came by the way of Neufchatel and had to ride all night. During the afternoon we passed by the shore of Lake Neufchatel through the most delightful country. All the landscape was of the most beautiful green and dotted over with brilliant flowers, (poppies grow wild in among the grain) and every few miles we came across some old ruin with high pointed towers and Gothic arches. In the night, however, as we approached Paris we began to feel the effects of the drought, and on our arrival we were perfectly disguised with dust.

We did not find Father at the station and I was so discouraged that when we arrived at the Grand Hotel and I went up to his room, all I said in way of salutation was, Why father! how could you let us come here alone, but the poor man was not to blame, as the telegram had made the mistake, saying ten o'clock instead of five o'clock. We hadn't the slightest idea where they

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were stopping but as good luck would have it found them at the Grand Hotel.

We have been here now two weeks and have worked as hard as any poor dogs ever did, what with sight-seeing and shopping. When I arrived here I was quite ragged—I had not bought a new dress since I came over and my old ones were hanging together by the last thread (figuratively speaking) so my first business was to hunt a black silk suit. After going through all the large establishments to find one ready made, unsuccessfully, I went to a dressmaker who promised to have one done last Monday and here it is Friday and it is not yet arrived. In the meantime I await the giving away of the last thread—the last hair that broke the camel's back.

I have always looked forward to Paris as a sort of shopping Paradise where you had only to say you wanted a dress in such and such a color and immediately you would be invested with the dress, a perfect model of beauty and style. Instead of which I find it is quite the same old story here as at home. To get the best style you must go to the most expensive dressmaker and thereby defeat the object of buying here.

For the past week we have been busy sightseeing, improving the pleasant weather in seeing the suburbs of Paris, a very difficult matter in the fall as it is always sure to rain. A week ago last Sunday Father and mother and I went to the Hotel des Invalides to hear military music. I wrote you about it when I was here before, and I wanted mother to hear it. There are now in the Hospital three hundred men who fought with the first Napoleon. It is a grand sight to see them march up the aisle to the drum roll and when the host is elevated they lower arms and bend the head during the trombone solo which is always played at that time.

Last Sunday morning Father and I went to St. Roch. It was a fete day and we heard there was to be fine music, and were not disappointed. There was a procession of children all dressed in white, with wreaths of roses on their heads, who came up the

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middle aisle to the music of the most magnificent brass band I ever heard. Finally when the officiating priest came into the aisle from the entrance, carrying the host, the band followed him and he was preceded by the censer boys, who turned every moment in the progress and swung the censers backwards while others had baskets of rose leaves which they threw high in the air. Altogether it was a magnificent sight. The long line of

THE PARK AT ST. CLOUD, PARIS

censers swung in perfect time, the flowers and the incense and with all the glorious music which made the whole building fairly tremble with sound. I shall not readily forget it. I think Father was quite pleased, as he did not seem to think his time had been thrown away. He made the remark that "old-fashioned muster was nothing at all to it."

In the afternoon all of us went out to St. Cloud, as the fountains were advertised to play at four o'clock. The Court

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are now occupying the Palace* so we were not admitted to the private grounds and had to content ourselves with the Public Park. The grounds are lovely, laid out on the side of a hill, and the celebrated fountain is laid out in terraces descending from the private garden of the Palace. The water falls in broad sheets from one terrace to another, while at the sides, vases and dragons of all shapes throw out

THE LOUVRE, PARIS

separate spouts. The whole effect as you stand at the foot and look up is very beautiful. Next Sunday we are going to Versailles to see the fountains play,—there they only play on the first Sunday of each month and on grand occasions.

Monday father devoted to business and Emma to rest and Mother and I took the “Louvre” for our duty that day. I had already spent three days in it last fall and had not finished, so this day I made that an object and think I succeeded. The gems of the collection of pictures are all in one room which I believe I

*This Palace was destroyed in the War of 1870-71 by the Germans.

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told you about last fall. There are two originals of Murillo's Madonnas and a holy family of Raphael and the Mona Lisa of Leonardo da Vinci, a holy family of Andrea de Sarto, the Marriage of Cana by Paul Veronese, St. Michael overthrowing the Demon by Raphael, and many others. In the sculpture Gallery I was anxious to see the Venus of Milo, to compare it with the two at the Vatican and Capitol at Rome. I like it better than the Venus de Medici, the celebrated Diana a la biche is also in this collection. While looking at the souvenirs

THE PARK AT VERSAILLES, NEAR PARIS

of the first Napoleon, his old gray coat, &c., the camp bed, table, and chair, and the bench he sat on at St. Helena, we came across John Davis.

Wednesday we went to Fontainebleau. It is two hours from Paris, a long ride. We saw the table where Napoleon signed the abdication, the apartments where he imprisoned Pope Pius 7th after he brought him from Rome to perform the ceremony of Coronation, also the apartments of Mde. de Maintenon. We saw there souvenirs of all the French Kings from the time of Francis 1st. There was one splendid old fireplace on the ground floor, representing King

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Henry 4th on horseback, a basso relievo of white marble on black ground. The present Empress occupies the same bedroom that Marie Antoinette did, the furniture is all embroidered by hand and was a present to Marie Antoinette. We saw and were much interested in the rooms occupied by Marie Antoinette. Did not drive in the forest for want of time. I suppose it is quite the same as other forests I have seen, but I should like to have seen it.*

Yesterday we went out to Malmaison. First went into the village church of Rueil where Josephine and Hortense are buried. The former is represented kneeling at her prayers and in the dress she wore at her coronation. The likeness is said to be very striking. We walked from there to the Palace, which is only an ordinary country house and quite plain, still there is an air of home and comfort about it that none of the others have. The ceilings are low and the rooms cheerful. In the music room is the very harp she used to play on and in her work room her tapestry work is just as she left it, the needle stuck in the work. Up stairs we saw the bed where she died and two very fine crayon portraits done by Hortense, one of herself and one of her husband. Altogether it was a most interesting old place.

On our return to town we went to the church of St. Germain-des-Pres, the oldest church in Paris, but it has been so altered and transformed that it has quite the air of a new one. All that interested me in it was the tomb of James Douglas. The other day we visited Père la Chaise, the great cemetery of Paris. It is a strange place, not at all like our cemeteries. It is on a side hill and is laid out in regular paved streets like a city, the tombs rising up on each side like miniature houses. It is exactly like the street of tombs in Pompeii. The tomb of Abelard and Heloise is the great attraction. The effigies in marble lie side by side on the slab under which their bodies lie. I couldn't begin to tell you the names of all the distinguished people who are buried there. Moliere, La Fontaine, Rachel, Grisi, Manuel Garcia, Balzac; Marshal Ney's tomb is only a

* She went to the Forest in 1897.

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plain grave such as we have in America. So much for the sights.

Mother tells me grandmother has my quilt nearly finished and that it is a beauty. I expect to be delighted with it and hope it will take the premium. Tell Jimmy to save his stamps and I will get him a book. I didn't come over to spend my time shopping but to see and learn something.

Give my love to all. Mother will write soon I guess.

Your aff. niece, M. D. R.

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London, July 18th, 1870.
Langham Hotel.

DEAR AUNT MARY AND CHILDREN,

We left Paris just a week ago to-morrow morning, and a day or two before the war was declared between France and Prussia, so we missed all the excitement that is raging in that city at present. The impression everywhere previous to the declaration was that there would be no war, and they are all down on France as being the cause of it all.* We had a delightful passage across the channel, the water was as smooth as glass, and we enjoyed our first meal of roast beef, hugely.

We are delighted with London,—it is such a wonderful city. I never expect to see a tithe of it, there is so much to be seen. To be sure we have visited some of the great sights but at every turn I see names that I have read about all my life belonging to lanes and buildings that I long to explore. The buildings are all massive and aged in appearance, and there is a sense of solidity about everything that is very impressive and then there are such beautiful parks scattered all through the city, where you seem transported suddenly into the heart of the country.

Our first day was spent in Westminster Abbey. I never saw a building that made such an impression upon me at first sight, not that it is larger or finer than any other, but

*The Franco-German War began soon after.

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because of the irregular architecture and its extremely old appearance—it is black with age. To enter you cross a yard paved with tomb stones which brings you into one of the transepts. The building is in the form of a cross, in the Gothic style, high vaulted arches and elaborate carving. The windows are of stained glass and the light very dim. Every available spot that is not used for the accommodation of the congregation is devoted to tombs. Here you see the tombs of all of England's greatest men for ages. The Poets' Corner is the most attractive spot of all. Shakespeare has a monument here, but his body is in the church at Stratford-on-Avon. Chaucer's tomb is very elaborately carved and worn with time.

Behind what is the high altar in a former Catholic cathedral is the famous Chapel of Henry 7th, which has the finest carved stone ceiling in the world. Here are the tombs of King Henry and his wife, their effigies on their tombs, the whole enclosed by a brass railing. In this chapel the Knights of the Order of Bath held their reunions, their stalls surround the chapel and their banners hang over them. In the other small chapels lie the bodies of Mary Queen of Scots and Lord Darnley and Queen Elizabeth. I remember one curious tomb made by some earl for himself and his two wives. His effigy and that of his first wife are to be seen but that of the second wife is missing, she having refused to be placed on his left side.

The shrine of Edward the Confessor, a monument of the Byzantine order, occupies an elevated position behind the high altar. It is here the sovereigns of England have been crowned for many years, the chair used on the occasion has been used since the time of Edward the Confessor, and is a most uncomfortable looking affair and very much decayed. I can't begin to tell all there is of interest in the Abbey for it is a perfect cemetery. I found on one tomb an inscription that I have often met with in books, "They were a noble familie for all the brothers were valiant and all the sisters virtuous." I was interested in looking at all the celebrated inscriptions but haven't time to speak of them all. Milton's tomb has the oft-quoted verse,

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comparing him with Homer and Virgil, Chaucer's, the following, in Latin—

“Of English bards who sang the sweetest strains
Old Geoffrey Chaucer now this tomb contains,
For his death's date if reader thou shouldst call,
Look but beneath and it will tell thee all.”

The remains of the unfortunate princes, Edward 5th and Richard, Duke of York, were deposited in the Abbey after they were found under the staircase in the Tower. There are no inscriptions on Elizabeth's and Mary's tombs. The Cloisters are precisely like all we have seen in Italy, a portico surrounding an open court. The carved stone work is falling away in every direction and they are obliged to keep it in constant repair to keep it from falling in pieces.

In every direction from the Abbey we came across remnants of the old architecture built into newer buildings—we went into Westminster school, or rather peeped into one of the corridors lined with students' cells. The boys were all engaged in a wrestling match and their caps and gowns were flying about at a great rate, and the noise they made was deafening. I guess boys are the same all over the world. Gowns don't seem to have a dignifying effect. Everywhere we go we meet these college boys with their funny square caps.

Our second day we spent in the Tower and National Picture Gallery. The former used to be outside of the City on the bank of the Thames, but now the city is built all around it. The guide who conducted us through it was dressed as a yeoman of Henry 8th's time in a very strange costume. What was formerly the moat is now used as a garden, otherwise its aspect remains unchanged from former times. We saw the Traitors' Gate, where all prisoners of state made their entrance from the river. The White Tower is the centre building and was occupied by the Court when a royal residence,—what was once the great dining hall is now an armory, an immense collection of arms.

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In the same building is a fine collection of horse armor and suits of armor which belonged to celebrated men of former times. The walls of this building are 14 feet thick; here Sir Walter Raleigh was imprisoned. The room where he slept was dug out of the solid wall and the only way in which fresh air could be admitted was through a small hole in the door. In another building we were shown where Peveril of the Peak was imprisoned and many others who have covered the walls with inscriptions, one of them—"Be ye faithful unto death and ye shall receive a crown of life." The guide pointed out to us the very spot where Anne Boleyn and Lady Jane Grey were executed. The husband of the latter was executed in the morning in sight of her window and in a few hours they beheaded her also. We saw all the crown jewels of England, but to me they were not nearly as interesting as the building itself.

At the National Gallery we saw the Turner collection. I don't like the pictures themselves as well as the engravings of them I have seen. I had always supposed that as he made it his special study to imitate nature as closely as possible that his pictures would possess the merit of being very natural, but it seems to me to be quite the reverse of the case. His coloring is very brilliant and there is a rough unfinished look about all his pictures, Queen Mab's Grotto in particular. A great many of his subjects are taken from the Revelation. There were also some Italian gems, an Ecce Homo and Mary Magdalen of Guido's and a Christ disputing in the Temple of Da Vinci (beautiful).

That night we went to the Italian Opera, heard Lucca, Titiens and Mario. Lucca has a great reputation here but I was much disappointed in her voice. Titiens is magnificent, tho' quite old now. Mario's voice is entirely broken. I can scarcely believe that he ever had a beautiful voice. The British Museum we walked through as rapidly as possible—it is a collection of everything and I have come to the conclusion that I won't enter another museum; they are all alike only that one is larger than another.

Last Saturday was a great day at the Crystal Palace and

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we determined to spend the day there. So we went out in the morning, (it is about six miles from the city) and took our lunch of the most delicious strawberries we ever saw, in a large saloon overlooking the country for miles, and then after looking round among curiosities of all kinds collected there went into the concert. These concerts are given once a week during the

THE BRITISH MUSEUM, LONDON

season in the Palace free of charge. We heard Christine Nielson and were delighted with her voice, and Faure the great baritone, Mad. Sinico and Trebelli-Bellini.

Afterwards we took our dinner in the restaurant, and that over, went out on to the terrace to hear the band of the Coldstream Guards play. Godfrey, the composer of the "Guard's Waltz," and the "Hildah," and others, is the leader, and they

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played splendidly. One young fellow played the "Last Rose of Summer" on the cornet so beautifully that it brought tears to everybody's eyes. I never heard anything more touching. Another played some wonderful variations of the Carnival of Venice on a piccolo and was cheered tremendously by the crowd. Then there came a display of fireworks which exceeded anything of the kind I ever saw. The whole sky was filled with stars bursting from the rockets and the great fountains were illuminated with red, blue and green and fire balloons were sent up every minute. It was too elaborate for my powers of description—it was like a spectacle from fairyland.

At ten o'clock we went back into the palace and heard the great Handel Organ and then came home well tired out, but had to get up early the next morning to hear Spurgeon. His church is capable of containing seven thousand people and it was crammed with people. They say he is only twenty-eight years old, but it seems hardly possible, he looks much older. He preaches in a conversational way, but his downright earnestness makes him very impressive. His text was—"Like as a father pitieth his children so the Lord pitieth them that fear him." A woman was taken with a fit and had to be carried out in the middle of the discourse.

In the afternoon we went to St. Paul's and heard some glorious music. One of the little boys had a magnificent soprano voice. The whole service is intoned except the sermon. When the officiating minister went up to the pulpit preceded by two old men who carry silver maces he proved to be an acquaintance we made at Venice so we staid and spoke with him after service. Father took a very bad cold there and has been quite sick with it, but is better to-day. St. Paul's is an immense edifice, built according to the plan of Sir Christopher Wren, and is still unfinished and contains the tombs of Wellington and Nelson, Dr. Johnson's and Bishop Heber's, Sir Benjamin West, &c. It is celebrated for its great bell (which is only tolled on the death of members of the royal family), and for the whispering gallery. These two we didn't see because it was Sunday.

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We expect to leave here to-morrow morning but have not yet decided where we are going. Father and Mr. Greeley are going to hear the debates in Parliament to-night, ladies are not admitted they say. We are all of us pretty well worn out and long to get into the country. We are afraid the war is going to prevent us from travelling much on the continent and the price of goods will be raised. We find London in every respect more expensive than the continent, and shall not buy anything here. Mother has bought an India shawl for \$500. We haven't heard from you for a long time—are you all well? My best love to all the family.

Your aff. niece,
M. D. R.

Regent's Hotel, July 21st. 1870.
Leamington Spa.

DEAR AUNT MARY & CHILDREN,

I am very tired to-night, but thought I had better write you something about to-day's doings before going to bed, as it shortens the work in the end.

Leamington is one of the fashionable watering places of England and is about two hours and forty minutes from London and a half hour north of Rugby. I would have liked to stop at the latter place but father was in a hurry to get here, and so we kept on. I saw some of the Rugby boys as we passed through the station. I wonder if Jimmy has read "Tom Brown at Rugby"?—it is a great boys' book. Part of the way the train ran with such speed that we were quite frightened thinking the cars would surely leap from the track.

There are medicinal springs in this place that are very good for rheumatism and skin diseases—father thinks they are going to do him good. So we walked down to them this morning and drank some of the water. It is very nasty stuff, like ocean water, only worse. About eleven o'clock we started off in a big carriage in which Emma and I sat up in a high seat behind the others, for Warwick Castle and Kenil-

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worth. We enjoyed our ride along the fine English roads, bordered with neatly trimmed hedges—the English keep the country in such a high state of cultivation that it is beautiful everywhere just for that very reason.

Warwick Castle is on the river Avon—we had a lovely view of it as we approached. It is a grand old building, with high battlemented towers and is said to date back to the time of Caesar, but if so there is none of the original building left. The oldest part of the castle is Caesar's tower, which we did not enter. Of course like all old castles it is surrounded by a moat, which is now all overgrown with trees. We entered through the old portcullis into the open Green round which the castle is built and where we had a fine view of all its different portions.

Entering the lodge at our left an old woman showed us a collection of curiosities of the Giants, as she said. There was the great porridge pot of bell metal which will hold 102 gallons and which she said she saw emptied three times at the coming of age of the present earl. It belonged to Guy the great Earl of Warwick, the Giant, who lived in the year 1000 and who was over eight feet tall. She also showed us his helmet and his horse armor and his battle-axe, and many things of the same sort. Afterwards a man took us through that part of the castle used at present. The banqueting hall, the dining and drawing rooms. In the former was another collection of curiosities, armor belonging to distinguished members of the family, &c., among them a helmet which belonged to Oliver Cromwell. In another part of the house we saw a plaster cast of Cromwell's face after death and a bust of Proserpine by our artist Powers. The celebrated picture of Charles the 1st by Vandyke stands at the end of a long gallery filled with armor. He is represented as approaching on horseback. The horse and rider stand right out from the picture as if they were alive.

In the dining room is a very remarkable sideboard or buffet as they call it, presented to the present Earl by the town. It is made of a tree grown at Kenilworth and elaborately carved with scenes representing Elizabeth's visit at that place. I had

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more interest in this castle from having read Bulwer's "Last of the Barons." This Baron was Richard Earl of Warwick, the King Maker, and is buried in the Beauchamp Chapel of St. Mary's church in the village. In this church we went up into a little passage where they used to hear confession—the steps of solid stone were worn completely through in the middle so that I could see through under the staircase. Here was also the tomb of Lord Dudley, Earl of Leicester.

We next went to Guy's Cliff, where is the country seat of Lord Percy, and saw a part of an old monastery with cells dug into the side of the hill. Before the time of the monastery Guy, Earl of Warwick, having killed a great many men, became penitent and disguising himself as a hermit lived in a cave in the side of this cliff and went every morning to beg at the gate of his own castle and in that way supported himself until he died. They also showed us a well called Guy's well.

Then we went to Kenilworth Castle. It is a glorious old ruin, overgrown with ivy. We climbed all over it and thought of the time when the Earl of Leicester entertained Queen Elizabeth here and at the same time kept Amy Robsart confined in Mervyn Bower—we went into the very room. It was in the garden of this castle I believe that Elizabeth and Mary Stuart had their memorable interview. Elizabeth afterwards had this same earl beheaded at the tower. I should like to see this old ruin by moonlight—it seems to me like a haunted place, and as if the ghost of poor Amy Robsart, who suffered so here, might come out and confront one. How I should have liked to see this place just as it was during Elizabeth's visit!

On our way home we passed through the grounds of Lord Leigh, the wealthiest nobleman of this county and saw all that remains of Stoneleigh Abbey. Saturday we intend to spend at Stratford. I am sitting in the dining-room of the hotel looking out into the garden which is a beautiful spot with a fountain and hosts of brilliant flowers. It is as cool and comfortable as possible.

This is said to be a very fashionable place, and the hotel

EIGHT JOURNEYS ABROAD

is full, but it is so different from with us. There is hardly ever any one to be seen here, in this room or at the bath room. I suppose a great many have private villas, but where they keep themselves I cannot imagine.

Leamington, July 24th, 1870.

To-day is Sunday, but we have not any of us been to church because we felt that we needed to-day for rest, as we are to start off again to-morrow, but I always have letters to write so there is no rest for me. Yesterday at half-past nine we started for Stratford-on-Avon, the home of Shakespeare. Driving through the country here is as delightful as possible—the grass is so green and there are so many fine old trees—father thinks he would like to own a place here.

About four miles this side of Stratford we came to Charlecote, the residence of Spencer Lucy—it has been in the Lucy family for generations since before the time of Shakespeare. As we came along whole herds of deer were lying down a short distance from the fence and father had to get down and go to look at them. In Shakespeare's time Sir Thomas Lucy lived here and it was in this very park that Shakespeare shot the deer and was arraigned in the Hall for deer-stealing. Afterwards in one of his plays he brings in almost the whole scene and satirizes Sir Thomas under the form of Justice Shallow.

Stratford is now a flourishing town, much larger than in S's time, but all its interest for strangers lies in the fact that the great poet was born here and here died. Our first visit was to the house where he was born. It is a little old fashioned house in Henley street and has been used as a butcher shop but has been bought by the government and restored to its original condition. He was born in the front room up stairs; its walls are covered thick with the names of visitors, among them on the window I saw the name of Walter Scott written with a diamond.

There was a bust of Shakespeare on a table which is said to be the best likeness of him, and which does not in the least

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resemble the pictures we have of him in America. His face in this is rather fleshy and his mouth very small with full lips. There is nothing besides this in the house of any interest. In the garden there is a small mulberry tree, which the gardener told me was a lineal descendant of the one Shakespeare planted at his other house—there was also a white cat walking around whose acquaintance I made and who bore the rather remarkable name of William Richard—the gardener said he was not deaf as is usually the case with white cats.

On our way to church we passed Kew Place where the poet lived after his return from London. At one time the house came into the hands of a Rev. Mr. Gastrell who had it razed to the ground to prevent the trouble of answering the questions of strangers who came there to see it. Since then the government has bought it and having uncovered the foundations keeps the garden around it in fine order. The large mulberry tree planted by Shakespeare's own hand—this same man had cut it down for fire-wood, and thereby made himself so odious to the inhabitants that they turned him out of the town.

The church is a fair example of all the village churches of England, surrounded by a churchyard along the further side of which the Avon runs. It was a quiet, delightful spot, where I should like to spend a day. The interior is very pretty—contains some strange monuments of the Clopton family with colored effigies. Shakespeare is buried in front of the chancel with the others of his family under a plain stone slab, with the strange inscription which has prevented the government from moving his body to Westminster Abbey.

“Good Frend for Jesus sake forbear
To digg the dust encloased Heare.
Blessed be the man yt spares these stones,
And curst be he yt moves my bones.”

On the left is a monument with a bust of Shakespeare represented as writing, and under it this inscription—

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"Stay, passenger, why goest thou by so fast?"
"Read, if thou canst, whom envious death hath plast"
"Within this monument Shakespere, with whome"
"Quick nature dide: whose name doth deck ys tombe"
"Far more than cost: Sith all yt he hath witt,"
"Leaves living art but page to serve his witt."

All the time we were in the church the organist was playing on the organ, and I couldn't help but be impressed with the solemnity of the scene. The sexton showed us the parish register with the record of Shakespeare's baptism in Latin. "Guglielmus filius Johannes, Apr. 26, 1564." I copied a very amusing epitaph I found in one side of the church, it was that of a woolen draper.

"Heare lieth intombed the Corps of Richard Hill,
A woolen draper beeing in his time,
Whose virtues live, whose fame dooth flourish stil
Though hee desolved be to dust and shine.
A mirror hee and paterne mai be made,
For such as shall suckcead him in that trade,
He did not use to sweare to close eather faigne,
His brother to befraude in barganninge
He wolde not strive to get excessive gaine
In any cloath or other kinde of thinge."

We took our lunch at the Red Horse Inn, the same where Washington Irving stopped when he visited Stratford, and saw the parlor he occupied—then went down into the fields by the Avon and sat down on the banks awhile, and then drove home. I believe we stop at Matlock, Derbyshire, to-morrow. This will have to do for to-day, I guess, as I am tired.

M. D. R.

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Edinburgh, Aug. 2nd, 1870.
Royal Hotel.

DEAR CLIFF,

We arrived here in Edinburgh last Saturday night, and the very next morning mother fell on the stairs and sprained her ankle so badly that we thought at first it was broken—it very soon was terribly swollen and painful and we sent for a surgeon. He said there was no fracture but she would have to be very careful and might not use her foot—but must lie in bed for several days. To-day it is very much better—we hope she may be able to get up in a day or two.

I believe my last letter was written from Leamington, so in accordance with my usual plan I will try to give you an idea of what we have seen between there and here. A two hours' ride from Leamington brought us to Matlock Bath, a lovely place in among the hills and on Derwent water, commanding a fine view of High Tor, and opposite cliffs. We stayed there only one night taking a drive to the paternal home of Florence Nightingale, a beautiful English home. Here father and Mr. Greeley amused themselves by dealing out pennies to at least twenty ragged youngsters. At the hotel there was a magnificent Plane tree, a tremendous one with its branches supported by poles, giving it the appearance of a banyan tree. At the Old Bath Hotel Lord Byron and Mary Chaworth used to meet.

From there we went to the famous Peacock Inn at Rowsely,

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in the neighborhood of the Duke of Devonshire's place. It was a real specimen of the old-fashioned style of house, with high sloping roof and small diamond-paned casement windows, all half-grown with ivy. Our first excursion was to Haddon Hall, an uninhabited Castle left exactly as in the olden time and on that account we found it very interesting. It was built by Peveril of the Peak, the natural son of William the Conqueror, and has since been the residence of the Manners and Vernon family. It was here the celebrated Dorothy Vernon lived. I have never read her history but mean to.

Entering the Court they showed us the Chaplain's room. Poor man, he was but an unimportant member of the household, and was put off into a corner. The chapel too was a strange uncomfortable affair. The greatest space was devoted to the dining hall, kitchen and larders. How they ever managed to cook in such a dark place I don't understand, there was a great open fireplace and besides that something like our modern ranges and heavy wooden tables with basins cut in them for chopping things, places to cut meat and water troughs, the whole surrounded by small store-rooms. From the kitchen a small dark passage led up to the dining hall with a table raised on a platform and rude wooden benches to sit on. On the wall was an instrument used to fasten a man's wrist to the wall if he couldn't drink his portion and then cold water was poured down his sleeve. Some one says they never would have thought of pouring it down his throat.

The drawing room was hung with tapestry and had the funniest little windows and closets—the bed-room contains an old bed all in rags, which must have been elegant, in which Queen Elizabeth slept when on a visit here. The great ball-room looks out on a stiff-looking terrace of the old fashioned style with a heavy stone balustrade and flight of steps leading down from it. This is the only place we have seen that gives one a perfect idea of how they used to live three or four centuries ago.

From here we went to Chatsworth, the modern residence

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of the Duke of Devonshire, esteemed one of the, or rather the finest, place in England. The Park is immense and stocked with all sorts of game. The house is built in the Italian style and resembles, both exterior and interior, an Italian Palace. Near the house is a small building surrounded by a moat and called Queen Mary's Bower, as she used to spend some time on that spot when imprisoned at Chatsworth. I haven't time to tell about all I saw there, but I don't take the same interest in such a modern building anyway.

There is a splendid library and a fine collection of paintings, and a large room devoted to statuary, in which there are some gems. The suite of state apartments is one hundred and ninety feet long, and splendidly ornamented with the finest wood carving I ever saw, done by Gibbons. In one room is the wardrobe of Louis XIV. Among the elegant ornaments are some malachite tables and a clock in the same material, presented by Alexander 1st and the late Czar Nicholas of Russia. The walls of the chapel are richly ornamented with wood carvings and paintings.

The gardens are laid out in every imaginable style and contain some fine fountains. One of them is an iron tree, so good an imitation that no one would suspect it and they generally play tricks on people. Mr. Greeley went under it unsuspectingly and got slightly deluged, though not enough to inconvenience him. There is an immense hot house built after the Crystal Palace, where I found a poor little kitten who is kept there to catch bugs, I suppose. It was evidently dying of the heat. The late Duke had immense rocks brought from a distance and piled up to make quite large hills and grottoes in his garden. There is everything there that money can buy.

We went on to Manchester the next day but saw nothing there. The next day found us on the banks of Lake Windemere in a hotel where the American flag was floating. In the evening we took a boat ride on the lake and the next morning we were all on top of the stage coach en route for Keswick where we took the cars for Edinburgh. It was like our White Moun-

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tain travelling, but the scenery bore a striking resemblance to the Green Mountains.

Of the four Lakes, Windemere, Grasmere, Thirlmere and Rydal water, Grasmere is the most beautiful, the grass clothing the banks to the very verge of the water and then reflected in it. Near Ambleside is the home of Wordsworth, but we did not stop to visit it. By the roadside we saw the rock with the steps ascending to it which he made himself and which goes by the name of Wordsworth's study. Both he and Coleridge have tombs at the village church but Coleridge is not buried there but at Highgate. Arrived at Keswick we had time to go up to Greta Hall, the former residence of the poet Southey and where he gloried in the beauty of the view to be obtained from its windows, and also to visit his tomb, a mile beyond in the village churchyard, only a plain black slab.

Edinburgh, August 3rd. 1870.

As we leave Edinburgh to-morrow morning to take a hurried trip through the Highlands, I must finish all I've got to say about this place to-night. Finding that mother's foot was not likely to prove dangerous we went out Sunday morning to hear the celebrated Dr. Stuart preach. He was a regular Scotchman in appearance, but spoke with very little brogue—his style is very concise and he is evidently a man of ideas but he hardly clothes them with enough ornament to render them palatable to an ordinary congregation. In the evening we walked over to St. Giles, where John Knox used to preach. It was formerly a cathedral but is now divided into three parts and three different ministers preach there at the same time.

The next morning we went up on Carlton Hill to take a view of the city. Edinburgh has been compared to Athens—in point of situation and architecture. Edinburgh castle stands on a high crag, which looms up high above the rest of the city and is inaccessible except on one side, where a street runs down from it into the heart of the old city, to the castle of Holyrood, which slopes away from this street on both sides into a ravine.

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On the other side of one of these ravines stands the new town. From the top of this hill where we were standing we had a splendid view of both old and new town, and I have never seen a more picturesque sight, there is so much more variety in its position than is usual. At our feet lay the Castle of Holyrood, so celebrated in History, and on the other side Leith, the seaport of Edinburgh and in the distance the Bare Rocks, where the Covenanters used to hide.

HOLYROOD CASTLE, EDINBURGH

The monuments to Nelson and Dugald Stewart are on this hill, also the unfinished remains of a building designed to be a copy of the Parthenon at Athens. The effect when you are down at the other end of the city looking up the ravine is very impressive and different from anything I have ever seen. Holyrood Castle which we visited next is now used by the Queen whenever she comes here, and has been remodeled to serve modern purposes, but the rooms connected with the history of Mary, Queen of Scots, are left just as they were when she used them, her drawing room and bed chamber, and adjoining the latter

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the little supping room in which took place the tragedy of Rizzio. They showed us the very staircase leading to her bedroom by which Lord Darnley and his associates ascended and entered the supping room. Here they seized Rizzio and dragged him through her bedroom out into the drawing room, stabbing him a great many times, when he finally breathed his last close by the door into the hall. He got behind Mary and tried to protect himself in that way, but it was of no avail, and they even threatened her life if she should attempt to interfere. The blood-spot still remains on the floor where Rizzio fell—and the partition which Mary had erected to prevent her from seeing it.

Her bed chairs and a child's cradle are still in her bed chamber, though nearly fallen into decay. It is hard to realize that they ever were the rich things they really were. Her work-box is made of her own handiwork covered with glass—over it hangs her mirror, which we should not now consider fit for a servant's bedroom, so little and old fashioned is it. In the supping room is the block of marble on which she kneeled when she was married to Lord Darnley. His apartments were immediately over hers and connected with them by a small winding staircase.

Opposite the Palace is a little low building called Queen Mary's Bath House, and adjoining it the ruins of the famous Holyrood Abbey. The place is paved with graves—in one corner the royal vault where are buried James 2nd, James 5th, and Lord Darnley. Nothing but the walls are standing, the roof being entirely gone. The street leading from this palace up to the Castle passes through the heart of the old town, by the Tolbooth, or old Jail, a remarkably old building, and past the house where John Knox lived. There is an effigy of him on the outside of the house represented as preaching to the multitude. This inscription is over the door,—

“Love God above all, and your neighbour as yourself.”

The houses in this part of the city are very strange looking affairs—they look so old it seems as if they must come down

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over your head; some of them are seven and eight stories high, which adds to their dangerous appearance, and are capped with little pointed towers.

Just before reaching Parliament house we came to a heart, laid in the pavement, with stones. That is the heart of Midlothian and stands on the place where the old jail stood. In front of the Parliament House is a stone placed in the street to mark the spot.

The Castle, like all other old castles, is a great rambling building with high walls and towers. There is nothing particularly interesting on the inside but the rooms occupied by Queen Mary when James the 6th was born. When he was eight days old he was let down in a basket from the window of one of these rooms, at a fearful height, because they were doubtful of his safety. The prayer that Mary offered up at the time is painted on the wall. In another room, are kept the crown of Scotland and the Regalia. It seems the latter were kept in hiding for over a hundred years to keep them out of the hands of the English and some people even suffered torture on their account. Walter Scott was present at the opening of the chest when they were at last found, after the cause of their seclusion had been removed.

Yesterday we spent in hunting shawls and to-day we drove out to Roslin Castle and Chapel, first visiting the Earl of Buccleugh's residence and then driving to Hawthorneden, the former residence of the poet Drummond, where we left mother to go in the carriage round to Roslin Chapel to which we walked. Drummond's house is built on a high rock at the head of a beautiful and romantic glen, through which the river Esk runs—the view of this glen from the house is perfectly lovely. Underneath the house and dug out of the solid rock are the caves where Bruce lived for a time. The room which served for his library has walls like a honeycomb to contain his books. His sword is there and a desk belonging to John Knox.

We then walked through the glen, the distance of two miles to Roslin Castle. The Castle is nothing but an old ruin

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mostly underground, but the Chapel is considered one of the finest specimens of ecclesiastical architecture in Scotland. The stone carving is very beautiful, there is one pillar in particular of which the carving is considered wonderful. It seems the architect was not able to complete it from the design, so he went off to Rome to study and while he was gone one of his apprentices finished it and the architect on his return was so provoked and jealous that he raised his hammer and struck the man on his head, so that he died. There is a legend that whenever a Lord of Roslin is about to die, that the chapel appears to be in flames. Walter Scott speaks of it in his ballad of Rosabel.

The Knights of Roslin were all buried in full armor underneath the chapel. This evening father and I drove over to Greyfriars churchyard, where some of the most distinguished men of Scotland are buried, but found it closed, so we drove down through Cowgate, one of the oldest streets of the old town, where all the scum of the city lives and through Grass Market (where all criminals used to be beheaded), a filthier set of people I never saw—a squalid miserable looking set. Then we passed around under the castle, where the Earl of Moray with his followers climbed up one night and scaling the wall took the castle. The driver said that the soldiers now quartered in the garrison are in the habit of dropping themselves down over the wall if they want to get off of a night. It doesn't seem as if they possibly could without breaking their necks.

Mother and I are going out to-morrow morning to hunt some blanket shawls. So far she has seen nothing she likes so well as those at home.

Queen Mary's prayer is written on the wall in old English and very difficult to decipher—

“Lord Jesus Christ that crounit was with thornse,
Preserve the Birth quhais Badgie heir is borne,
and send Hir Sonne successione, to Reigne stille
Lang in this Realme, if that it be they will,
Als grant O Lord quhat ever of Hir proceed,
Be to Thy Honer and Praise sobied.”

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Herring seems to be the favorite food of the lower classes. The fish wives are constantly crying through the streets carrying them in baskets on their backs, and held in place by a leather strap passed over the forehead. No one, a stranger, would ever find the slightest clue to the cry they utter, their voices are so shrill and discordant, and their pronunciation so rude.

Edinburgh, August 4th. 1870.

Early this morning I went over to Greyfriars churchyard. They wouldn't any of them go with me, so rather than miss it I determined to go alone. As I had only a few minutes I had time to visit but few graves. The most important one is the grave of the Covenanters where most of those killed during the persecution of the Covenanters are buried. I copied the inscription on the tombstone as follows—

"Halt passenger, take heed what you do see,
This tomb doth shew for what some men did die,
Here lies interred the dust of those who stood
'Gainst perjury, resisting unto blood.
Adhering to the Covenants and Laws,
Establishing the same, which was the cause
Their lives were sacrificed unto the lust
Of Prelatists abjured, Though here their dust
Lies mixed with murderers and other crew
Whom justice justly did to death pursue,
But as for them no cause was to be found,
Worthy of death but only they were found
Constant and steadfast and zealous; witnessing
For the prerogatives of Christ their King,
Which truths were sealed by famous Gutline's head,
And all along to Mr. Renwick's blood
Reproaches, torments, deaths and injuries
But yet they're those who from such troubles came
And now triumph in glory with the Lamb."

About 18,000 buried here.

Reference, "Cloud of Witnesses, Crookshanks."

EIGHT JOURNEYS ABROAD

I came across also another very curious inscription on the grave of Mrs. Peter Leslie.

“She was!
But words are wanting
To say what!
Think what a wife should be
And she was that.
1818.”

At one o'clock we left for Stirling, and arrived there at the end of one hour. Leaving our things at the station we walked up to the church and ruins of the Castle of the Earl of Mar. In this church James 6th was crowned King of Scotland, John Knox preaching the coronation sermon. Stirling castle was originally a Roman fortress and has since been a favorite residence of the Scottish Kings. They show to visitors the room where James 2nd stabbed the Earl of Douglas on his refusing to renounce his share in a conspiracy formed among three or four powerful nobles for mutual protection, even against the King, and exclaiming, “If thou wilt not break the bond, this shall.” The scene took place in the secret council room adjoining the Star Chamber and his body was thrown out of a small window and interred near by. In 1797 some masons, while digging, came across a skeleton which was supposed to be the remains of the Earl.

In the old churchyard adjoining the Castle I came across another funny inscription and will write it down as I like to keep such things.

“Our life is but a winter day,
Some only breakfast and away,
Others to dinner stay
And are full fed.
The oldest man but sups
And goes to bed.
Large is his debt
That lingers out the day
He that goes soonest,
Has the least to pay.”

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From the castle twelve battlefields may be seen, among them that of Bannockburn. We met any quantity of Highlanders coming down from the Castle, which is now a military station and were much amused, tho a little disgusted, with the costume. At the same time I must say it is a very beautiful and striking one. It seems funny to see a man with bare legs, his red and white plaid stockings not coming half way up to the knees, these are fastened with handsome red garters and the pleated kilts don't come down to the knees. Then they had on tight fitting white jackets with a mass of white tassels hanging down in front and tremendous black hairy caps. I couldn't help feeling that it was a romantic sight, these Highlanders in their strange costumes pacing the walls of the castle and in the distance the very Highlands themselves which we shall soon be among.

The Earl of Mar was a great villain it seems and that he was conscious of it is proved by the inscriptions over the doors of his ruined house.

"The moir I stand on oppin hitht
My faultis moir subject as to sitht
I pray al luikaris on this lugin
Vith gentil e to gif thair juging."

which, translated, is

"The more I stand on *oppin* height
My faults more subject are to sight,
I pray all lookers on this lodging
With gentle eye to give their judging."

I am writing this at Perth, where we are spending the night. Perth is made famous by Scott's novel, "The Fair Maid of Perth."

Banavie, August 7th. 1870.

From Perth to Inverness, by the way of Aberdeen, was a delightful journey, tho the scenery was not as grand as by the Highland railway. We were unable to change our tickets or we should have taken the latter route.

EIGHT JOURNEYS ABROAD

We came near having trouble with our baggage at Aberdeen. The train was behind time and we had to rush for seats while the gentlemen attended to the baggage. Arrived at Keith father found his valise was "non est." You never saw a man look so crestfallen—he began to threaten immediately to return to "*D'Amerique*," as he always calls home. All his new clothes were in it and a new blanket shawl that mother had just bought—but it turned up at Inverness and "Richard was himself again." Then there was another adventure. After we left Aberdeen the train stopped all of a sudden and on looking out we saw several women screaming and taking on dreadfully, but it was a long time before we found out what was the matter. It finally turned out that these women had been in one compartment of a car next to a horse (they were common fishing women) and the horse had broken through the partition, at least almost through, and had frightened these women so that they jumped off while the train was running and one of them was somewhat hurt, and they had to back down the train for her.

On the way to Inverness is the battle field of Culloden and not far beyond it we saw the heath near the Castle of Caudor, where Shakespeare makes Macbeth meet the witches before the murder of Duncan. We got into Inverness in time to take supper and in the evening we went out to the town. The river Ness runs through the town, dividing it into two parts. We walked up to what we thought was a castle on top of the hill overlooking the river, but it proved to be a Court House and jail, and we got into conversation with the old keeper who was sitting out in front. Father talked with him about the connection of Scotland and England, and there was an old man sitting next to him who kept whispering to the jailer to tell father that Scotland was an unconquered country, that they had never been conquered.

At Inverness we took the Caledonian Canal to this place, travelling in a small steamboat. We passed through several beautiful lakes, Loch Ness, Loch Oich, and Loch Lochy, as-

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ending and descending from each by means of locks, during which operation we got out and took several walks. The scenery is certainly very beautiful, and the mountains are even grand, though the highest, Ben Nevis, is not 4500 ft. in height, but they are mostly destitute of vegetation and indented by deep fissures which give them a very wild and rugged appearance. We made only one excursion during the

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THE CALEDONIAN CANAL, THE WATER JOURNEY ACROSS SCOTLAND

day (and for that the boat waited for us) to see the Falls of Foyers, which are very celebrated. The guide book tells us they consist of two cataracts, but it has been very dry here for a long time and consequently we saw only one, a very small affair. I can imagine though that it might be very pretty, when there is a full volume of water, which by the way is of the same peculiar amber color as that of the Falls of Montmorency.

EIGHT JOURNEYS ABROAD

Banavie, Scotland, August 8th. 1870.

We are in a charming hotel here, commanding a fine view of Ben Nevis and the Braes of Lochaber. Charley Greeley made the ascent of the mountain yesterday morning. They say it is a very dangerous mountain, there are so many precipices. Charley came very near going over one he came upon unawares, but the guide called to him and he fell back immediately and saved himself. Some man went up from Fort William the night before and has not been heard of since, though they have sent up guides to hunt him, but they were unsuccessful and they think he must have perished. What an awful thing it is!

Last evening we walked across about two miles to an old ruin called Inverlochy Castle. It is supposed to be a thousand years old, or rather its origin is unknown. From its appearance we judged the materials must have all been brought there by hand, none of the stones being larger than a strong man could carry. We stayed there during the sunset and had a superb view of the surrounding mountains. Mother went with us but her foot is feeling sore this morning. I think she uses it too much. We leave for Oban this evening and thence to Fingal's Cave to-morrow, so I will say good-bye for this time. I am afraid you won't have patience to read it now.

Your aff. sister,

M. D. R.

P. S. The children ought to trace out our route on the map. The party all went yesterday to hear Norman McLeod, except mother and myself. We were so sorry, father says he is the finest preacher he ever heard.

SWEDEN, FINLAND AND RUSSIA

Gotha Canal, Sweden, August 22nd. 1870.

Last Tuesday morning we left the pier of Granton, the port of Edinburgh, in the steamer Scandinavia, bound for Gothaborg, Sweden. The only lady on board, besides mother and myself, was from Dublin, and we three had the ladies' cabin together. We were glad there were no more of us for we were so dreadfully seasick that we could not have borne it at all if we had been obliged to stay in our close berths. As it was we lay on our backs three nights and two days without being able to lift our heads. I'm sure I never suffered so in my life, even father and all the gentlemen were terribly sick. That German Ocean is an awfully rough customer. I can well realize that the Swedes and Norwegians must have always been capital sailors to follow such a sea.

About forty-eight hours out we reached Christiansand, a small town on the coast of Norway. The vessel stopped there only half an hour but we had time to land and take a look at the town, so clean that you would be willing to eat off the street, and built of wood principally, all the houses having pretty white muslin curtains and windows filled with flowers. We returned to the steamer laden with cherries and going straight to our berths there remained until the next morning, when we came into Gothaburg.

In the meantime in spite of our sickness, we had made some very pleasant acquaintances, the Irish lady, Mrs. McGusty, of whom I have already spoken, and her husband, quite a prominent barrister, and several other gentlemen from Dublin, also lawyers, and three young Scotchmen. This Mr.

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McGusty seems to hold himself a little above the other Irishmen and they certainly seem very cultivated people and have been very polite to us. The others are very witty in the real Irish way and have kept us fairly convulsed with laughter a great part of the time.

We were all thankful enough to be on shore once again and having taken rooms at the Gotha Kallare at Gothaburg, we "fixed up" and then started off to see the town and observe the customs of the people, and found plenty to amuse us. Almost every street has a canal running through the center, fenced in with iron railing, crossed with many bridges and adding much to the picturesqueness of the place. After walking around in the afternoon we took a carriage and drove out into the country and stopping at the residence of a rich merchant we ascended a rocky eminence in his grounds from which we had a remarkably fine view of the whole town and surroundings. Driving back we saw quantities of the Swedish peasantry in their picturesque costumes which remind one much of the Roman dress as they wear the bright bayadere striped aprons.

The first evening we went up to the Park, where they give concerts twice a week, and had the good fortune to hear some very fine music. The Swedes are very much like the French in their tastes and in fact their whole sympathy in the present war is given to the French. This "caffé" and garden quite reminded me of the summer concerts of the Champs Elysées. As we came away they played the Marseillaise and they were obliged to repeat it several times the crowd became so excited. The next day we went to the museum and saw a collection of Swedish paintings which didn't amount to anything and an immense whale, the largest in the world, all fitted up on the inside as a ship, and we all went inside, but the odor was something so frightful that we didn't stay any longer than was absolutely necessary.

At the hotel in this place we had the most delicious apple pudding, but their vegetables are dressed with some kind of

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sweet sauce that I found very unpalatable. Saturday evening we all went on board the "canal-boat" which is not like our canal boats, but a regular little steamer only built very narrow. It was quite funny the way we were packed in, there was such a crowd of people on board. The boat started at two o'clock in the morning and we got up at eight just in time to see the celebrated Trollhatten falls.

To see them we had to take a two mile walk through the woods while the boat was lifted through a series of locks and to a level with the top of the falls, the only thing of the kind in Europe, I believe. We had a delightful walk

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through the fine old pine woods and soon came to the falls, which are the finest in Europe with the exception of Schaffhausen. Crossing over to an island in the middle of the stream we had the full benefit of the roar and rush of the waters and it was exceedingly fine. Passing beyond we met the boat, again embarking.

At three o'clock we had our dinner on deck under the awning, a course which we much preferred to eating down in the close cabin. They begin a meal in Sweden by eating bread and butter and cold meats and partaking of a sort of stimulant called "Pomerania" standing at a side table, then they sit down and take soup and afterwards meat and then comes

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fish, the last thing before their dessert. These latter were always very fine. On this day in particular they brought on plum pudding and a sauce which was on fire and we had great fun helping ourselves to it, the wind would blow the flame right into our faces.

Travelling in this way we spent three days passing through Lake Wener the third largest lake in Europe, and Lake Wetter. We often got out to walk when the steamer passed through locks and that added much to our enjoyment. In one place the name of which I cannot call to mind, we entered into a large building which looked like a sort of castle, and the foundations of which appeared very ancient, being built of huge boulders. Over the door was the inscription—"Meuni Maximum a Domino." At another time we got off and walked through a village where we saw a huge May Pole ornamented with flowers and ribbons which brought to mind Longfellow's description of a Swedish village scene and May Dance written as a preface to "the Children of the Lord's Supper."

At another time we visited the most ancient church in Sweden, a little old tumbledown affair, but one of the most interesting places I ever saw. There were two tombs of Kings in it with great gilt crowns suspended from the ceiling over them. In one of the side chapels was a collection of coffins entirely different from anything I have ever seen in any museum. They were piled up one upon another, painted in red ground with gaudy pictures all over them.

We arrived at Stockholm about noon of the third day and were met at the landing by a Commissionaire who had come down to meet us with fine open carriages and said he had rooms already engaged for us, that they had been telegraphed at the hotel that we were coming. We could not understand the cause but thought we would go on so we drove up to the hotel in style and were ushered into rooms furnished in the most elegant style, all gold and upholstered with blue. The very rooms occupied by Burlingame and the Chinese Embassy. They must have thought we were great bugs by the way they treated us.

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We expected to find Stockholm rather behind the times, instead of that we found it a lively, gay place, more like a small Paris than anything else. That afternoon I went riding with Mr. and Mrs. McGusty through the Djurgatan or Deer Park, which is the great park of Stockholm, and by many considered the finest park in Europe. The city is built on three islands, all connected with bridges, which gives the city a highly picturesque appearance. Our hotel was situated in the place of Gustavus Adolphus, immediately opposite the royal palace. It is a fine, well-built city and the people are fine looking and interesting in their appearance.

That evening we took one of the little steamers, which take the place of omnibuses in other cities, and went to one of the public gardens, where we heard a fine concert and saw a grand display of fireworks. The next day we went through the royal palace and thought it the finest one we had ever seen. We were most interested in the private apartments of the king and queen. In the apartments of the former we were admitted just as he had left them. He is an artist of no mean order, and we saw the paintings which he is now at work on, his sleeping room which is as plain and unpretending as possible, his smoking room and fine collection of pipes and meerschaums and his little "armoury," containing a rare collection of costly antiques. There we saw a set of Colt's revolvers sent as a present to him from Abraham Lincoln. These rooms may be called his sanctum sanctorum, and it was a fortunate chance that we were permitted to see them.

In the Museum we saw the celebrated boots of Charles the 12th and the coat in which he was killed at the battle of Lutzen, also a collection of the wedding clothes of the different sovereigns of Sweden. The most interesting place in Stockholm to me was the church called Ridderholm, in which are the tombs of Charles the 12th, Gustavus Adolphus, and General Bernadotte. Their tombs are surrounded with the

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banners of foreign nations captured in battle and the keys of conquered cities.

An attack of neuralgia in my face prevented me from going out to Drottningholm, the summer residence of the royal family, but some of our party went and told us that they were invited into the dining room by the command of the queen dowager when the dinner was all ready to be served. Father invited the American minister, Mr. Andrews from Massachusetts to take dinner with us, and he proved to be some connection of mother's. We were invited to take dinner at his house the night before we left but could not.

We were fortunate in seeing the king, by accident, as we were looking out of the window he passed on his way from the hunt to his summer palace. He had on a green hunting suit and was a very fine-looking man. His people think he is not quite dignified enough as he is very fond of dispensing with any unnecessary ceremony. The Swedes are the neatest people I ever saw, and they have the most delicious food. (We have just lived on salmon, it is no luxury whatever here.) They are almost all Protestants and well educated and have that look of intelligence in their faces, which is the distinguishing mark between an educated and an uneducated people.

This little trip through Sweden will always be remembered by me with pleasant feelings because it was such a rest from ordinary travelling and the country was more than ordinarily interesting.

Our whole party came to the conclusion that travelling by canal, though it sounds a little primitive, is a most delightful way of locomotion.

Finland,

Steamer Wiborg, Aug. 26th, 1870.

We left Stockholm this morning at two o'clock, having come on board last night. Here some of our party left us, to return, and the American minister came down to see us off. From eight to eleven this morning it was so rough that we

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were obliged to lie in bed until we reached the Aland Islands. Since then it has been quite smooth. The scenery is very much the same thing all the time, flat rocks covered with pine trees. We reached this place at nine o'clock this evening and have just returned from a stroll around the town.

We were surprised to find it quite a large well-built town, having expected to find it a mere village. It was too late to enter the cathedral, the chief point of interest, so we had to content ourselves with looking at the outside, as we start off very early to-morrow morning. It is an immense structure built of great boulders, fastened together with cement—it is in the crypts of this church the coffins are left half open, exposing the embalmed bodies ready for the resurrection. It must be a horrible sight, but one I should have ventured to look at if I had had the opportunity. This church was built six hundred years ago, the first means of introducing Christianity into the northern country. On our way back to the boat we stopped to get some lunch in a very attractive looking "caffe," but couldn't get anybody to wait on us so came back and got it here, having found everything very nice on this boat.

August 27th. Helsingfors.

We have stopped again to-night at Helsingfors, the capital of Finland. The scenery to-day has been much more varied than usual, in some places quite striking. This morning we passed an old dismantled castle, the former residence of the Swedish Kings. The Captain told us that we might have seen there the old stone floor where Eric somebody used to pace up and down until the stone was worn into deep hollows. Also passed during the day some very picturesque ruins of forts.

We begin to hear the Russian language now and last night a lot of Russian officers and soldiers came on board dressed in light covered overcoats which reach down to the floor and while it rained this afternoon they threw a funny pointed

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hood over their heads which gave them a very wolfish appearance. We entered the harbor of this town just at sunset, when the whole town was beautifully outlined against the red ground of the sky. On arriving we went at once to the Russian church, an edifice built on a high rock and ornamented with minarets in the Eastern style and here we found the evening service going on. It was quite different from anything I have ever seen. Behind the railing of the chancel instead of a high altar there was a sort of drawing-room from which the priests entered dressed in the most gorgeous apparel. The chanting was fine and it was very interesting to observe the conduct of the worshippers. They crossed themselves as often and as rapidly as possible and then falling down on their knees bent over until their foreheads touched the floor and then rising again would repeat the same ceremony. We didn't stay through the service but proceeded to the Lutheran church, a fine building in the shape of a Greek Cross, with a large open space in front of it and a huge flight of stone steps ascending to it.

We then adjourned to the Park, for our supper, and heard some very good music besides having a fine treat of strawberries. I was counting up to-day the length of time that I have eaten strawberries this year and find it is five months, having followed them from Italy to Finland. They use such funny little carriages here, called "drostkys," something like a very low basket wagon and over the horse's neck rises an arch of wood to which the reins are fastened. We think the Finlanders resemble Americans more than any nation we have seen. The men are very distinguished looking both here and in Sweden.

Wiborg, Aug. 28th.

It is nearly midnight, but I don't like to go to bed without relating the occurrences of the evening, as we get into St. Petersburg to-morrow afternoon and I shall have plenty to write about there. I have had my first Drotsky ride to-night and I can't say I am anxious for another. They only hold two

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people and it is all those two can do to keep in, they shake about so in every direction, what with the speed with which they drive their animals and the jingling of the bells one becomes quite confused. Our destination was a country place called Mon Repos, the present residence of the Governor of Finland.

We found it a beautiful wild place full of moss-covered rocks and fine old pine trees and with some very pretty water views, but quite out of repair. The house was of great extent but only one story high. We enjoyed the ride all the more that we have been so long on ship-board, it is now almost two weeks since we left Edinburgh and we have come all the way by sea and canal. As we came in this evening, it being Sunday evening the sailors from the neighboring Russian fleet had been on land all day and they were just embarking in the tugs which had come to convey them to the steamers, and at least one-half of them were so drunk they had to be pulled and hauled and some of them carried on board.

At about eight o'clock this evening the Captain came and proposed that we should go up to a ball at one of the cafés. As they keep their Sundays from Saturday night at six until Sunday at six they think no harm of it, so we all went up and found it just opening. It was quite a pretty hall, dressed with evergreens and with the band in a balcony. We went just as we were with our old shoes and not even gloves on. We found our Irish friends seated at the top of the room in state as if about to open the ball. Almost all the ladies were in short dresses and in fact there was every variety of costume.

The Captain told us that many Russians came here to spend the summer on account of the bracing air and that most of the ladies present were Russians. They were all dressed in the worst possible taste, but there were some quite nice men, officers from the Russian fleet. Two of them came up and asked me to dance, and as I couldn't say anything I was obliged

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to get the captain to apologize for me. The way in which they take their partners is most amusing. They go up to the lady and stand before her and she gets up and dances off with them, all without a word said. I noticed they danced much more rapidly than we do. One man came up and asked me to dance (in English), so I couldn't refuse, it seems very strange to think of being at a ball in Finland. We came back in company with two young Englishmen, who have been shooting and fishing in Norway for two months, and they were telling us about the national soup, made of all kinds of fruit, put into a sort of red gruel, which they say is delicious. They put raw salmon on the table here and I see the poor children eating all kinds of fish raw.

St. Petersburg, Aug. 29th, 1870.

We passed the fortress of Cronstadt this morning about nine o'clock, the most formidable fortress in Europe, situated on an island at the mouth of the Neva guarding the city of St. Petersburg. From this point, eighteen miles from the city, we could see the gilded dome of the great church of Isaac, situated immediately in front of the hotel in which we now are. As soon as we had arranged about rooms we took a commissionaire and started forth. I had read much of the riches of this church but all that I had read had not prepared me for the reality. It is impossible to appreciate its richness. In the first place the exterior, built in the shape of a Greek Cross, has four grand entrances, each one guarded by many pillars of Finland granite monoliths and polished like a mirror. They are 60 ft. in height and seven in diameter. Three immense steps, each one a monolith, lead up to the building from every side and its whole extent—in short the whole building is of the most magnificent proportions. The center dome is also surrounded by thirty pillars of granite and at the four corners are four smaller domes—on top of the gilded dome is a huge gilt cross.

On entering the church one is overwhelmed with the mag-

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nificence on every side, floors and walls all of the most beautiful variegated marbles, mosaic paintings of the most brilliant hues. A wall, or screen, as it is called, separates the inmost shrine from the eyes of the vulgar. The several doors leading to the inside are of openwork silver gilded and interspersed with beautiful paintings. All the paintings of the Madonna and Saviour are surrounded with silver and gold frames blazing with jewels, thousands of diamonds, most of them as large as a pea, and many of them a half an inch across, to say nothing whatever of sapphires, emeralds and rubies. Then forming a part of this screen are ten columns at least five feet in diameter of real malachite, such as is used for jewelry, and two columns of lapis lazuli, an immensely expensive stone, all from Siberia.

The inmost shrine presented by the Prince Demidoff, and costing one million of dollars, is built in the shape of a small circular temple. The bronze work alone must have cost enormously—the four grand doors are finer in my eyes than the celebrated Ghiberti doors in Florence, and on the four sides of the exterior are bronze bas-reliefs of the grandest conception. A bronze railing surrounds the outside of the immense center dome, surmounted at intervals of three or four feet by colossal bronze statues of angels—then there are other bronze groups disposed over the building. I have attempted to give you an idea of the general style and characteristics of this building but it is utterly impossible for any one to form an idea of its magnificence—all the riches I have ever seen at home wouldn't be noticed here—it even cost a million of dollars to drive in the piles that the structure is built upon. It was built by the Emperor Nicholas.

We ascended the dome and had a fine view of the city, giving us an idea of its general position and of the finest buildings—there are many in the Oriental style with gilded domes and minarets, but we shall see more of that in Moscow. There are very many large and handsome public buildings and imposing palaces. I have never seen any city contain-

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ing so many. There is one church, built in imitation of St. Peter's, at Rome, called the Cathedral of our Lady of Kajan, and named after a picture of the Madonna which it contains, covered with jewels, one of them of almost inestimable value, brought from Kajan to Moscow by Ivan Vassilievitch and from there here by Peter the Great. The shrines of this church are also very rich—blazing with jewels, but it is not very rich in marbles. In front of the screen is a railing or rather balustrade of silver, and all the columns had gilt pedestals. The walls are hung with military trophies, flags from all parts of the world, and keys of conquered cities.

The lower order of Russians are as filthy and unattractive in appearance as possible—they wear immense long coats belted in round the waist and I have seen them holding the skirts up and showing a sort of petticoat underneath. They wear a very strange hat like a very low beaver and flaring very much at the top. The Czar is at Peterhoff at present, his summer palace, not far from the city.

Hotel d'Angleterre,

St. Petersburg, Sept. 1st, 1870.

Mother and I have spent the evening looking out the window at the sunset on one side and the moon rise on the other, the great church of St. Isaac looming up immediately before us. The great bronze angels with extended wings stood out finely against the red sky.

I would like to go to rest to-night but I had to go to bed last night with neuralgia in my face and so neglected to do any writing.

Day before yesterday we spent mostly in the Hermitage, an immense building reconstructed from the old one built by Catherine II next to the winter palace as a place of retirement from the cares of state. Here she held conversazione in the society of artists and literary men who were obliged to conform strictly to a set of rules. Among others they were not permitted to speak of anything which took place at

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these meetings—must leave their rank outside—and to be gay without being noisy. The building is now used as a National Museum for painting, statuary and gems, coins, &c.

The entrance is very imposing—the portico upheld by giant figures in gray granite—a staircase of three flights of marble steps and a gallery runs round the top ornamented by statuary. Many of the halls are ornamented in Pompeian style and overflow with tables and ornaments of malachite and lapis lazuli. The collection of paintings is remarkably fine, there is not a single picture in it that is not valuable—it is rich in Murillos, Guidos and Rubens, Van Dycks and Rembrandts, but I have not time to go into details.

From this place we took a rowboat and crossed the Neva to the island, to see the original hut of Peter the Great. It is a curious little place with one continuous window all round it and a second house has been built over it as a sort of cover. One portion of it is kept as a shrine and here we found service going on. A child was being baptized I believe, and its lips were touched to a book the priest held. Here we saw the little boat Peter built and the chair in which he used to study his plans for St. Petersburg, and a little footstool on which he used to sit outside his door. Then we went to the church of Peter and Paul, where all the sovereigns of Russia are buried. Of course we were interested in looking at those of Peter and Catherine II. The tombs are all alike, box-like in shape, of pure white marble with a heavy gold cross reposing on the top. This church, like all others here, is magnificently gilded and full of jewels.

Further on we came to a little boat-house just large enough to hold the second boat built by Peter, which was the origin of the Russian navy. The attendant gave me a piece of an old flag conquered from the Persians and at the church I was allowed to take a flower from a votive offering on the tomb of the Czar Nicholas—shall put it in my album among my other treasures.

Wednesday we spent at one of the Czar's summer pal-

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aces, Peterhoff, twenty miles from St. Petersburg. We went out by boat, as it lies on the sea, and then took a carriage and spent most of the day in driving through the vast park and stopping at the different points. In addition to the Palace itself almost every emperor has built some sort of a pleasure house in the grounds, that is a house without bedrooms, arranged to accommodate the court, whenever they happen to want to lunch or write letters on their little excursions.

One of them was on an island to which we were pulled over by ropes. It was a perfect little gem of a place, built in imitation of a Pompeian villa, with a court and fountain in the centre and the rooms built around it—these latter were filled with beautiful vases, bronzes and statuary and thousands of elegant little knick-knacks. It seems as if they ought to be very happy with everything in the world to make them so. Quite a contrast to this was the odd old-fashioned little palace called *Mon Plaisir*, built by Peter the Great for himself, with its low ceilings and stiff uncomfortable looking furniture. In this house we saw the bed where he died, exactly in the condition in which it was left, and the kitchen in which the Empress Elizabeth used to amuse herself by cooking her own dinner sometimes.

The large palace is very plain in its outside appearance, but has a very attractive interior. It is decidedly the finest palace I ever saw. In one room the walls are made of paintings representing the costumes of the fifty different provinces of Russia, very interesting. In others they are one mass of gilt, the ceiling as well. All are furnished with the richest materials and in every possible color, and one or two entirely in the richest Chinese goods; one room especially was striking, having been furnished by Catherine II, who was a very luxurious person.

I often wonder what they do with all their possessions—they certainly don't have time to rightly enjoy them. In front of the palace are the great fountains thought to rival those of Versailles, and in my opinion they far exceed them. The cascades are all interspersed with gilded statues and under-

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neath the sheet of falling water the stone is also gilded so that it shines through the water, giving it a far more brilliant appearance than the ordinary style.

In the evening we went to the great Theatre, where Patti has had her triumphs, to see the Russian ballet. On the way up the Grand Duke Nicolai passed us in his carriage and honored us by turning round to look after us. The ballet was called the Magic Horse and was splendidly put upon the stage. Some of the scenery was beautiful as fairyland, introducing real fountains illuminated with different colors. One scene represented the bottom of the ocean, with perfectly natural whales swimming about—the crawfish and oysters joined in a dance with the sea nymphs, very amusing, and at the same time very wonderful. During the ballet all the Russian costumes were introduced, Tartars and Circassians, and the Russian national dance was performed. In the audience was a Circassian officer of high rank in full regimentals—it is a very distingué costume. We went with our Irish friends and we filled two boxes.

The next day we went to hear service at the Convent of Alexander Neoskoi, where they have the finest singing in St. Petersburg. It is a very large establishment containing a fine church and a very rich shrine called the shrine of Alexander Neoskoi, one mass of solid silver in rich designs weighing over 3250 lbs. of pure metal. The monks stood in a semi-circle and chanted. Their singing is very effective, though they are not allowed to use any organ or other musical instruments, but their voices are so heavy and rich that one don't mind their absence. It is almost impossible to tell the nuns from the monks, their dress being exactly the same,—of course when the monks have beards there is no difficulty.

That same day we went to look at furs and I found a muff I liked very well for 66 dollars, but the best quality were from 250 to 400 rubles or 175 dollars to 280. We put off buying until we come back from Moscow.

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Moscow, Sept. 4th, 1870.

We left St. Petersburg day before yesterday in the afternoon. In the morning we went to the School of Mines, where we saw models of all the mines in Siberia and a collection of Siberian minerals. Such quantities of gems and great pieces of gold and silver as we saw—specimens of malachite and lapis lazuli, amethysts and amber, with all sorts of insects imbedded in it, and there was one piece of beryl, a golden brown color, about ten inches long and four inches thick worth over 2000 dollars, and then there were all kinds of gems. We afterwards went to see the state carriages, a gorgeous array, I should think fully fifty in number, all of them gilded the entire surface and some painted in beautiful flowers. Most of the gayest ones belonged to Catherine II, who always had her own portrait on them, and then we saw the covered sledge Peter built for himself and used to travel in, the panes of the windows were about two inches square and made of isinglass. There is to be a court procession in a few days when these carriages will be used. They drive eight horses for each carriage and they and the footmen are dressed to correspond. The horses' headpieces alone were so heavy I could hardly lift them and I don't see how the horses can carry their harness and a postilion besides.

At half past two we left St. Petersburg—did not take a sleeping car thinking we would run less risk of being devoured by insects if we sat up all night, but when we arrived in Moscow, after a twenty hours' ride we were so used up that we shall take the sleeping car in future at all risks. The railroad was built by Winans & Co. of Baltimore and is a remarkably fine one. I never on any road have seen such large and commodious stations. Up to half-past twelve we got out to eat at four different buffets to kill time. They were always crowded with people drinking tea in the Russian fashion, that is, out of a tall glass, mixed with sugar and a slice of lemon. We find it very good and prefer it to tea with milk when taken alone.

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We were horrified to find the women smoking in the cars, as well as the men, even those who had all the appearances of ladies. The fleas were something awful—everything seems to be alive with them—even in an apparently clean room, the carpet will be full of them, and as they poison me dreadfully you can imagine in what a state of discomfort I am.

I send this off just as it is for I cannot put any more into one envelope. You will find the continuation in another envelope.

M. D. R.

Monday morning,
Moscow, Sept. 5th, 1870.

Saturday afternoon, although we were half dead with fatigue, we went out for an hour or two. All the sights of Moscow with the exception of two or three monasteries and views, are contained within the Kremlin, a place in the heart of the city, surrounded by a high wall and situated somewhat higher than the rest of the city. This is one mass of churches, palaces and towers, blazing with gilt and brilliant coloring.

The Czar had come down the day before so we were unable to gain admittance to the churches or to the palace. However we found the Tower of Ivan the Terrible open and passing into it through the Holy Gate we ascended. The Holy Gate is so called from the miraculous picture of the Redeemer, which hangs over it, and all persons passing under it are obliged to remove their hats, no class being free from the condition, not even the Emperor himself. It is a strange sight to stand there a while and watch the different classes of people passing under it. The drostky drivers going through at full speed with reins in one hand pull off their hats with the other and cross themselves.

At the foot of the tower is the great bell of Moscow, called Tzar Rolokol, King of bells. It was cast in the reign of Empress Anne and is 67 feet in circumference. Since then it fell down and has been placed in its present situation at the

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foot of the tower. Among the forty bells now hanging in the tower there is one which is larger than any other bell in the world, and the others are graduated down from this to two small silver bells. The effect of them all rung together must be very fine. While we were standing in the courtyard of the palace one of the smaller bells was ringing and we all thought it was the most magnificent toned bell we ever heard, the tone was so deep and rich, and it seems to harmonize with everything.

From the tower we went to the House of the Holy Synod, where we were shown the robes of the Metropolitans of Moscow, all of them embroidered with jewels, one of them weighed forty-five pounds and was completely covered with pearls and cameos, emeralds, rubies &c. They showed us also a case full of jeweled mitres, equal in richness to royal crowns. But the most interesting sight to us was the vase in which the original holy oil, the same with which Mary Magdalen anointed the feet of the Saviour according to the traditions of the Greek church, was brought from Jerusalem, and also the silver vessels used in the making of the holy oil. This holy oil or Mir, is made once a year in this house, the whole process attended with great secrecy, and all the vessels used in the process are of solid silver or gold. It is sanctified with a few drops of the original oil and it is with this that every child in Russia is baptized. The bishops come from all parts of Russia to Moscow at a certain time of the year to obtain their share.

The next morning early we took a carriage and went out to the parade ground to see the Czar drill some cavalry. We could not get near enough to see much of the practice though we saw them rush forward swinging their swords on each side of the horse, and then we had to rush for dear life to see the Czar for as soon as the drill was finished he was driven away as rapidly as possible, but fortunately we managed to drive up just as he came along. He was in an ordinary open carriage drawn by two fine black horses and with-

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out any footmen. His son Vladimir sat beside him and both were wrapped in military grey cloaks.

We followed on as far as the gate of the summer palace and then drove for a while in the park which surrounds it. All this took place on Sunday, which they do not seem to distinguish from any other day and yet they are a very devout people for all that. They never pass a church or picture of Christ and Madonna but they stop to cross themselves and say a prayer and as those things occur at every step it keeps them pretty busy.

The Russians are the dirtiest people in existence and equally ignorant and superstitious, though it is not to be wondered at when you consider how long they have been enslaved. There is nothing prepossessing about their personal appearance, their countenances are stupid and treacherous looking, but the higher classes seem like a different race from the peasantry. They are quite distinguished looking and fashionably dressed, but the greatest eaters I ever saw.

Sunday afternoon we went into the different churches of the Kremlin, the oldest and most interesting of which is the Church of the Assumption, built with five gilded domes, supported on the inside of the church by four huge frescoed pillars. It is here that the coronation of the Czars has taken place since the time of Ivan the Terrible, and it is considered the most sacred church in Russia and is full of tombs of the great dignitaries of the church and state. In one corner St. Philip, who publicly rebuked Ivan the Terrible for his iniquities, is buried. There is the wooden throne in which the Czars previous to Peter the Great used to stand to hear mass.

All Russian churches are very much alike, so I will not say anything of the churches of the Archangel Michael and of the Annunciation. The most unique church in all Moscow is just outside the Holy Gate and is called St. Basil the Beatified. It is built with eleven domes, each one of a different color and shape, one of them I remember looked exactly like a pineapple, and the church inside consists of eleven chapels under

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these domes. There is a tradition that John the Terrible, at whose order the church was built, had the eyes of the Italian architect put out that he might never build another like it.

Just at sunset we drove out of the city past the Empress's villa to the Sparrow Hills, a fine eminence, from which we obtained the finest possible view of Moscow and I venture to say there is nothing to surpass it in the world. It was from this side that Napoleon approached the city and when his troops caught their first glimpse of the beautiful city, they pushed on invigorated by the sight and shouting Moscow! Moscow!

We had an opportunity of hearing the peasants sing, and I never heard anything so funny in my life. A lot of young girls stood in a circle, holding each others hands and walking slowly around. One girl would sing a sort of solo without any words in a way that reminded me of the way old people sing who have lost their voices, and then all the others would join in and as they always sang in a minor key the effect was the strangest possible.

St. Petersburg, Sep. 7th.

We had had some intention of going from Moscow to the Fair of Nijni-Novgorod. A very celebrated Fair has been held there for ages. People came to it from all parts of the world, and it was one of the great centres of trade, but of course it cannot last long after railroads bring the different parts of the country into communication. Here the Tartars and the Persians, the Laplanders and the Chinese all bring their goods. But we finally concluded not to go, as we should have had to ride two nights in succession without sleeping cars and we thought that it would hardly pay. We would have been almost to China then, and I am almost sorry we did not go. Our waiters at the hotel were Tartars and they look very much like the Chinese.

Monday morning we went out and bought some Russia sable skins to make me a muff, and in the afternoon started

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for St. Petersburg. We took a sleeping car but were nearly eaten up alive by the fleas. As soon as we reached St. Petersburg we obtained entrance to the Winter Palace, which we had not been able to see before. It was undergoing repairs and so all the curtains and cornices were down. We were not permitted to see the Emperor's or Empress's rooms, but were admitted to those of the empress's mother, the daughters and the children's rooms, the ball-room and others, also to the very plain room where the Emperor Nicholas died, and the clothes which he last wore are lying on the bed.

This palace and that of the Kremlin at Moscow, which we did not enter as the Czar was there, are the most magnificent palaces in all Europe, and it is of no use for me to attempt to describe them. I wish I could give you a faint idea of the crown jewels of Russia. Of course we saw the great Orloff diamond, which is set in the royal sceptre. It is almost spherical and at least an inch in diameter. As for the King's Crown, it is one solid mass of diamonds so that nothing else is visible, and round the base of it is a chain of solitaires each one of great size.

Then the Empress's necklaces are something wonderful. One of them in diamonds was all of solitaires, the pendants being larger. You never saw such diamonds in your life. There were sets of diamond trimmings for the Empress's dresses, some were in Greek patterns and others in more fancy patterns, and a string of huge solitaire diamonds for a belt and besides all these there were sets upon sets of pearls, emeralds and rubies. After seeing such jewels as those one would never care to buy what one sees in shops. The children will be interested in knowing that the Czar's children have a play-house in their suite of apartments, fitted up exactly like a house and beautifully furnished. I went all through it but I had to stoop a deal to get into it.

I have never seen any city I liked better than St. Petersburg. The public buildings are very imposing, the shops magnificent, the streets wide and well paved and always

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crowded with people, while the great number of officers in the streets gives it an attractive appearance. The funniest sight was to see mother and me in a drostky. I think I have described them to you before. They drive them at headlong speed and when they dash round the corners it is something frightful. The seats are none too large for one, so people always ride with their arms around each other's waists. At first we didn't like them at all, but in a few days we got to be really fond of them.

EN ROUTE

Vienna, Sep. 11th, 1870.

We left St. Petersburg at noon of the eighth and after a dreadful ride of thirty hours through very uninteresting country we reached Warsaw in Poland where we spent the night of the 10th. We would have liked to see more of Warsaw—it was such a beautiful looking city, but we were anxious to get news from home so pushed on to this city, which we reached early this morning. A fifty-four hours' ride is beginning to tell on us, and besides we have been out all day shopping, as we have arrived here in a needy state. It is a beautiful city and seems to be very fashionable.

We went in to Vesper service at St. Stephens, a magnificent Gothic cathedral something like the Milan church in elaborate carving. All the aristocrats live in the old portion of the city, the centre of it, and what was the old wall of the city is laid out as a garden. Vienna is such a lively, jolly sort of a place we should like to spend several weeks here and enjoy ourselves, for they say the people of this place enjoy life more than the inhabitants of any other city in Europe.

Munich, Sep. 15th, 1870.

Thursday night.

I was sick all day Sunday in Vienna and so father and mother stayed at home and didn't see anything, and though I was quite miserable Monday morning we took a carriage and drove all round the city. We all remarked the clean,

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neat appearance of the people, they all seemed well-to-do, quite different from the Russians in that respect. We drove past the Royal Palace, a large mass of buildings with an open space in front. The streets pass right under it and through its middle court. We did not care to enter, though we could not have done so as the Empress was at home, but as for me I am sick and tired of palaces and don't care ever to enter another.

In the afternoon we drove out to Schönbrunn, the favorite summer residence of the royal family. On our way out we passed the new Opera House, now the finest in Europe. Schönbrunn, built by Maria Theresa, is beautifully situated at the foot of a high eminence, the side of which behind the palace is laid out as a Park and at the very top is a sort of Temple called Glorietta, from which may be obtained the finest view of Vienna possible. The Park is laid out very much like that of Versailles.

They say that the Palace of Versailles is used as a hospital now. It seems a great sacrilege.

When we came back into town it was quite late but we profited by the remaining light to see the Church of the Capucines. In the vaults under this church the bodies of the royal family of Austria have been deposited for centuries. Conspicuous in the centre is the sarcophagus of Maria Theresa and her husband Francis and they say she visited this tomb, for thirteen years after his death, every day. Their son Joseph 2nd and the favorite ruler of Austria lies at their feet. Marie Louise, the second wife of Napoleon, and the young King of Rome, are also buried here, and Maximilian, who was shot in Mexico, the Arch Duke Charles and many others.

The next morning our first visit was to the church of the Augustines to see the tomb of the Archduchess Christine, designed by Canova. His own tomb in Venice is a copy of this one. I remember writing you about it last winter and that certainly made a greater impression on me than this one, though it might have been owing to the time and place. Here the hearts of the royal family are placed in silver urns in a

EN ROUTE

small cell into which you look through an iron grating. In one of the chapels are the tombs of the celebrated Gen. Daun and Van Swieten, the physician of Maria Theresa and of Leopold second.

From this church we went to the treasury, a part of the Museum connected with the Royal Palace. This is indeed a magnificent collection of valuable articles of every kind, gold and silver plate, carved ivory work, &c. Here we saw the Crown jewels, the three large crowns of Austria, Bohemia and Hungary, which I think as fine as the crown of Russia; then there were sets of rubies and diamonds and emeralds and diamonds and some fine pearls, but after the lavish display of jewels I saw in Russia they failed to make the impression upon me that they might have done otherwise. Among the historically interesting curiosities was the regalia of Charlemagne, taken from his tomb at Aix-la-Chapelle and the silver cradle presented to the young king of Rome by the people of Paris.

In the Imperial Library which is a large and splendidly ornamented room, we saw a rare collection of illuminated manuscripts and rare editions of old works—the original manuscript of Torquato Tasso's *Jerusalem Delivered*. We found a visit to the Royal Riding School very interesting. The servants were riding the most beautiful Arabian horses I ever saw. Such beautiful creatures as they were. One of the men made his horse dance for us and walk sideways, &c., all without saying a word.

After spending some little time shopping, during which we met the Greeleys who have just come down from Dresden, we went to the Royal Picture Gallery called the Belvedere. It is the second in Germany in size and quality. I was particularly pleased with some of the modern paintings by German Artists. Of the old masters I liked best a *Madonna and Child* of Van Dyke and his *Christ on the Cross*, and a *Madonna and Child* by Carlo Dolce and the head of the *Mater Dolorosa* by the same, and the *Ecce Homo* of Titian.

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In the evening we went to the Folks-garten to hear the celebrated Strauss band play. Strauss's son led the band and he entered into the spirit of the music so that it seemed as if he were about to whirl off into a dance every moment. I never heard such music in my life. I think it would almost make a dead person dance.

Yesterday morning we left Vienna and were obliged to stay over night at Salzburg, a lovely spot in among the mountains. The Hotel was large and delightful with a splendid view from the windows and a fine garden around it. We walked out to Mozart's dwelling house. It had a harp on the outside and the sign "Mozarts Wohnhaus." It was pouring rain and that with the sound of the river which runs directly through the hotel I could almost be convinced I was near Niagara.

Geneva, Sep. 19th, 1870.

It is over a week since we left Munich to make a hurried tour through Switzerland. I did not find Munich a very interesting city outside of the picture gallery and the great statue.

It took us two days to go through these galleries and we were well repaid for the labor. In these galleries are the celebrated pictures of beggar children by Murillo, and we bought copies of two of them. There was one room filled with pictures by Adrian Van Der Werff, which pleased me more than any collection I ever saw—they were so soft and beautifully finished. There are many gems of the old masters also, especially of Carlo Dolce. A new Pinacothek contains the celebrated Destruction of Jerusalem by Kaulbach and Schorus' picture of the Deluge, unfinished.

We drove out to the colossal statue of Bavaria, designed by the great Schwanthaler. In standing below and looking up you don't get the faintest idea of its immense proportions. It is an immense female figure clothed in fur and at her side crouches the Bavarian lion. It will give you some idea of its size that seven of us sat down inside the head at one time.

EN ROUTE

Some parts of the royal palace were very fine, especially the ball-room and the throne-room, the latter is decorated with colossal gold-bronze statues, representing the different Bavarian princes and Charles 12th of Sweden. There is one court in this palace containing a grotto made of shells, very elaborate and beautiful, and in another part is a huge stone weighing 364 pounds, which the Duke Christopher used to throw a great distance—there were three marks on the wall to indicate the height to which the princes used to jump. Father insisted that he used to be able to go as high as the lowest one but on making a trial he was altogether unsuccessful.

We met the Hoyles again in Munich and saw quite a good deal of them. The morning before we left I went to the cathedral to hear an extra service, it being a grand fête day. It was terribly rainy and no one would come with me, but I was fully repaid by the fine music.

We visited the bronze factories and saw the whole operation of bronze casting, the amount of labor and patience required is something wonderful. They are at work on several fine monuments for America and Lincoln Monuments, one each for Michigan and Rhode Island. At the Arsenal we saw some of the "trophies of war" as they call the old clothes, canteens and other rubbish they have captured from the French. Among these trophies was a soldier's mattress all saturated with blood, a horrible sight.

We left Munich the next Monday morning for Zurich by the way of Romanshorn. This town is beautifully situated on the lake of the same name with lovely views of the mountains in the distance. The next afternoon we three and Mr. Whitelaw and Charley Perry went by rail to Zug on Lake Zug and from there by steamboat to Arth with the intention of making the ascent of the Rhighi.

Arth is a lovely little place and after a beautiful walk during sunset we returned to the hotel for our dinner, where we being the only guests the landlord had laid out his last penny to please us. We were quite surprised to have so nice

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a dinner in such a small hotel. The only drawback was the powerful odor of the stable which saluted us. In searching the next morning I was hardly surprised to find the stable situated immediately under the room where we had taken our dinner.

After a good night's sleep I rose refreshed and went into the village church while breakfast was being prepared and heard some very pretty choral music. At eight o'clock we were all mounted on horses pursuing the track up the Rhighi—it proved a very easy ascent interspersed with magnificent views of the Alps. The time passed so rapidly we were at the summit almost before we knew it. There is a large and stylish hotel there where we had a fine dinner, which rather detracts from the effect of the trip according to my notion, but the panorama from the summit of the Rhighi is certainly wonderful. Alps piled upon Alps nearly all of them tipped with snow and then the beautiful lakes lying immediately under our feet, a view not easily to be forgotten.

It is a peculiarly-shaped mountain, rising perpendicularly from the lakes on one side and sloping back gradually on the other. On starting to descend the mountain the gentlemen started to walk and mother and I were to ride, but after a few steps father's legs gave out entirely and he took the horse while I went ahead with the gentlemen. We went so much faster than the horses that we soon were beyond them. We somehow missed them as they took the direct path to Küssnacht and we went over in the direction of Immensee, to see the Chapel of William Tell. We were misdirected by little urchins of whom we asked the way and so wandered out of our way at least a mile and a half, making the descent and walking rapidly without resting. I can't attempt to give you any idea of the beauty of the sunset on the snow-capped mountains, as I saw it from half way down the Rhighi—everything one blaze of rosy red.

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Naples, Sep. 25th, 1870.

Here I am way down in Southern Italy and have written you scarcely anything of our trip through Switzerland. We found the chapel of William Tell quite repaid us for the fatigue of our walk. A little stone building with a steep sloping roof, situated in a very secluded spot and covered with figures and inscriptions relative to Tell's prowess. A mile and a half more brought us into Küssnacht, where we found father and mother waiting for us. Of course I was dreadfully tired and so was mother for riding down a mountain on horseback is conducive to anything but comfort, though of course walking fatigues the muscles more.

We had a nice supper at the little hotel on the edge of Lake Lucerne which is the loveliest spot imaginable and early the next morning drove along the edge of the lake for two hours to Lucerne, stopped at the Schweizer Hof long enough to take our dinner and then took a carriage and drove along the Brunig Pass until nine o'clock. We often speak of that drive as being one of the pleasantest we have had. As it began to grow dark we commenced the ascent of a mountain pass and we all got out and walked.

The valley soon lay far below us and in the distance we could hear the village bells and then for the first time we heard the Alpine song. Some man was singing it way down in the valley

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and we could hear as distinctly as if he were quite near us. Charley Perry can do it to perfection, so he often answers it and they will keep it up for sometime. It is very beautiful when heard at night and echoed from one mountain to another. We spent the night at Lungern a little town quite at the head of this valley, where we fared sumptuously and had a welcome night's rest after the walking we had done during the day. The next morning we went over the finest part of the pass to Brienz.

In Switzerland one is constantly surprised at the unexpected changes in scenery. When you have been climbing a long time and have reached the top of a valley you naturally expect to go down on the other side, but instead, when you have made a few turns you suddenly find yourself quite at the foot of a new valley and you don't realize that you have made any ascent at all.

At Brienz we took lunch and then crossed the lake of the same name to take a look at the falls of Giesbach. The falls in this country are such small affairs that an American always experiences a feeling of disappointment. Giesbach tumbles from an immense height not in one fall but in a series of cascades, all small in themselves but very beautiful when you place yourself where you get the effect of the whole with all the cascades in view, with the numerous turns they make.

About four o'clock we came into Interlaken, just in time to get the benefit of a fine sunset on the Jungfrau, which is to me the grandest of all the Swiss mountains from its position and inaccessibility, though not so terrible as Mt. Blanc. Interlaken is in a very small plain entirely surrounded by high mountains. The hotels are ranged in a line facing the Jungfrau which rises beyond a gorge between two dark mountains, which stand like sentinels on either side, completely covered from this point of view with pure white snow. It does not show its height at first view, but nothing in nature could be more magnificent than the effect of sunset upon it. The whole vast pile of snow was changed into rose color which gradually grew fainter and fainter and long after the other mountains were

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clothed in comparative darkness the summit of Jungfrau was tinged with the rays of the setting sun.

We stayed over one day at Interlaken to make the excursion to the Gründelwald glacier. The next morning, therefore, we were off at an early hour for the town of Gründelwald. On the way we met Mr. and Mrs. Rogers of Cleveland. They seemed delighted to meet us and we all got mules and made the ascent together. We went to what is called the Upper Glacier. It was very dirty and ugly I thought, and only enjoyed the Grotto. That is a long passage dug into the ice which is not dark inside for the light penetrates through the ice but the process changes it into a greenish blue, something the color of sea water, which made us all look more like corpses than anything else.

On our way home we heard a solo on an Alpine horn played by a little boy who stands there day after day for that special purpose. The horn was at least two yards long of a curved shape and part of it lay on the ground. They say those who play rarely live long, it is ruinous to the health, but the effect is wonderfully beautiful, the tones are so powerful and yet so sweet and carried along from one mountain to another they come back to you again from the distance like an echo. They also fired a cannon for our benefit in front of the glacier and there was a remarkable echo. The blast was taken from the cannon by a mountain and hurled from that to another and so on until it travelled beyond the reach of our ears and was left to the imagination.

Mr. Rogers is much thinner than he used to be—says he has walked all his flesh off in the mountains—a very easy thing to do. They came over in the evening to call on us and the next morning we went by boat to Thun on Lake Thun, where we used the railroad again. We reached Berne the capital of Switzerland at noon and took a stroll through the town, went to the bear pit after which the town is named they say, and which I very much doubt, and concluding there was nothing to be seen there went on to Fribourg, which I will describe later.

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Naples.

There is a magnificent surf rolling in this morning after the late storms, but it has cheated me out of a trip to Capri and the blue grotto, which I was so anxious to see. We have been here four or five days and have been going over the same ground as last winter and some things in addition. Day before yesterday we drove out to Pompeii and on the way back stopped at Herculaneum, which I had never seen before. It seemed to me more wonderful than Pompeii because it has to be seen in the dark, *i. e.* the Amphitheatre. Unlike Pompeii it was overwhelmed by liquid lava and is very difficult to excavate, so that they have only dug passages through in different places.

Yesterday we made the excursion of Baiæ, the favorite summer residence of the ancient Romans and went all over the classic ground of Cumæ and Lake Avernus, Cape Misenæ and the Dead Sea, under which the ancient city of Misenæ lies buried. We couldn't get mother to enter the Grotto of the Cumæan Sibyl, though it seems the Queen of Prussia has done it. I entered for the first time the hot baths of Nero; they are dug in so near to a volcano that the heat is intense. We went through a narrow passage—had to walk with our heads down nearly to the ground in order to breathe, but several times, I was unable to, the air was so hot. We were not in more than five minutes but I was wet through with the heat and perspiration. We had a glorious ride home by the sea. In all my travels I have seen nothing equal to the beauty of the bay of Naples, that is for a sea view. It would be delightful to have a summer residence on the road between Naples and Pozzuoli on the high land overlooking the bay.

I must stop now as the omnibus is at the door to take us to the station for Rome. I will try to write soon again.

In great haste,

M. D. R.

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Florence, Sep. 28, 1870.

DEAR CLIFF,

I sent off a letter to you several days ago from Rome and now we have come back again to Florence and are going tomorrow to Venice and from there over the Brenner Pass to Munich. It cannot be long now before we sail as we shall travel pretty rapidly up through Germany to Holland and Belgium and down to Brussels, where we shall be obliged to do our shopping unless an armistice* is declared and we can get down to Paris. We should like to be in Rome to see the entry of Victor Emmanuel. We had heard that it was to take place on the 27th of this month and had expected to be present, but it seems he don't want to act rashly and is going to wait for the full concurrence of the other European powers. I don't know whether I told you that the Pope, ever since the change in his affairs, has shut himself up in the Vatican and refuses to attend to any of his duties—a very naughty frame of mind for a man who has just proclaimed himself infallible to all the world.

In making one of our excursions outside of Rome we passed by the place where the troops of the King effected their entrance through a breach in the wall, on the 25th of Sept. Two or three of the city gates and the whole extent of wall between them are quite perforated with holes made by cannon balls, especially the Porta Pia, the gate named after the Pope himself. The Italians seem all to be rejoiced in this movement against the Papal States and in Rome whenever the troops marched through the streets there were the wildest demonstrations of joy among the people.

The Italian military music is something entirely different from anything I ever heard. The bands are composed entirely of bugles, all playing the air, and their marching is quite an exemplification of the old motto "every man for himself—the devil take the hindmost," not that they march out of order, but that they go so very fast.

And now I will take up my account of the Switzerland trip,

* The Franco-Prussian War of 1870 was prevailing.

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which I left off at Fribourg. The finest toned organ in the world is there and a short concert is given every evening for the benefit of travellers. Unfortunately the train in which we wished to go to Lausanne was to leave in the middle of the concert and the celebrated storm piece is always played last, so that I had to have an interview with the organist to implore him to play that before we left, which he politely consented to do, though of course it must have spoiled the effect of his concert. It is of no use for me to try to describe. I don't think anybody could, but it seemed to me that the wonderful echoes he produced from that organ came nearer to realizing the "still small voice" coming out of the storm than anything else I can think of.

At nine o'clock again we were off and were at Lausanne, or rather at Ouchy, a lovely village on Lake Geneva, at midnight. Here we stopped two days to obtain the repose we needed so much, and in the meantime made the excursion of Lake Geneva. As everybody goes into raptures over it (generally those who haven't travelled very extensively) I will omit to do so. I flatter myself I ought to be something of a judge as I have now seen nearly all the lakes of Europe—all I believe with the exception of the two large lakes of Russia, Lake Ladoga and Lake Poipus, and they are all so entirely different that it is almost impossible to say which is the most beautiful. As far as I am concerned, Lake Como, take it all in all, pleases me more than any other.

Geneva was very uninteresting but we had to stay there a day or two in order to get your watch, but finally we started off one fine morning for Chamounix. The diligence (which was our first) was a funny top-heavy affair with room for 25 outside and for nobody inside, and the five of us, even with aid of two others, young gentlemen who were going the same way, made rather a poor show in the roomy vehicle. When we descended on ladders at noon to partake of some lunch there was the usual admiring crowd of male bystanders present on such occasions. The scenery became more grand at every turn as we approached Mt. Blanc and wound through

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the narrow valley of the Chamounix between the towering mountains on either side clothed with dark green firs up to the line where vegetation ceases and beyond the eternal snows.

We found the Fields and Jessops of New York and the Greeleys just returned from the trip across the Mer de Glace, which we were to take the next day, and they had been very much disappointed. That night I saw the finest sunset

ON LAKE GENEVA

I shall ever see in my life; the clouds rolled down on the sides of the Mt. Blanc chain and when the sun was almost down the clouds became a brilliant red and above all the brilliant white peaks towered up in splendid relief, while the summit of Mt. Blanc itself without a cloud, was a brilliant mass of red and then when the coloring had all faded away the new moon attended by one star appeared suddenly hanging over the highest peak of the mountain.

EIGHT JOURNEYS ABROAD

Venice, Oct. 30th, 1870.

We arrived here late last evening, after a long and fatiguing journey from Florence. Do you know what is meant by asking if I have heard the Philadelphia news? I suppose it must be that Frank is going to be married or something of that kind. Have you heard of anything to that effect? We leave to-morrow for Verona and shall soon be on our way home.

Leaving Venice Monday afternoon we arrived at Verona in time for dinner. Here we were to stop all night in order to take the early morning train over the Tyrol. I met a young Italian with whom I was acquainted and he took us round in the evening to see as many of the sights as possible, to the town hall and the remnant of the old Palace of the Scaligers, the street of tombs some of which were of the most beautifully carved marble like a small Milan cathedral in miniature. We could only get an idea of the great Roman Amphitheatre, the most perfectly preserved of all the Roman ruins, and last of all to the tomb of Romeo and Juliet in the garden of the old Capucin Convent. As we had to look at it by the light of a lamp it was on the whole rather a quixotic expedition.

At five o'clock the next morning we were on our way towards the mountains and towards noon we arrived at snow. We were not half prepared for such cold weather and suffered very much in consequence. It was rather an extreme change from the heat of Naples in one week to a snow storm on the Tyrol.

We formed the acquaintance of a young English clergyman who helped us to pass away the long hours. We expected to have gone through to Munich that night but on arriving at Innsbruck found that the train would go no further than Kufstein, so on arriving there we left our baggage at the station and then proceeded to hunt up the Hotel de la Poste, which was considered the best the town could afford. We found it a regular German Gast-Haus full of noisy smoking beer drinking men all trying to see who could exceed the

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other in making an uproar, and we were obliged to take some kind of German meat for our supper which was not very bad after all, and to sleep on feather beds, or rather between feather beds, for there was one on top as well, so altogether we had rather a funny time of it. The Brenner Pass was a very grand one, but we were prevented in a great measure from seeing its beauties by the inclemency of the weather. The atmosphere being so thick with snow it was impossible to get an extended view.

I want to finish the Switzerland trip to-day if possible so as to have nothing to do until I get to Dresden. How glad I shall be when I come to an end with all this writing, and yet I hardly feel willing to return so soon. The F's invited me to go with them to Egypt, but Father and Mother think that I am so very thin that I ought to go home and rest and devote myself to getting fat.

We spent two days in Chamounix making an excursion each day. The first was that of Montanvert and the Mer de Glace, of which I had formed my ideas from a terrible description by Miss Bremer, who must have been an exceedingly great coward. The reality was the tamest thing imaginable—all we did was to ride up to Montanvert on horseback and then cross the ice, where the passage was as easy as walking on land. There were crevices to be sure, but so very narrow that I stepped across them without the slightest sensation of excitement and of course I wouldn't give a snap for a trip of that kind without any excitement.

The celebrated Mauvais Pas has an iron railing on each side, so that one couldn't possibly fall off unless one did so purposely for the sake of the experiment. I was sufficiently fatigued however with the walk to be glad of a little rest at the Chapeau. I forgot to say that we were photographed in coming over the Mauvais Pas. There were three young gentlemen, two American and one English, at the hotel that evening and we had an animated council in regard to a move for the next day. I had set my heart on the Grands Mulets, the next most difficult excursion

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after Mt. Blanc, but the trouble was to get any one to go along. Finally Charley Perry decided upon going and I induced Father without giving him any notion of what he had to go through.

At six o'clock on the following morning we mounted our mules and started off, with two guides, down the valley. I

CHAMOUNIX, FOOT OF MT. BLANC

was well wrapped for it was very cold. I had put on all the flannels the family afforded. We commenced the ascent by following the bed of a torrent then dry and after a delightful ride of two hours and a half through glorious pine forests and along raging mountain torrents we finally reached the line of vegetation and soon after the Chalet of Pierre Pointue. Glad enough were we to dismount from our mules, for we were quite numb from sitting so long, in addition to the sharpness

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of the autumn air at that elevation, six thousand feet above the level of the sea.

The proprietor of the Chalet we had encountered in the village and he returned with us and set himself hard at work to get us something to eat. There was not a sign of fire about the house, but by means of putting our feet into the stove we managed to get them warm, and as to the rest we had to trust to cloaks. We had to sit for some time without our boots while the guides put some heavy nails into the soles of them, then we took the apology for breakfast with which they furnished us and having each been provided with a leather belt and goggles we went upon our winding way.

We first climbed along a zigzag path for about two thousand feet and then came a very difficult portion of the way which the guides told us was the most difficult portion of the entire ascent of Mt. Blanc. There was great danger of avalanches at one point and although the footing was scarcely two inches wide, we were obliged to run along as fast as possible, holding on to the edge of the cliff. As I had just reached a point where a small waterfall came dashing down over the rocks the guide shouted for me to go faster and I was obliged to dash right through the water, but as I don't remember being wet afterwards, I suppose I went through so rapidly there was no time for such a thing. After this experience was over we were on the glacier des Bossons, and I wish I was adequate to a description of the wonders we saw, and the perils we braved.

As we commenced the upward journey a strange prospect loomed up before us, tall needles of ice of immense height as we always found on approaching, though at a distance they seemed quite inconsiderable, and at Chamounix they were indistinguishable. The greatest excitement, however, was in surmounting the obstacles which presented themselves, for instance quite in the beginning we were obliged to climb a wall of ice about seven feet high which inclined toward us. It looked quite impassable but by dint of

EIGHT JOURNEYS ABROAD

cutting footsteps at intervals they managed to haul us up by ropes, and then we came to a seemingly impassable inclined plane of ice, sloping at an angle of about 95 degrees.

Here we were all tied together with ropes and then the guides going forward cut into the side of the precipice so that we could just find foot room, but generally for one foot only, we remaining in that graceful attitude until we could change. I think about that time I must have been a picture which would have delighted the eyes of a fastidious critic. With my dress well up to be out of the way and a huge leather belt which was *not* well adjusted, and a knotted rope dragging after me, something after the manner of a Capucine, all this surmounted by a very small head well wrapped up in a blue comforter and ornamented with green goggles, and to cap the climax a huge thing which resembled the ruin of an umbrella fastened on to the top of my hat, to preserve my complexion, the guide said. It didn't answer that purpose, however, for it kept flapping about like a huge wing so that I finally put it back and then it looked like a caricature Aurora Borealis. In this guise I wormed over the glacier, but seriously there were places where after I had gotten over them myself I stood and held my breath while father crossed. At one time he stood on a piece of ice jutting over a fearful chasm and it was not over two or three inches thick.

There were dozens of just such places where we were in danger of death every minute, but finally we emerged into an open space where we had nothing to contend with but the cold. We had reached the point where the snow never melts but lays in long prisms and we could not stand still one moment but our feet would freeze to the ice. The view was something indescribable, the mysteries of that terrible region lay before us. I can only leave that to the imagination.

When we reached the top or rather Grands Mulets we took a lunch and then started down. The fatigue was terrible, but after any quantity of slips and tumbles we got over the glacier and came to the avalanches again. I think we saw five

ITALY

or six during the trip. Charley Perry just escaped being killed—we heard a crash above us and jumped aside instinctively and in the very place where he had been standing an immense fragment of rock came dashing down at a fearful speed. When we got beyond this danger we amused ourselves by detaching fragments of rock and dashing them down the precipice to see them fly into a thousand pieces as they disappeared into a fearful abyss.

Reaching the chalet again we found to our amazement that the mules had gone back to Chamounix. We were in a dreadful state, had to walk all the way to the village. Father gave out completely and had to have a mule sent back to him from Chamounix, but I staggered on with Charley over narrow bridges through the beds of streams and two hours of dark and after having walked two hours of the hardest kind of climbing up hill and six hours on ice and three hours straight down, at nine o'clock I tottered into Chamounix, my last remnant of strength exhausted, but with the satisfaction of having successfully undergone one of the most exciting experiences one can have in Europe. All that night I woke at the slightest sound, imagining that I was fleeing from an avalanche. We stood around the fire at the hotel with tears of joy in our eyes that night when we thought of the great dangers we had been allowed to go through unharmed.

Leaving Chamounix we came over the Tete Noire with mules to Martigny in nine hours and what with my expeditions of the two days before I was in perfect misery when I had not been on my mule more than two hours, so I tried getting down and walking, but I was so tired that I was forced to return to the mule, which was the most uncomfortable animal I ever rode. At noon we met our American friend Mr. Tilney and took lunch together. During the afternoon we went through the finest part of the pass, following a narrow gorge in which were rocks as large as a house, which had fallen off from the sides of the mountains.

We were high up above it all, the road winding along the

EIGHT JOURNEYS ABROAD

edge of the precipice and completely shaded by great pine trees under which the rocky soil was covered with thick green moss and lovely ferns. Where the mountain cropped out it was black as ink, as its name signifies. In one place near, we passed through a tunnel and on coming out had a wonderful view. There was the valley far below us which had suddenly widened out in a circular form, and

MARTIGNY

in the centre was a miniature mountain rising from the valley like an island from the sea. Thankful enough we were to get to Martigny—so stiff we could hardly reach our rooms, however.

We found the place besieged by a boys' school from Vevay making a short tour. They had taken possession of the table d'hôte and we had to do the best we could. More than half of them were American and English boys, and they were so delighted they couldn't conceal any of it. Then

ITALY

next morning there was a formidable array of mules on the open place in front of the hotel, provided for one-half of them, so they could take turns. I suppose all the little bits of fellows got on them and started off in great glee. I couldn't help feeling sorry for the poor little things left off here alone. That morning we took the rail to Lion and then the diligence to Brigue, where we arrived in time for an excellent dinner. We hadn't intended to open the trunk, but father in poking about the town had found an old shoe shop and thought he would have the nails taken out of his boots, and finding it was going to take more time than he expected sent back for his slippers and so we had to pull everything out and hunt after them.

We were obliged to get up at five o'clock the next morning in order to go by the Pass of the Simplon and to reach Arona that night. The ascent was all well enough and we had quite a gay time of it—there were four large diligences and several carriage loads. We reached the Hospice, or highest point of the Pass, at about noon.

This is an establishment somewhat similar to that of the St. Bernard, where monks reside and entertain strangers. There were also some St. Bernard dogs, which are all tan colored instead of black, as I supposed. They have fine, intelligent faces, though not as handsome in appearance as I had expected. After leaving this we descended rapidly and the dust became intolerable, but the scenery was so grand that it was worth any amount of inconvenience. We came through the finest gorge I ever saw and which fully came up to my idea of gorges in general. We passed through what must have been rents in the rock, where the smooth bare rock rose on each side perpendicularly to the height of at least two thousand feet.

Arriving at Domo d'Ossola we were once more in Italy—here we made a short stop, and then going on soon struck Lake Maggiore, but did not arrive at Arona until twelve o'clock at night. However we were lighted along our way

EIGHT JOURNEYS ABROAD

by the full moon and it was very charming, notwithstanding the fatigue.

The next morning we went up to Isola Bella, where is the Duke Borromeo's country seat. His gardens are the finest I ever saw, and must have taken an immense amount of labor. The solid rock has been cut into terraces and then covered with soil and planted with the rarest flowers and

LUGANO, SWITZERLAND

shrubs. The palace contains some fine works of art and elegant tables and vases, &c. We had got down into a warm climate where all the people spent their time out of doors. It was certainly amusing to active Americans to watch them lolling about doing nothing or else performing their duties in the most listless, dragging way.

We got on to Luino by boat, a town at the head of the lake, and a delightful drive of three hours through the moonlight brought us over to Lake Lugano where we spent the night.

ITALY

The next morning we took a stroll through the town and bought a pair of little peasant girls' shoes in the market for Lolly to see. We had front rooms at the hotel looking out upon the Lake as beautiful a view as possible, combining all the elements of beauty with some of grandeur. An hour's ride on the Lake the next morning and two more in a diligence brought us to Lake Como, at the town of Menaggio, and from this place we took the boat down to Como going over the same ground I went over with Gen. Fiske last spring, and which I described to you. The second sight of Lake Como, with all my lake experience since I had last seen it, left me with an even more favorable impression in regard to its beauty. Omnibuses were in waiting to take us to Camerlata, and at nine o'clock I was once more in Milan. It seemed almost like going home.

ENGLAND

London, Dec. 5th, 1870.

We left Brussels early Thursday morning and in one hour were landed at Antwerp. I had expected that we were to spend several hours in that city before taking the London steamer, but found to my disappointment that I had no more than one hour. So as soon as our things were put on board we started off to the Cathedral to see the celebrated "Elevation to and Descent from the Cross" by Rubens. With our usual luck the man whose business it was to show these pictures obstinately refused to be persuaded into showing them to us until within five minutes of the time when the boat was to start. Consequently we sauntered round the town during the intervening half-hour hunting out interesting relics of the old Dutch architecture, old Spanish houses, &c., and although the cold was very penetrating and disagreeable I was so much interested in the funny crooked old streets and the quaint old architecture that we were soon back at the Cathedral where we regarded the wonderful pictures and made the two minutes' walk all within five minutes.

As a general thing I don't like Rubens but in these sacred pictures he has certainly shown extraordinary talent. He has depicted the two different expressions in the face of the live suffering Christ and that of the dead one, with wonderful skill. In one of the side aisles I found a head of Christ by Leonardo

ENGLAND

da Vinci, simply a bearded face without any support, some thing like the one in Berlin by Correggio.

In driving to the boat we passed through the market place and saw the old market writers in their ridiculous costumes, an immense bonnet of straw with a high crown rising up nearly a foot above it, and two great lace lappets hanging out at either side of the face, and in addition to this headpiece I saw

THE ROYAL PALACE, BRUSSELS

some who had thrown the old-fashioned calash-like hood, attached to a long black cloth cloak they all wear, over the bonnet. The effect was preposterous.

It was so cold as we went down the river from Antwerp that we were obliged to stay down in the cabin. I went up to see the sunset which was something like our Mississippi river sunsets, but I soon found myself getting seasick. We all had to get into our berths by seven o'clock, the channel became so

EIGHT JOURNEYS ABROAD

very rough, and were as sick as possible for the five hours until we got into the Thames. I look forward with utter horror to Saturday next when we shall embark on board the Russia. Eleven days will seem an eternity. Mr. Whitelaw called yesterday with young Glasgow and Carson. They are all going on the Russia. We are stopping at an old-fashioned house far down on the Strand near the new Victoria embankment, where we can see the boats running to and fro on the Thames, but it is a very dreary prospect, much better at night when the streets and bridges are lighted with gas.

Went last night to hear the Messe Solenelle of Rossini. The cast was as great as it is possible to hear. I certainly never expect to hear as great a one again. Titiens, Sims Reeves, Alboni. It was the only appearance of Alboni for many years. I was prepared to be disappointed because she is quite too old now to sing, but she sang magnificently in "Qui Tollis," the duet with Titiens. The chorus was so finely trained that no one person could have rendered a song with more expression and the effect of the last chorus in unison with the "Agnus dei" of Alboni, fairly made the cold chills come over me. Every time she sang the Miserere notes in her magnificent chest tones the audience just groaned with sympathy. And when she left the stage she was recalled twice, and the people all rose to their feet, applauding in the English fashion, and calling out Ho! Ho! altogether it was very exciting.

Liverpool, Dec. 9th, 1870.

We left London at ten this morning, arrived at the Adelphi at four, found it full of Americans going on the Russia to-morrow. The country between here and London is covered with snow and it seems quite as wintry as America at this season of the year. Mother and I expect to be sick all the way over and look forward with perfect dread to the next eleven days.

ENGLAND

Liverpool, Dec. 9th, 1870.

We are all laughing very much at the conversation of a gentleman named Moore, who has lived in Paris in some official capacity. He has just shown us a newspaper which is being published at present in Paris. It comes out regularly by balloon, is about eight inches square.* He says there was never a place where a man is so downtrodden as New York. They hold our noses to the grind-stone and keep them there while they grind and the blood flies, and we cry beautiful!

On board, Dec. 10th, 1870.

We were all drummed up early this morning and after a good hot breakfast came down to the tender, where we were fairly crammed, packed like sheep, there being some two hundred and thirty or more passengers. All the faces are quite familiar—we having met most of them at one time or another while travelling. Gen. Burnside and wife are on board, Gen. Hazen and quite a number of distinguished people. I never saw such a nice set of people together. They are all down getting the trunks into the staterooms and I seize the opportunity to add a few last words, for I know I shall not get out of the river even without being sick. I can't realize that I am at last really on my way home.

* Paris was besieged by the Germans and shut off from the outside world.

THE JOURNEYS OF 1892

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EN ROUTE

S. S. City of New York,
Wed. Eve., June 15th, 1892.

DEAR FRANK,

I sent a few words by the pilot this morning and at Sandy Hook the boat stopped and a little row boat came along side first one and then another of the three big ships and took the mail. Cliff and I both went down to lunch and dinner. So far there is nothing to remind us that we are not on the Sound, except an occasional lurch. While I am not really seasick I don't feel as I do on land.

Aboard S. S. City of New York.

June 16th, 9 P. M. 1892.

Another day is past and we are still on our feet. The weather has been ideal and there is scarcely any motion. We slept well last night and found our staterooms well ventilated.

We have been on deck all day but I don't do any reading.

The man we thought was Talmadge is Rev. Mr. Satterlee of New York. The J. Bertram Lippincotts had letters of introduction to him. We have found out the Earl and Countess of Meath are at the same table with the Cuylers. We have not yet discovered T. B. Aldrich, the famous author.

We went to our meals but I can't say I enjoyed them and depend on roast beef principally. I walk around the ship five or six times a day. I found my long Russian coat just the thing. No champagne as yet. We got some claret which will last us several days, to color the water. Good night.

EIGHT JOURNEYS ABROAD

Friday, 17th, 1892.

Another perfect day has passed and we are doing splendidly; I have been to our three meals and had plenty of conversation. At half past nine the ship is beginning to roll pretty badly. I tried to read to-day but couldn't. Up to yesterday noon we had gone 457 miles and up to noon to-day, 460.

A nice English woman, a Mrs. Barclay, has been travelling with the Earl and Countess of Meath, and we see a good deal of her. I walk around the boat every hour or two to keep up my circulation, and ate a big dinner to-night. They say we will get to Queenstown Tuesday afternoon and to Liverpool Wednesday morning. There is certainly more motion and I rather dread the night, so good-bye,

Your aff., M. D. R.

Saturday eve., June 18th, 1892.

Here we are at the end of the 4th day and the weather has changed very much. The ship has rolled fearfully every day and yet we have taken our three meals in the saloon and there seem to be few sick people. I am so amazed at myself I don't know what to do. We had great fun at dinner, holding on to the table and eating between times. To-morrow the Captain will conduct the morning service and Talmadge is to preach in the evening.

It turned suddenly cold this afternoon so that we thought it must be owing to the presence of icebergs, and they were taking the temperature of the water. Clementine de Vere is on board with her husband Mr. Sapio, also Powers the baritone. I cannot read at all, so do nothing but talk and watch people. It seems a long time until Tuesday, but the worst is over. So many people are going to get off at Queenstown, we shall miss them. Good night.

Monday, June 20th, 1892.

Yesterday the ship rolled so that both of us were quite uncomfortable. Rev. Mr. Satterlee preached in the evening and the Captain read the morning service. Clementine de Vere sang magnificently up in the organ loft, also Francis Fisher Powers, but I could only hear a little from the gallery. The

EN ROUTE

Irish lawyer got up some sports, which took up all this afternoon and were quite amusing.

To-night there is to be a concert in aid of the shipwrecked sailors and all the distinguished singers take part. Salvini will recite and De Vere and Powers sing, and the Mendelssohn Club. It will be very fine.

We only made 442 miles up to noon to-day and don't expect to get to Queenstown until late to-morrow evening and if we don't get over the bar at Liverpool before 9 A. M. on Wednesday I don't know how long we will be. We are still rolling a good deal and I don't know if I will be able to stay in the saloon long enough for the concert.

12 M. Tuesday, June 21st, 1892.

Our last day we hope, although we are not yet in sight of land. All who are going off are packing. The weather is perfect, but there is enough rolling to make me dread going below to pack.

We had the most delightful concert last night and we all enjoyed it thoroughly. Salvini recited first a short Italian piece and then the Star Spangled Banner. It was a fine tribute to America in the face of so many English. A Mr. Coleman, of New York gave a supper afterwards to Clementine de Vere and her husband, Mr. Sapio (who must be a fine composer, judging from the songs of his composition she sang), and to the English lady, Mrs. Barclay. They all sit together at table. Dr. Satterlee was talking with the Earl, and I noticed as he looked down and listened, that there was quite a resemblance to you. I have enjoyed the ship's company very much but cannot feel as if I were on dry land. I have never seen so many nice-looking people on a ship, so many big handsome men.

I wish every day you could be with me and cannot feel reconciled. I am like another person and am so much stronger and feel more lively and toned up mentally and physically. I hope now, Mr. and Mrs. Bert Lippincott will be with us at Leamington and Oxford.

Looking forward to letters,

Your loving,

M. D. R.

ENGLAND

Thursday, June 23rd, 1892.

DEAR PAPA:

I am writing this letter on the train from Chester to Leamington. The fast express it is, and we are alone in a first class compartment. We landed yesterday at Liverpool at one o'clock and went through the customs all right under the direction of a "Cook Tourist" man. Mother's trunk was found after some hunting in the compartment. We had a very good lunch at the Adelphi, where they know how to charge.

We took the four o'clock train to Chester, a distance of 16 miles, and engaged a carriage immediately and drove around the town. Dined at the Grosvenor Arms. This morning drove out to the Duke of Westminster's place. I could not describe it, it would take too long; however we saw a flock of over 200 wild deer. The deer park surrounds the house within a radius of half a mile. The place is 12 miles long by 8 wide and contains several villages. The deer are pretty tame, except when they smell a gun.

We telegraphed for rooms at Leamington, as there is an agricultural fair going on there. The weather to-day is cold. Yesterday warm with showers in evening. Chester is a quaint old place.

Yours, C.

ENGLAND

Grosvenor Hotel, Chester,
June 23rd, 1892.

DEAR FRANK:

Although dead tired I cannot resist giving you an account of our first day on land. We didn't get to bed last night until very late, as we had all our packing to do, having spent the afternoon in admiring the Irish coast and the evening in seeing the people off at Queenstown. This morning we dressed up and stored our steamer trunk with the Inman people, had our breakfast and hung around until one o'clock before we got off on the tug. When we got into the Custom House my trunk was not to be found among the R's, where it should have been, but one of the Cook's men got it for me among the B's.

Then we took a cab with the English lady and drove to Inman's office and changed our stateroom, as we found 154 a little too far forward, to a nice large one. We found we had to fee every one on the ship and I have not yet put down our expenses—they have been something fearful to-day. After that we went with Mrs. Barclay to the Midland Railway and left her and then to the Adelphi Hotel. We had the most delicious lunch, then took a cab and went to the Ferry and across the Mersey to the Great Western and took a way train here.

Cliff and I took a small carriage and drove all round the walls and castle and cathedral. I have never seen anything so interesting as the wonderful cathedral and the old Roman walls. Cæsar's Tower, King Edgar's palace and old houses dating from 962, the river Dee outside the walls and the ivy covered walls. We all had table d'hôte dinner and then we took a walk around the top of the walls.

I have written Mr. Gerrans that I expect to be in Oxford over Sunday, as Mr. Wells requested, stopping here and having one day longer on ship than I expected, will set me back a little. When we come over again you must come here. There is a howling mob outside over some political excitement. Good-night and good-bye.

Your affectionate wife, M. D. R.

EIGHT JOURNEYS ABROAD

Leamington, England
Friday, June 24th, 1892.

DEAR FRANK:

I have so much to tell my courage gives out at the beginning. Outside there is a beautiful garden and I wish you were here with us. I believe I wrote you up to the morning we went to Eaton Hall, the Duke of Westminster's house. We had an early breakfast, and while the carriages were being made ready, we went over the the Chester Cathedral and saw the interior. It was the most interesting I ever saw, the wonderful wood carvings like lace and miniature cathedrals, which hung as canopies over the chairs where the Monks used to sit, were beyond description. It was impossible to realize that the church had stood there over a thousand years. It would take hours to describe all I saw, so I will not try.

We took a carriage with Mrs. Haines and her son and daughter (she is Dr. Tom Wistar's sister), and drove out to Eaton Hall which was a fine place with magnificent gardens, but I wasn't much impressed with the outward appearance of the house. The best were the beautiful views of the Welsh Mountains in the distance, and the perfect atmosphere and lovely trees and flowers. I saw the daisies growing in the grass wild, like our cultivated ones.

After a nice lunch at the hotel, we took the train and came here at five o'clock yesterday.

Oxford, Sunday, June 26th, 1892.

Friday morning Cliff and I went by coach to Stratford. The coach put up at the Red Horse and we did all the sights, having from one to four o'clock to do them in. Stratford is quite a city now, otherwise the sights are the same as when I was here in 1870. The best part was the lovely drive.

We took the 9.57 train from Leamington Saturday morning and came here to the Randolph Hotel. I immediately sent a note to Mr. Gerrans saying we would be in until after lunch, and Mrs. Gerrans appeared at once, as they only live around

ENGLAND

the corner. They gave us some assistance as to sight seeing during the afternoon and invited us to tea to-night. Cliff and I took a carriage and went the rounds of the more important colleges. They were so interesting, especially the gardens and chapels, that I went far beyond my strength and to-day could hardly crawl about.

At seven the Gerrans came and he is a very interesting, jolly man, not seeming at all English. He seemed to be amused with me, so we became good friends at once. She is a Canadian but not so full of life as he is. They had asked some people for tea to-night and then asked us to breakfast at half past eight and we went afterwards to Magdalen college to hear the service, but got there just too late, so I only saw the gardens, and then we drove out to Iffley and saw the old mill and the Norman Church, and a lovely English village.

I can't take time to describe the beauties of the colleges; the fine carvings in wood and stone, the interesting portraits and old bits of walls and gate ways and the magnificent parks with deer, etc. We went to afternoon service at Christ Church Cathedral and heard a most beautiful choir, and Dr. Lloyd at the organ. Much to my surprise the service was very Low Church and all the reading and chanting very distinct.

We then went to Gerrans' to tea and had a very nice meal of cold lamb and veal pie, salads and preserves, etc., and met an Oxford Professor of Roman law (a German) Prof. Grüber and wife, a Professor Brown, of New York, who lectures on theology, and a Mr. Elliott, who knew Mr. Wells when here. They think I ought to stay longer, but I am anxious to get to London to-morrow to get our first letters and find out what you are all doing at home.

Mr. Gerrans is to take us to see his rooms at Worcester college, and we shall take the eleven o'clock train to London. My feet are so swollen with fatigue that I shall need a day's rest. Clifford is getting to understand the baggage business very well and the money also. We walked home to-night after nine o'clock in bright daylight, and it is not dark when I go to bed at ten.

EIGHT JOURNEYS ABROAD

I would like to stay here a week, there is so much I must leave undone. We have had such wonderful weather for England, clear and delightfully cool. Yesterday it rained a few drops, so I was surprised to find it clear this morning. This hotel has an elevator and bath room, wonderful for England. Tell Fanny she would revel in gooseberries here, as they serve them as compote and tart, etc.

With my best love,

Your affectionate, M. D. R.

London, June 29, 1892.

DEAR FRANK:

We sent our cards to Mactears and they appeared at once, but we were out, and Mr. M. came back for the third time at seven last eve. We went to see Henry VIII at Irving's Theatre.

THE MARBLE ARCH, HYDE PARK, LONDON

It was magnificent, but so dear. Everything of that kind is much dearer than in America. Mr. Mactear came and took us out this morning, then we went to his house at noon, and went with Mrs. M. and daughter to the Coaching Parade in Hyde Park, but lots of people have gone away, and there were very few distinguished people.

We went back and had a very elegant lunch beautifully served, champagne and other wines, etc. Yesterday was so

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warm, and at the theatre really uncomfortable but to-day is so cold I can't get warm. We went to the Army and Navy stores yesterday morning and bought stockings and a small trunk for me and a large Gladstone bag for Cliff to travel on the continent, and took lunch there.

At half past six we are going to meet the Mactears to dine at some club and go to Buffalo Bill's show. The David Bispahms have called to-day while we were out. To-morrow we shall do two picture galleries and Cliff will go to the Tower and I must get a waterproof.

London, Wednesday, June 29th, 1892.

DEAR PAPA:

We had a fine time at the show last night which was out at a new exhibition grounds in Kensington. We dined at a little private club there, of which Mr. Mactear is a member. The whole grounds were brilliantly illuminated. Mr. Mactear is very nice.

We found Richardson's grave in Westminster Abbey and mother is having a photograph taken of it. The streets here are all paved with wood and I think are very fine even if a little slippery.

We are going to hear Mr. David Bispahm sing in Siegfried on July 5th and after that we will soon leave London.

London, Thursday morning, June 30th, 1892.

We dined with Mr. and Mrs. Mactear and daughter at a private club house in a great garden where they have exhibitions and where Buffalo Bill is now performing, and went to the show afterwards. There was a cunning little club house which was illuminated on the outside with little green glass cups and all the gardens were illuminated the same way with millions of lights all through the trees. I have never seen any thing like it.

I said to Mr. M. that we hadn't heard from him and he said he had been away ever since he returned from America

EIGHT JOURNEYS ABROAD

and had waited to get the Mexican photographs to send you. He certainly is most attentive and insists upon our lunching with him at the Savoy to-day. They speak about dining there informally and going to a Kiralfy show called Venice, afterwards on Friday, but I don't feel very enthusiastic about it.

London is the most expensive place I ever saw. This is only a medium class hotel, I consider, and yet we pay 6 shillings (\$1.50) for our dinner and pay extra for our dessert; and six shillings for an omelette, coffee and bread for two. The noise is almost unendurable and I think seriously to-day of changing to the Metropole if we can get in. I tried to send a cablegram yesterday and they refused to send any word not in the dictionary, so all your inventions are for nothing. I shall be glad to get away from London as it is too fatiguing for me.

To-day is beautiful and sunny and I hope to accomplish a good deal in the way of sightseeing. Here people have their houses just as in winter, all their draperies up and carpets down and live as in winter. I expect to leave here on Thursday, 7th July; have taken tickets for Siegfried at Bayreuth.

Hoping there is nothing the matter,

Yours as ever, M. D. R.

Saturday, July 2, 1892.

TO THE ASSEMBLED FAMILY:

The Mactears have been very nice. We have been there twice to dinner, once to lunch, twice out at hotels to lunch, twice in the evenings to Buffalo Bill's Wild West, and Venice by Kiralfy. A Mrs. Barclay on the ship gave us her Army and Navy store ticket. We bought a good deal there.

Give my love to all.

C.

London, Friday, July 2, 1892.

DEAR PAPA:

We have removed to the Metropole and find it much nicer only the food is not quite so good. Mother went this morning on a coach to Windsor. We went out to Hampton Court

ENGLAND

yesterday and, of course, struck the day the house was closed, but walked around the grounds, which are very beautiful. We went into the "maze" and got to the centre but could not get out again.

We went to "Venice" last night. It is a production of Imre Kiralfy's and is somewhat like the Fall of Babylon, etc. There was an enormous aquarium in front of the stage on which there were gondolas. There was nearly a whole square of houses built on canals, also lots of bridges. For a sixpence a gondola takes you all through the town in ten minutes. The stores were filled with beautiful Venetian mosaics, etc., for sale. I believe the show has been here all winter. We saw a lot of Salviati's men making Venetian glass. One of them made a big dragon vase in about ten minutes. It was in different colored glasses. There is some secret process and there are only two manufactories in the world. They, of course, have branches all over, but are under the control of two men. Apprentices are taken who are sworn to secrecy.

J. C. R.

Hotel Metropole
London, July 3rd, 1892.

DEAR AUNT MARY:

We moved here from a small hotel called the Brunswick, in Jermyn St., on Friday, and at last I have a moment to write. I went to the Foundling Hospital this morning alone, for when I went to Clifford's room after ten o'clock, I couldn't get him up, he was so tired, so I took a hansom and went alone. I found it very interesting, but the music didn't come up to my expectations. I saw the score of Handel's Messiah there, presented by the composer, and his statue stands on the street wall.

We are going to leave London Thursday for the Isle of Wight, after a ten days' stay here. The soot and cinders are most disagreeable to me, and keep my throat in a constant state of irritation, so I shall be glad to get away from the smoke.

EIGHT JOURNEYS ABROAD

We have been extremely fortunate in having bright, sunny weather all the time, sometimes very cold, or else very hot. They have more sudden changes than we have. I understand now why English women wear furs in summer.

Yesterday morning I had planned to go shopping in the morning, and to St. Paul's in the afternoon, but after breakfast I met Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Lippincott and they were just about to get on the coach to go to Windsor, and I suddenly

WINDSOR CASTLE

determined to go if I could get a seat, and I was fortunate enough to get the best seat on the coach. I sat on the box beside the driver, who was a gentleman, and we had a delightful drive through Hampton Court and along the Thames. I saw quantities of house boats; they are shaped like canal boats, have awnings on top, and are regular floating flower gardens, and the decks furnished like drawing rooms. We had a delightful table d'hôte lunch and then went up to the castle.

I can't imagine anything finer; the view from the Terrace

ENGLAND

over Eton and the magnificent masonry, I shall never forget. As Queen Victoria was in residence, we were only admitted to St. George's chapel and the terrace. We bought strawberries and roses on the way and really had an ideal time. You can imagine I was pretty well tired out after a sixty mile drive. We had four relays of horses.

No one could be more attentive than Mr. Mactear. I have lunched there and at the Savoy with them and dined there and at the Club, and went to Buffalo Bill's and to Venice with them afterwards; and yesterday while I was at Windsor, he went with Cliff to the Tower. Kiralfy's Venice is one of the most wonderful of shows. It is on the order of the Fall of Babylon, but under cover, and they have gondolas and gondoliers from Venice. During and after the show you go into a perfect imitation of Venice; real canals bordered with brightly illuminated shops with Italian names, and cafés, and groups of men singing Venetian songs, and gondolas going and coming in every direction, and people crossing the bridges. To add to the illusion we heard more Italian and French than English; and we went into a shop and saw the man manufacture the real Salviati glass, and it was a most interesting sight though the heat was frightful.

I never saw such gardens and such stone carvings, or heard such church music as at Oxford, and shall never forget them. I am going with Mrs. David Bispham to the German Opera at Drury Lane Wednesday night. We went to Hampton Court Friday afternoon and returned just in time to dine with Mactears and go to Venice that evening, so you can imagine me pretty tired to-day after two days of solid work.

I have had to wear my fawn colored Guerin dress everywhere because we always go somewhere after dinner, but hope to wear my dinner dress to the opera. We went to Henry the VIII with Irving and Terry and found it wonderfully fine. I am really too busy to indulge in homesickness. I am trying to remember everything I see and talk about it when I get home.

Affly.

M. D. R.

EIGHT JOURNEYS ABROAD

London, July 5th, 1892.

DEAR FRANK:

I was glad to get your letter late last night. Mr. Mactear was saying you ought to have a little place where you could set up for yourself as an expert and make a name for yourself. He seems to have a high opinion of your abilities as a chemist.

I found silver quite as dear as at home and did not see anything astonishing, was disappointed with Liberty's dis-

HENLEY REGATTA

play and at the great china shop where all the Royalties deal I found very elegant sets but nothing buyable. We loitered along and looked at shop windows, and finally went to Christy's, the auction place, and saw treasures of Limoges enamel and carved ivory, miniatures, etc. and it breaks my heart not to avail myself of such a chance, but I find the things I marked will not be sold until after Thursday, and we must get away from here.

How I wish you were here and what a good time we could

ENGLAND

have together! Mrs. Barclay kindly asked us to go to the Henley regatta. I couldn't go on account of having accepted for the Opera, but Clifford is going with her. To-day we are going to the Bank to draw enough money to take us to St. Malo. I find the newest and best route to Guernsey is from Weymouth, only four and a half hours, but the difficulty is to get to Weymouth from Southampton.

It has turned very much colder over night and looks a little threatening for the Regatta. I saw no trace of any Fourth of July celebration, but it happened to be election day here and throngs were screaming in the streets last night. I must try to at least walk through the South Kensington Museum to-day.

Do you ever go to the Yacht Club? The great Eton and Harrow cricket match comes off at Lords Friday and Saturday and there we should see all the swells, but I don't feel inclined to wait for it somehow.

Aff.,

M. D. R.

DEAR MR. ROSENGARTEN:

I return herewith your father's photograph. He looks quite provokingly young, just as ever he did, as if the twenty-three years which have passed since last I saw him, at Tübingen had left no mark whatever on him; well I spitefully hope that he may at least have a few grey hairs on his head.

I was so sorry to have missed your mother; please remember me to her, and I hope, if time permits, that I may see you both on your return.

Faithfully yours,

12th July, '92.

Rudolph Messel.


NOTE.—Messel was a chemical student at Tübingen when I studied there under Professor Adolph Strecker in 1869-70. F. H. R.

THE CHANNEL ISLANDS

Isle of Jersey, July 12th, 1892.

DEAR PAPA:

Poor mother was very sick coming across the channel, while I was not. We were in separate cabins so I could do nothing for her. We drove all over the Isle of Wight in a coach.



MONT ORGUEIL, CASTLE GOREY, JERSEY

The towns are just like Newport, hilly, with well paved, macadamized streets and small asphalt pavements. The houses have small gardens in front and the streets are the same width. We expect to get to St. Malo in a couple of days. Mother will be glad to get off the ocean. Love to all, C.

THE CHANNEL ISLANDS

July 14th, 1892.
Isle of Jersey.

DEAR GRANDPA:

To-day they celebrate in France the taking of the Bastille. We took a long coaching trip here to-day with an excursion. There were some sixty people. We saw some fine caves, one of which was four miles long. I don't know whether the picture of "Jedge" Richardson in Westminster has turned up yet or not. I have seen some splendid cows here and at Guernsey and still they have bad butter.

We will get to St. Malo to-morrow and then on to Mont St. Michel where, according to a novel mother has read they have good omelettes. They have some fine conger fishing here and I have seen some very big ones. The scenery in all these islands resembles that of Newport and Jamestown. The

SEIGNEURIE LANE, GUERNSEY

same granite coast and hills rising above them covered with grass and blackberry bushes. I hope Aunt Laura is all right now.

Love to all,

Cliff.

EIGHT JOURNEYS ABROAD

St. Heliers,

Isle of Jersey, July 14, 1892.

DEAR FRANK:

We left Shanklin, Isle of Wight, in a coach with our baggage behind us, Monday morning and had the most exquisite drive, taking our lunch at Black Gang Chine and passing through Bonchurch and Ventnor, and then Carisbrook, where there is a magnificent old castle, one of the finest specimens in exist-

CORBIERE LIGHTHOUSE, JERSEY

ence. There was a stronghold there in the Saxon time before the Roman occupation, and a castle ever since. There the coach dropped us and we took an omnibus for Newport, a mile distant, and ten minutes by train brought us to Cowes, connecting with steamer for Southampton, where we arrived in time for a late supper.

We went immediately to the boat for this place and were just in time to get the last berth in the ladies' cabin for me and the last in the other for Cliff. We each took a dose of bromide, hoping to avoid sickness. The ships are new and very well

THE CHANNEL ISLANDS

furnished with electric light. They wanted £2 extra for a private cabin, so I went in with the polloi. I went sound asleep at ten o'clock but the people coming in at midnight woke me up and the boat started and I didn't get asleep until after I had been terribly seasick and was exhausted.

We arrived at Guernsey at six and walked up to the old Government House Hotel which has a beautiful garden and view over the bay. I was so perfectly worn out I went to bed until lunch; then in the afternoon we took a carriage and drove

CREUX HARBOR, SARK

to Victor Hugo's house and were admitted to all the rooms, altho his grandchildren had just come for the summer.

Then we went to one of the bays. The grand rocky coast is wonderfully fine and the country roads so picturesque with high hedges. We had a good night's rest which we sadly needed and took the steamer to Sark yesterday for the day.

I haven't time to describe the wonderful feats of walking and climbing into caves, the terrible chasms, the ideal loveliness of Sark and the primitiveness and loneliness. I would like to go there sometime to stay. We had to get up very early to take the same Southampton boat and arrived

EIGHT JOURNEYS ABROAD

here at eight o'clock, took a coach at eleven and have been driving until five this P. M.

To-morrow morning we go on to St. Malo and will cable. We have not yet heard of the arrival of our Queenstown letters but hope to get a large mail to-morrow at St. Malo. These Islands are crowded with travellers and boats also. I expected to find them much less populated.

Love to all,

Yours aff., M. D. R.

FRANCE

Dinard, July 16, 1892.

DEAR PAPA:

We are staying at the Hotel de Casino at Dinard. I get along well in my French and can understand all that is said to me and make everyone understand me. St. Malo is an ugly little walled town where the tide rises and falls eighteen feet and in the early spring, forty feet. I received a letter from Dr. Messel returning the photo of you I had sent him. I enclose the note. It was the amateur picture taken at Island Heights.

Most of the people in the hotel are English and Americans. The hotel is right on the water front of a fine beach and the Casino faces us. Mother left her keys in the custom house when our baggage was examined and I had to go all the way back to St. Malo for them. I jabbered French, however, and got them all back. Mother is down at the Casino taking a warm bath. They have the funniest banks over here I ever saw. Everyone was away for dinner when we arrived, and we had to go and hunt them up.

I saw a peasant woman making lace and it was very interesting. The St. Johns fire must have been an awful thing. We heard a good deal about it in England.

Love to all,

Cliff. not Cliffy.

EIGHT JOURNEYS ABROAD

Mont St. Michel, France,
July 17th, 1892.

DEAR PAPA:

We arrived here this morning and had lunch. We are staying at Madame Poulard's, which is described in "Three Normandy Inns" which Uncle Joe lent mother. We had some splendid omelette and roast chicken. Mont St. Michel is a high rock surrounded entirely with flat sand. The tide comes in in a couple of minutes over the miles of sand. It is just like a great flat plain. Mother sends her love.

C.

Mont St. Michel, July 17th, 1892.

DEAR LAURA:

I wrote Thursday night to Frank, describing everything up to that date. We had a perfectly smooth ride of three hours to St. Malo. Our first day on French soil was a picnic. I wished to spend only a few hours at St. Malo seeing the town, and to go to spend the night at Dinard, a French watering place across the bay. The tides are so peculiar that you take the boat one hour at one place and another hour miles away. So after going through the Custom House when I forgot my keys, we had to drive all the way to St. Servant and sent all the luggage over to Dinard without any receipt or anything to show for it, and as soon as I had done it I was scared stiff.

We then went to the bankers, got our first mail acknowledging the first mail from Queenstown, and some money. We took our lunch at a hotel and drove around the city, which is a very interesting old walled city. Then we went to the boat and arrived at Dinard in the middle of the afternoon. Found Dinard a beautiful place with a casino and our hotel close by it.

Dinard is a most picturesque place with pretty villas and gardens upon high rocks. The tide rises so high that the whole aspect of the place is entirely different at high and low tide. We started off this Sunday morning and took the boat on the

FRANCE

river Rance for Dinan, a beautiful river with high banks and castles perched up on top. The common women wear the Breton caps, but generally black dresses with shawls on their shoulders.

It is provoking to only be able to stay a day in a place where I would like to stay a week. At Dinan there are so many interesting castles we had to renounce seeing. We took our baggage to the railroad station and had a good lunch at a hotel where a woman waited on us with a real Breton cap. We went to the old Chateau and Cathedral and drove through the streets and saw the old houses and the peasants coming from church. Then we took a train intending to spend the night at Dol and go on to-morrow to Mont St. Michel. We changed from two hotels to a third one beside the railway station as we were afraid to spend the night in them, they were so frightfully dirty. I will have to leave details until I get home.

Trouville, July 20th, 1892.

DEAR FRANK:

We left Dinard Sunday morning, going up the Rance by boat as I wrote Laura, and spent the day at Dinan and the night at Dol, and went to St. Michel Monday morning. All the time we had perfect weather. From the moment we sighted the "Merveille" St. Michel I have been in a stupor of delight. I expected a great deal, having read such enthusiastic descriptions but nothing can equal the reality, and it is rightly named the wonder of the world.

We were taken from Pontorson in a big sort of omnibus and stopped dead against the town wall with no gate in sight. Then we got out and went round to another side where there was a gate. From that a narrow street without sidewalks and a gutter in the middle, led up through the little town there is. At the left, quite near the gate, was the Hotel of Poulard Ainé, where we were to put up. At the door was Madame, just as handsome as the book (Three Normandy Inns) describes her, and she ushered us into a great kitchen with a hoveled fire-

EIGHT JOURNEYS ABROAD

place—immense—but only a small wood fire. On a spit in front of the fire at least a dozen chickens were turning slowly and roasting, preparing for the eleven o'clock dinner. Crowds of people were coming in, starved, and we concluded to stay there until after breakfast, as we had to mount 200 steps to our rooms in a separate house. So I sat myself down by the fire, which was not too warm (July 18th) and watched Madame Poulard make her celebrated omelettes.

There are three dining rooms on three separate floors, one opposite the kitchen, an open room, and one on the first floor

MONT SAINT MICHEL

over the kitchen, and the other above that. I never had a more delicious meal. First, the perfect omelette, then fish cooked to perfection, then chickens so juicy and tender, and large cherries for dessert. The table seated forty people and there were two sets, eleven and twelve o'clock.

To go to our rooms we crossed the street, went up on the town wall, crossed back over the street by a bridge and went up a circular flight of stone steps to our rooms. The house consisted of four stories of tiny single rooms; the lower floor opened on a terrace with wall and a row of dwarf plantain trees, trimmed very low and making a perfect shade, and tables

FRANCE

and chairs there. Our rooms were on the second floor and had a porch.

I had scarcely made myself comfortable when I heard the voices of Mrs. Denckla and the others, and was glad enough to see them, and we all started off together to see the Abbays, etc., etc. It took us three hours steady climbing and walking,

L'ESCALIER DE DENTELLES, MONT ST. MICHEL

and it was well worth it. There was an elderly priest with a fine face in our party, whose picture I should like to have had taken in the cloisters. He sighed frequently as we went through the magnificent halls, and said how hard it was to see such a place idle, doing no good.

There are many parts being restored now by the government. The beauty of the "escalier de dentelle" and the flying

EIGHT JOURNEYS ABROAD

buttresses which support it, are beyond my powers of description also the effect of the shadows of the clouds on the wet sand when the tide was out. The feeling of immense height when looking over from the stairways and open stone railings of some of the galleries was almost frightful. You must certainly come to see it sometime.

After dinner we all went up the little street which leads from the gate, to find the house of Bertrand du Guesclin. It is the only real house in the place. The others were mere holes, without windows except in the street, the real, unchanged Medieval homes of the people; the animals and people all huddled together, with the tools of trade. Then the fishermen with blue berets on their heads and knitted jackets and short trousers, and bare legs and feet, with bags thrown over their shoulders, while very dirty, were most picturesque.

We wandered round the ramparts and couldn't tear ourselves away, except we were nearly killed with fatigue. I decided to give up the small towns of Avranches and Coutances as there is very little that cannot be seen from outside, and to go on to Trouville and return to Caen. I was glad I had done so, for in passing through those towns we saw all there was to be seen, but we had scarcely arrived here last night when there came up a furious storm, with about the worst wind I have ever known, and the noise of the surf was terrible all night. This is a beautiful place and I am sorry to have lost, through the storm, the opportunity of seeing the bathing.

We go in an hour to Dives to see the celebrated Inn of William the Conqueror, and on to Caen early to-morrow. We have walked all around the beach and through the town of Trouville and had to hold our hats as it is the worst wind I have ever been out in. The beach has a wooden walk on the level, hotels are a little higher, built around three sides of beautiful gardens. The villas rise behind on a hill. The streets are full of beautiful shops with lovely jewelry, brocades and silver, fruit and confections.

FRANCE

I wish I felt able to write to everyone, but it takes really all my time to write these descriptions of what I am seeing, travelling so fast as we do.

With much love to all and for yourself,

Yours aff., M. D. R.

A month gone already and soon it will be time to go home!

Trouville, July 20th, 1892.

DEAR PAPA:

We are here in the middle of an enormous windstorm and so, of course, see none of the society life on the beach. We

TROUVILLE

arrived here last night after travelling all day in the train. The church at Mont St. Michel is very interesting. We saw all the dungeons and secret torture chambers. We missed seeing the tide come in at the Mont, but Madame Poulard told us the tides were very low just now.

Love to all,

C.

EIGHT JOURNEYS ABROAD

Caen, July 22nd, 1892.

DEAR UNCLE JOE:

We are now in Caen, an interesting old town with a lot of cathedrals. They are nearly all Romanesque in style except one, which is in the flamboyant Gothic. The carving in the latter is very fine. On the sides of the naves are the flying buttresses, which are also beautifully decorated. The interiors are quite plain, as the people as a rule are poor, and cannot replace the tawdry ornaments which do not wear like the stone itself. The old houses here are somewhat like the American or English Queen Anne style. The front overhangs and each story projects a little more than the other. They are composed of wooden beams, which are generally carved, filled in between with stone, brick, or plaster.

All the wood one sees here is oak, black and worm eaten.

The Breton peasants are a great disappointment to me, for although they still wear the accustomed headgear, they do not wear the costume or the sabots and they talk real French. The cooking has been good nearly everywhere, but the customs of serving are not much different.

Love to all,

Clifford.

Tours, July 24th, 1892.

DEAR FRANK:

I wrote you about the storm at Trouville, which was at night. We came back to Dives that evening in order to spend the night at the Inn called Guillaume le Conquerant. It was just as curious and interesting as I expected. It was built around a court and was full of delightful things, and there were two perfectly beautiful rooms with magnificent carved high dados and tapestry above and wonderful cabinets and bric-a-brac. They were where Madame de Sevigné had spent the evening with the Duchess de something. The bed rooms all opened off very low galleries which went all around the court on the second floor. I had Madame de Sevigné's room

FRANCE

and couldn't sleep; I was so afraid the canopy of magnificent, but very old brocade would fall on me.

The rest of the Inn looked very old and poor, and I cannot take time to tell you of the all curious things there now. We took an early morning train to Caen and spent the afternoon seeing the town, the Abbaye aux Hommes and Abbaye aux Femmes, founded by William the Conqueror and his wife, Mathilde. Caen is very old and interesting; the streets very

THE INN OF GUILLAUME LE CONQUERANT, DIVES

narrow and full of life. Our hotel, the Grande Bretagne, was terribly old, but had an excellent cuisine.

The second day, Friday, we went out to Bayeux to see the famous tapestry, and spent three hours, saw a very fine cathedral, etc., and on Saturday came directly here to Tours, starting at 9.30 and arriving at 8. We had to spend two hours at LeMans and went all over the town, the Cathedral very fine and the house where Queen Berengaria lived after the death of Richard Coeur de Lion. We were scarcely tired when we got here as the trains go slowly and there is almost no motion, but we were hungry and got a good dinner.

EIGHT JOURNEYS ABROAD

I found on inquiry that we could see both Chenonceaux and Amboise in one day. We met the Emersons from Boston and spent the whole day with them.

We drove from Chenonceaux in carriages to Amboise after lunching at the "Bon Laboureur" where we had fresh wild strawberries and large red and white raspberries, and sucre d'orge.

Amboise is the property of the Comte de Paris and he is

CHATEAU DE CHENONCEAUX

restoring it to the state it was in in the Fifteenth Century. A great part of it is uninhabitable at present. The Chapel of St. Hubert is perfectly beautiful. We went down into the town and out of the chateau by an enormous tower, not by a staircase, but by an inclined plane which was used by equestrians and up which Charles V was conducted by Henry II when he came to visit him, by torchlight. An iron-railed gallery out of one of the rooms is where Francis II and Mary Stuart, Catherine de Medici and her two sons witnessed the massacre of the Huguenots in the streets far below. Leonardo da Vinci also died and was buried there at that castle.

FRANCE

I hope to see two more castles to-morrow. Although it is Sunday night, the band is playing the Marseillaise and I can see some fountains from my windows on the Boulevard. It was quite a coincidence, our meeting the Emersons. Just as we were leaving Mont St. Michel last Tuesday morning, Madame

CHATEAU D'AMBOISE

Poulard asked us to write our names in her book. There we saw the following verse signed with three Emerson names from Boston:

“Joan of Arc at point of lance,
Drove the English out of France;
But Madame Poulard better yet,
Brings them back with an omelette.”

EIGHT JOURNEYS ABROAD

We thought it very clever and all learned it by heart, so when I found these people were named Emerson, it flashed upon me who they were, and I repeated the verse much to their surprise and Mr. E. asked where I found the verse. They will spend the night of September 27th at the Adelphi, as we expect to do, but sail by another line. Cliff and I have made up our minds that you must come over, if only for two or three weeks and take us home

With much love from both of us, Yours aff., M. D. R.

P. S.—We have struck our first warm weather. As usual, the sun shines brightly. I don't know what we should think if we should find it raining some day. There is so much cool breeze that the heat is perfectly bearable and not at all oppressive, and the nights are very cool. They can beat us all to pieces with climate.

Tours, Monday, July 25, 1892.

DEAR PAPA:

The scenery in this part of France is much more interesting than in Normandy. Besides being hilly and rough, it is wilder. We went to see the Chateau of the Comte de Paris yesterday. The chateau at Chenonceaux is much more interesting and is built on a stone bridge across the river Cher.

Love to all. C.

Tuesday, July 26th, 1892.

Tours.

DEAR PAPA:

France is a queer place in the evening. All is gayety and life, the streets are full of people and so are the cafés, and yet with all the sins and vices here, drunkenness is not included. We drove all around the town this morning.

The weather here to-day has been quite warm. We go to Blois this evening and if it has not cooled off it will be nasty travelling. The poor soldiers have a hard time here, especially the recruits, who have to make long marches every day to learn to keep step. Love to all, C.

FRANCE

Grand Hotel de Blois,
Blois, July 27th, 1892.

DEAR FRANK:

We came here late yesterday evening to avoid the heat, and went this morning to see the Chateau of Blois, quite nearby and very beautiful and interesting historically; and drove to Chambord this afternoon. It was a long, dusty drive, but fortunately for us the sun stayed under a cloud.

The Emersons concluded to give it up and I did not feel repaid though I am glad to have seen it. The weather is very warm and I begin to feel that we have done enough rapid travelling, and will get to Hombourg as soon as possible, and rest.

I had written to the Rochambeaus in French that I expected to pass through Vendome and would stop off to call on them. When we returned from Chambord we found a telegram from the Marquis telling me to get my tickets for a certain station and he would meet me there, so we all start to-morrow at 8.40 and if they don't insist upon our staying over night, I shall go on to Chartres for the night and be in Paris the next day. I am in my usual condition of shabby clothes and shall have to buy a dress in Paris to present a respectable appearance at Hombourg.

I never saw such a table as they have at this hotel; one is just stuffed. They had delicious melon after the soup; then patés of sweetbread, then salmon, then filet with tomatoes, then duck, then artichokes, then string beans, then chicken and salad, then pudding, then most delicious small éclairs served in little papers like Marrons glacés, then large dishes of peaches, grapes, nectarines, strawberries and raspberries, cherries, white and red vin ordinaire.

I hope we shall find plenty of letters at Paris to find out how you all are and what you are doing. Will write you all about our visit.

With love to all,
Yours aff., M. D. R.

EIGHT JOURNEYS ABROAD

Grand Hotel de Blois,
Blois 27th July, 1892.

DEAR LAURA:

We have been travelling so rapidly and so hard that I could not write oftener. It has been very hard work seeing these chateaux along the Loire. We found hot weather when we got to Tours. We went in an hour and a half in a train to Chenonceaux, had our lunch, saw the castle, then drove eight miles across country to Amboise and back to Tours by railroad.

The third day I gave up Loches and Chinon and saw the city of Tours, and took a train at seven P. M. and got here at nine. We have been doing all the castles with the Emersons, of Boston. They know all the people we know of Boston, and are clever and related to Ralph Waldo.

The Rochambeaus have telegraphed me to stop at a small station near Vendome and they will meet me, so we are off to-morrow morning having seen the two chateaux of Blois and Chambord. I feel now that we must get somewhere to rest, that we have done enough rapid travelling.

I am trying to write in this salon de lecture but the pen is too bad and I shall have to retire to my room. I am so stupefied with good things and wish I could get the cook of this Hotel to take home with me. Unfortunately this warm weather takes away one's appetite. I think we have been so fortunate, in the first place to have had such delightful cool and even cold weather for our hard travelling, and never have had one day of rain. It rained hard when I was in the South Kensington Museum and that is all. It is thundering now at nine P. M. and I hope it will rain and cool the air.

I dread two days in Paris with cholera there, but I have to get a new dress to make a respectable appearance in Hom-bourg and get my brown jacket fixed up. I have felt perfectly well and energetic all the time because the weather has been so favorable. Most of my days are as much labor as

FRANCE

going to New York for the day from Philadelphia, but I shall do nothing at Hombourg. Hot weather takes all the ambition right out of me and makes me long for a bath tub.

Paris, July 29th, 1892.

Yesterday morning I had thought of going to church, when it was suggested it might be a little risky on account of cholera, so I rested and stayed in all morning. Then at five, Cliff and I went up the Eiffel Tower. It is amusing how we always strike cheap days without knowing it. It only cost the two of us four fares to go up and down, and we dined on the premier étage. It was a wonderful sight, and the surroundings of the Tour, the Trocadero and Champ de Mars, and the buildings left from the exhibition are wonderfully beautiful.

We came back on one of the Seine boats from the Tour Eiffel to the Place de la Concorde, just to try them. They go wonderfully fast, and although it is out of season, and everybody supposed to be away, both boats and omnibuses are cram full all the time.

It was delightfully comfortable on the Tower, but the crowd in the elevators was frightful. I cannot get away from here before Wednesday morning, August 3rd, and we expect to go straight to Strasbourg and Frankfort to let Clifford do the Rhine while I am at Hombourg, as I don't want to take the time for it. It has been very hot but is raining now and I hope will be cooler. I do wish you could be here with us.

With love to all,

Aff., M. D. R.

Normandy Hotel,
Paris, July 29th, 1892.

DEAR FRANK:

Here we are in Paris suffering with the heat. I am obliged to stay here two or three days to get a dress. We went to the Rochambeau's yesterday morning from Blois. The Marquis met us at the station and took us in a Victoria to

EIGHT JOURNEYS ABROAD

his chateau. It looked exactly as I expected a French chateau to look. The river Loir passes in front of it, and the strip of land between it and the house has a hedge of roses. The house was long, the way of the River, and shallow, only one room deep. We were conducted through three or four salons beautifully furnished with real old Louis XV furniture, and then I was taken upstairs to Mme. de Rochambeau's room.

She has been very ill so she can't walk. No one could have been more cordial. She kissed me on both cheeks and held

MARQUIS DE ROCHAMBEAU

my hand and made the biggest fuss over me. They then brought in the whole family. The oldest son with his wife and baby*; the next son who is in some office in Paris and has had the grippe and been at home convalescing, and then the young boy who was born after they returned from America. The doctor came and we all went downstairs, and I was shown the family portraits and miniatures. Both their ancestors were Marechals de France; they have full length portraits of them and beautiful portraits of women; the Marechal's sword and orders and the robe of the Saint Esprit (Santo Spirito).

When lunch was served, I found a crowd of company, the

*The "babies," grown to manhood were killed in battle in 1916 in France!

FRANCE

doctor with his wife and baby, three Abbés, a Count somebody, who has married an American wife and who was a perfectly charming man. I was the guest of honor and taken in on the Marquis' arm. They had a nice lunch of several courses, three or four kinds of wine and champagne. Two men in livery; you would have laughed to see how perfectly at my ease I was. I talked as much as anyone and even made jokes.

After lunch we found Madame had been brought down into the salon the first time. She was so very enthusiastic over me I couldn't help being flattered and she raved over

CHATEAU DE ROCHAMBEAU, VENDOME

America. I told them they must certainly come over next year and we would do all we could for her. The second son had to come to Paris in the afternoon, so we travelled together as far as Voves. We went in a private omnibus, with our baggage on top, to Vendome, and the Marquis took me through the cathedral and showed me all the sights. They have behind their house a hill which is riddled with caves, former dwellings of a race called the "cave dwellers." They have been like that 3000 years! We noticed all through the Touraine from Tours all along the Loire, the hills pierced with holes. They make use of them now to store things and as stables, and even as dwellings. Mme. has built a handsome chapel and they have Mass twice a week.

EIGHT JOURNEYS ABROAD

raisin cette occasion, pour
Château de Rochambeau. - Coll. Sud et Chapelle
de Rochambeau.

Antiquités. Rochambeau et
Messieurs. M. de Rochambeau
1790-1800

FRANCE

They had so much to say about Joe and Fanny and praised them to the skies, and hoped they would certainly see them over here and sent all sorts of messages to them. They also sent their greetings to Mr. and Mrs. Childs and spoke of the Drexels. The whole family saw us off and the Marquis all the way to Vendome and put us in the train. The son was very nice in the train. They all raved over Laura's picture, which I happened to have with me.

They all said it was all bosh about cholera in Paris, and we find it full of Americans. We spent last night in Chartres

THE CHAMBER AND DEATHBED OF COUNT ROCHAMBEAU

The embroidery on bed and chairs was worked by the Countess during her husband's campaign in the United States. The portrait presented by General Washington.

and went early this morning to see the cathedral, which is wonderful, and took the express here, arriving at one.

If I happen to get sick, or to feel that I need a day's rest I am going to take it, and not feel that sick or well I must be at any place on the minute.

George B. Roberts is here with his wife and oldest child and says he would like to stay here in all this heat. They only arrived yesterday. I have not yet got my tickets for Bayreuth. The man in Dresden wrote July 3rd I could have tickets for July 28th. Good-bye, with love,

Yours affly.,

M. D. R.

GERMANY

Royal Victoria Hotel,
Hombourg, August 6, 1892.

DEAR AUNT MARY:

While I am waiting here to see if I can get rooms, I will write a few lines. We arrived here last night after leaving Paris the morning of the day before, spent the night at Strasbourg and stayed until noon looking at the town. The cathedral was a dream of beauty and the town full of quaint and interesting houses.

My first uncomfortable train ride since I came over was yesterday coming from Strasbourg to Frankfort. There was so much motion and the men smoked everywhere. They had no rooms for us here and sent us to another place where we had a good dinner, but I didn't like the rooms. It was directly in front of the Kursaalhaus, and up the street from this hotel. After dinner we went into the Kurgarten, which was brilliant with electric lights and lanterns and a fine military band was giving a concert, and it was full moonlight, but I was too tired and cold to stay long.

This is the sort of place where you want fine clothes, and I have mighty little. My black grenadine and Egan black silk are already very shabby; my fawn colored woolen and velvet dirty and discolored. I went to Doucet in Paris and got an India silk, black ground, with dull pale blue narrow stripes and pin dots between, trimmed with handsome black lace in

GERMANY

some parts over blue, so I have that to dress up in; but I went to a cheap dressmaker and had a dark blue crepon made up with a little black satin ribbon and some black guipure, and I don't like it. I am done with cheap dressmakers, only I wear out my clothes so dreadfully, I need so many. My Egan black silk is the only dress I have a decent figure in.

I have my tickets for the Parsifal at Bayreuth for the 21st, which gives me only two weeks here, but I cannot help it.

HOMBOURG

I find everything so dear. I had to pay \$110 in Paris for an India silk, and everything in proportion. The only cheap things are some gloves and stockings. I preferred the Bon Marché to the Louvre in almost everything, but one day found the same stockings at the Louvre for 9 frcs. 50 I had paid 12 frcs. 50 Bon Marché and 14 shillings in London at Army and Navy stores.

With love for all,

Yours aff., M. D. R.

EIGHT JOURNEYS ABROAD

Royal Victoria Hotel,
Hombourg, Aug. 9th, 1892.

DEAR FRANK:

I have just got your two letters dated July 29th enclosing one to you from Laura and acknowledging a cablegram from Paris. We arrived here Friday night and finally settled here Saturday noon and will leave for Bayreuth just two weeks from that day and spend Sunday, the 21st there, and then on to San Moritz. We have two nice rooms, one facing the hotel garden and the other another garden, so we have a fine draught of air and are comfortable. I went at once to see the doctor but he said that two weeks were a very short time to do much good. I did not care to make the trip to Bayreuth and return here, it is too far away.

Most of the women have large bunches of flowers and it looks very pretty on a sunny day. It rained here this morning, and has been very warm, but cool at night. We all went in to the hop last night to look on. The Prince of Wales* is expected on Sunday, I believe, and as he dines on the Kursaal Terrace every night, we shall probably see him. They say the ex-Empress Frederick goes to the Springs every day, but I have not seen her.

I have taken the water now three days. My rules are to be at the spring about eight. It takes me from fifteen to twenty minutes to get there; then I drink one glass and walk fifteen minutes; then another and back to breakfast a half hour later. Then at four in the afternoon the same thing. I have been feeling perfectly strong and well, but since I have been taking this water, I can hardly get back to the hotel, I feel so dead tired.

They say Mark Twain and Oscar Wilde are here, and in our hotel there is the Duchess of Bedford and she is a sight.

Most of the people we know are gone to Switzerland. We are going to Frankfort some day to spend the day. I would

* Afterward King Edward.

GERMANY

like Clifford to go to Wiesbaden and as far as Coblenz and back again, if possible, while we are here, but have made no plans as yet. We leave here on Saturday noon of the 20th and arrive at Bayreuth at midnight. I prefer this to getting up at four in the morning. I had no idea it was so long a trip; thought it took about five hours. It is less than 200 miles, so you see how they travel here.

I go to bed hungry every night because I am not allowed fruit or salad and sweet things, and I don't get enough to eat to go to sleep on; but I guess I can stand it for two weeks. This climate is a good deal like Newport. I long for the mountains and Switzerland.

I never go over the same ground twice, to avoid expense and to see more. I am glad we stopped at Strasbourg as it was so interesting.

With love to all, and wishing you could be here with us and enjoying things as I do,

Yours aff., M D. R.

Hombourg, Aug. 14, 1892.

DEAR FRANK:

Two letters from you yesterday dated July 29th and August 1st, so you see they came together, although written three days apart. Clifford went yesterday to Coblenz, taking the Rhine steamer at Bieberich, and was going to Wiesbaden by train to-day to see your relative, Mr. Rosengarten, the architect, and will perhaps be home to-night. I will take my dinner at the Kursaal with the Warrens to-night. I went to church with him at the castle where the Empress Frederick lives. She and her daughter were present in a sort of gallery, up above the pulpit. Calvary church is a palace compared with it and every other detail in the same proportion.

We are going to-morrow to Frankfort to see the Rothschild's collection. I shall not have time to look up people as I shall only be there a few hours.

EIGHT JOURNEYS ABROAD

Hombourg, August 17th, 1892.

DEAR FRANK:

We have been scorched here for three or four days, and I find it hard to get down in the morning to the springs and then at eleven for my bath and late in the afternoon again to drink. In the evenings there is nothing to do after dinner but go up to the Kursaal and see the crowd. Sometimes we dine there. The Duke of Cambridge, cousin to Queen Victoria, sat near us, dines here every day, and all the swells dine at that time. We leave here Saturday at noon, take the 1.30 train for Frankfort and arrive at Nuremberg, seven something, and get to Bayreuth before eleven.

Monday we will go back to Nuremberg and from there to Innsbruck and Landeck, and drive from there to St. Moritz, where I long to be, for they say it is always cool there, being so high.

Aff., M. D. R.

Hombourg, Friday, August 19, 1892.

DEAR FRANK:

We leave here to-morrow noon, and arrive at Bayreuth eleven at night. We have had most terrible heat here for over a week, and I have suffered as much as I ever did in my life. Yesterday I was out in the sun too much and am paying up for it by a severe congestion to-day. This morning I tried to take my bath after drinking the water before breakfast so as to avoid an extra trip to the springs. It has been too hot for me to think of going to Frankfort, or for Clifford either.

We are going this afternoon to see a Roman camp at Saalberg, which they say is one of the finest and best preserved camps in Europe. Yesterday there was a battle of flowers, but it was not a success. If it had not been for my cure here, I would have gone away from here to some cool place. Yesterday was the hottest day ever known in Frankfort, but we hope it will be better to-morrow. I think that if it is pleasant

GERMANY

at San Moritz we had better stay there three or four days to recover from this heat. We drive in from Landeck and drive out to Chiavenna, and we will telegraph when we arrive at San Moritz, so you can find us for a day or two. From there I have no particular plans, except that it would be very convenient to go to the Italian Lakes, unless it should be frightfully hot. We want to get over the San Gothard pass and will travel about through Switzerland, and try to get back to Paris by the tenth of September. If the cholera is raging there, we shall only pass through and get to London.

We cut ourselves off from mail now until we arrive at San Moritz. I dread to-morrow's journey on account of heat and motion, and grudge the money they make us pay for the baggage that costs us nothing in France. They make us pay eight marks a day's trip.

Love to all,

Mary D.

5 P. M. Nuremberg,
August 22nd, 1892.

DEAR F:

We are off in an hour by fast train to Munich, there to spend the night and go in the morning to Innsbruck. It is too hot to stay in Munich, and as the heat has upset both Clifford and myself, we think it wiser to avoid cities and get to the mountains as soon as possible and into high countries. I cannot bear the heat any longer. We have had now ten days of it, and I am in a perspiration all the time.

By taking this evening train, we get there at 10.30 and avoid the sun. Our faces are now turned toward home. The smells in Bayreuth were frightful and I was afraid to stay there. Germany is less civilized than France in that respect. Nuremberg is so interesting. If it were not so hot, I should like to stay longer. Have to change to Austrian money at Innsbruck and to French money next day. Love to all.

Affly., M. D. R.

EIGHT JOURNEYS ABROAD

Innsbruck, Aug. 25th, 1892.

DEAR AUNT MARY:

Although it is only six it is almost dark, as the high mountains shut off the light very early. I don't know whether you were here or not, but father and mother and I passed through here once in cold weather in 1870 on our way from Verona to Munich. Now the heat is so great that the snow is all melted from the mountains, and a very hot, strong wind has pre-

ST. MORITZ

vented our driving about any to-day. To-morrow we go by rail to Coire, and the next day by diligence or carriage to St. Moritz in the Engadine, where we hope to be cool, as it is higher than Mt. Washington. I may stay a week, as I need a rest after my cure and have found the trip here from Hombourg very trying. We left Frankfort at noon last Saturday and arrived at Bayreuth at midnight in intense heat; had rooms in a private house and took our meals anywhere. They only had one sheet on each bed and I had a great time getting another and slept under one sheet. Clifford didn't know what to

GERMANY

make of it. We got up late and after our coffee, went into the Park to keep cool, visited Wagner's grave, and Frau Wagner's house then took lunch, which cost us in that little primitive place, \$2.00. The Opera Parsifal began at 4 P. M. and we started a little after 3, found we had good seats. I was much disappointed in the inward and outward appearance of the theatre, but the performance was wonderful.

Vandyke was the Parsifal and looked just like the pictures of Christ. The Duchess of Edinburgh was there with the Princess of Saxe Meiningen in the Royal box. At six there

THE HOUSE OF RICHARD WAGNER, BAYREUTH

was a half-hour interval and we went out and got an ice and at eight we had time to get a supper. We sat in the dark the entire time and were not allowed to speak or move. It would take too long to tell you all about it now.

We went back to Nuremberg the next morning, our livers upset by the intense heat and the frightful smells of Bayreuth. Nuremberg is delightful. I took a carriage and we went everywhere. I got myself a little solid silver after-dinner coffee pot there. They had such beautiful silver and peasant costumes. I was crazy to bring a headdress and bodices, also at Bayreuth they had most beautiful carved screen frames, beautiful shapes

EIGHT JOURNEYS ABROAD

ungilded very cheap, but I thought I could get them anywhere, and have not seen one since. I think I shall get in London one of those travelling capes that are so useful.

With love to all,

M. D. R.

Innsbruck, Aug. 25th, 1892.

DEAR FRANK:

We arrived here yesterday afternoon at three P. M., worn out with the heat and dust, and came to the Hotel Tyrol, near the station. The place is perfectly beautiful, grand moun-

HOTEL TYROL, INNSBRUCK

tains rising all around it, but a sirocco is prevailing, which blows the dust in clouds on everything and makes riding or walking unendurable. We rested until table d'hôte dinner and walked out in the town afterwards, but it was quite deserted on account of the wind.

I thought, of course, it would rain, but this morning the sun was shining brightly and the wind blowing as hard as ever. We found it takes two whole days to go from here to the

GERMANY

Engadine, so decided to leave to-morrow 9.45 for Coire, reaching there at 4.30 and next morning take either diligence or carriage to St. Moritz, taking the whole day.

This morning we walked through the whole town and enjoyed the picturesque houses and the cathedral with the tomb of Maximilian the Great and the high sized statues in bronze of his relatives and ancestors. This afternoon we had intended to drive to Castle Ambras but had to give it up on account of the wind.

Our rooms are at the back of the house overlooking the garden, and the mountains are so near, they look as though they would fall over us. The snow is all melted off the summits with the intense heat. At Vienna they had it 110 degrees and the drought makes it worse. I need a few days' rest in a cool, quiet place after my cure, and have had too much travelling in the last few days.

Bayreuth was a most awkward place to get at. If it had not been for Bayreuth, I should have gone straight down to the Black Forest and into Switzerland that way. If it stays warm, I shall also have to give up the Italian Lakes. I will let you know when we decide on our next movements. I want to be back in Paris by the eleventh, but if not considered advisable to stay, shall go on to London. I am so sorry I did not get a carved wood screen at Bayreuth; they were so pretty and reasonable. I haven't seen one since we left there. It gets dark here very early on account of the high mountains.

With love, and hoping to get letters at St. Moritz,

Affly., M. D. R.

Germany is much more expensive than France, and it was very dear at Hombourg. The sky looks very threatening, and I have no doubt it will rain just in time for our day's drive on Saturday which would be most unpleasant.

With much love,

M. D. R.

SWITZERLAND

St. Moritz, Aug. 29th, 1892.

DEAR FRANK:

We arrived here very late Saturday afternoon. The weather changed the night before we left Innsbruck coming on with a hard rain about eight o'clock and lasting all night. It cleared in the morning and we had a delightful railroad ride to Coire, spent the night at the hotel Steinbock and watched the diligences arrive from every direction.

As we could not get the best seats in the Diligence for St. Moritz, we engaged a carriage and then visited the town, which was very picturesque. The next morning we took breakfast at half past five and were on our way at six. The weather was magnificent, perfectly clear and cool, and we stopped at Sairgno at noon for lunch, a quaint Italian place. The people all looked Italian and spoke it, and yet it is German Switzerland.

It got very cold by the time we got to the top of the Julier Pass, and we were almost frozen by the time we arrived at St. Moritz after nine. People generally take two days to do this trip, but we hadn't time. Yesterday it was 20°, wintry cold and a fearful gale raging, so that we found it impossible to stay out of doors and as the hotel was not heated in any way we found it impossible to get warm. So in a few days we have passed from intense heat to intense cold, and I don't know which is the more disagreeable!

This morning we found it warmer and no wind so we walked to Pontresina, a perfectly beautiful walk by lakes and through pine forests, with glimpses of glaciers, and at Pontresina, a quaint Italian town with little shops and grated windows, had our lunch at the Kroner Hotel, full of English

SWITZERLAND

people and much more homelike and attractive than here. There are two great glaciers in view from Pontresina, the Roseg, and the Morteratsch, and we propose to make an excursion there very soon.

This hotel is filled with French and Germans and is very large and bare. I think Pontresina more sheltered and picturesque.

TO CHUR, JULIER PASS

St. Moritz is too cold and windy. The wind is blowing again furiously. We are trying to make up our minds what to do.

Cliff and I are both too cold to want to stay long and think of leaving Friday for Chiavenna and Milan and spend Saturday there and take the express over the St. Gothard to Lucerne, arriving there Saturday before night.

We all want to get to Zermatt, but it is so hard to get to. I would have to take the Simplon Pass from Milan to Brieg. Will let you know when I decide.

Hoping to hear soon,

Afly., M. D. R.

EIGHT JOURNEYS ABROAD

St. Moritz, Thursday, Sept. 1st, 1892.

The carriage will cost only about $2\frac{1}{2}$ francs more apiece and is a little more independent. There is now some question of quarantine between here and the Italian Lakes, but I am not afraid of it.

Yesterday we had a delightful drive up the Fex Glacier, and got home just in time to escape a heavy rain. This morning the whole party was to go on donkeys over the Furka Pass, but the men said the weather was too threatening for that trip, and as I did not feel very well, I was rather glad to get rid of the excursion; also I wanted to write three or four letters, and have a lot of mending to do. The whole day had not been long enough, and I am frozen sitting in my room. It looks very gloomy just at present and I am quite sure it will rain to-morrow.

We will get to Chiavenna in time for the 3.45 train to the Lakes and arrive late at Milan, about 10 P. M. On Thursday I expect to take the fast train to Lucerne over the St. Gothard, and go from there to Geneva and meet the party at Zermatt. I shall take the night train from Geneva Sunday night, Sept. 11th. Switzerland is very dear indeed. Since we left Innsbruck the money flies; 68 francs for our trip from Coire to St. Moritz, 40 to Chiavenna and hotels dear.

The views are magnificent here, but the hotel is so cold I should never want to stay here again. Of course, Cliff and I will not see all the sights here, but will get an idea of what to do another time. I have no doubt the weather is comfortable now in other parts of Switzerland; it is not likely to be hot from now on.

With much love,

Affly., M. D. R.

ITALY

Milan, Sept. 3rd, 1892.

DEAR PAPA:

We got here late last night after travelling all day. I did not have a chance to drop you a postal. Part of the way was on a steamboat on Lake Como. The Lake was not blue, however, like in the pictures. Milan Cathedral is most interesting. I never saw so much detail massed together at once.

Castelfranco is away in the country somewheres and so, of course, we will not see him. The weather here is a great change from that of Switzerland. We go to Lucerne to-morrow and from there to Lausanne. From Lausanne we go to Zermatt, and then back the same way to Geneva where we take the night train to Paris. There is no fear of cholera here and there is no quarantine at the "borders."

Mother finds everything greatly changed, but still was able to find the house where she used to live in 1869. The landlady was dead or removed, for they did not know of any such name. The streets here are well paved with cobbles, but these cobbles differ a little from ours.

With love to all,

Affly., C.

EIGHT JOURNEYS ABROAD

Milan, Sept. 3rd, 1892.

DEAR FRANK:

We have had lunch and are going out again at 3 P. M. We left St. Moritz yesterday morning in a little carriage and had the most perfect drive you can imagine. We nearly froze on the Swiss side and found it very hot as soon as we had crossed the border. The descent is something wonderful.

We took the train at Chiavenna, after taking an expensive but poor dinner, and at Colico took the boat. In order to get the fast train to Milan we had to get off the boat at Bellano and so missed Cadenabbia and Como, but it was a lovely ride late in the afternoon and the sunset was superb. There can be nothing more beautiful in the world than the Italian Lakes.

We had a comfortable ride from Bellano here by bright moonlight and arrived at ten; came to the Hotel Metropole because it is in the Place de Duomo and opposite the Galleria. Prof. Castelfranco has not turned up, so I suppose he did not get my note. Cliff and I went into the Cathedral and he went all over the top. It is the most impressive interior we have seen yet.

Cliff is delighted with Milan because it is gay and full of shops. We then walked up to the Via Pasquirolo and went into the house where I used to live in 1869, but the porter said there was no family by the name of Meuni there so I didn't go up. Milan is, of course, much changed and improved, with magnificent new buildings and is a beautiful city.

We take the express over the San Gothard to-morrow and will be in Lucerne to-morrow evening. I met a charming French lady on the boat, who knew the Rochambeaus. Her conversation was delightful. We are now going to the Santa Maria delle Grazie to see the Last Supper and to drive around and show Cliff the town.

With much love,

Yours aff., M. D. R.

SWITZERLAND

Grand Hotel National,
Lucerne, Sept. 4th, 1892.

DEAR FATHER:

We arrived here to-night at six o'clock, after travelling all day. We passed over the St. Gothard, but as it rained all the time, we did not see much of the scenery. The hotel is very big here but not very comfortable. We had quite a good dinner. I hope we will not be quarantined when we come back to America.

If it stops raining and the atmosphere is clear, I will go up Mt. Rigi on the railroad to-morrow.

Love to all, C.

Grand Hotel National,
Lucerne, Sept. 5th, 1892.

DEAR FATHER:

It is raining hard here so I will not be able to see anything of Lucerne or its neighborhood. We leave here to-morrow at 10.20 for Lausanne. We will not leave Switzerland until the 12th so that we expect to receive your letter with full instructions and particulars.

This house is full of people and I had to be put in a room in the annex, which is rather disagreeable. I was very much disappointed yesterday that our trip over the Pass was spoiled by the rain.

Affly., C.

EIGHT JOURNEYS ABROAD

Hotel Seiler
Zermatt

September 8th, 1892.

DEAR FRANK:

Here we are at Zermatt and a bitter disappointment awaits us in the weather. It is pouring and apparently no sign of its letting up. I wrote you at Milan and since then have not been able to, from fatigue, we have travelled so fast.

Mr. Castelfranco was at the seashore so we didn't see him at all; and we left Milan Sunday morning, after a shower, which laid the dust, and had a delightful ride over the St. Gothard Pass by Lugano and Como. It began to rain at Goschenen, and turned very cold. We found no fires in the hotel, nor in fact anywhere have they any provision against the cold. It poured all day Monday in Lucerne. We walked through the town and across the two old bridges and to Bos-sards antique store. The house was occupied by the Papal Nuncio in the last century and was very curious. They have it now filled with armor, old furniture, silver, brocades, etc.

The next morning we started for Lausanne and had a lovely ride, although it was not perfectly clear. We spent the night at the Beau Rivage at Ouchy down on the lake, but were put off in cold rooms in the dependance. It is the most romantic spot possible and as we went to our rooms after dinner late, it was bright moonlight. There was no one there we knew.

Wednesday morning we took the boat as far as Villeneuve, so Clifford saw Vevey, Montreux and Chillon, and we expected to get through to Zermatt the same evening, but when we got to Villeneuve, they informed us the last train was taken off from Visp to Zermatt and we would have to spend the night at Visp. We arrived there at seven in a rain, but found a comfortable hotel, but no fires. This morning the sun was shining and as I was the first one down, I went out into a beautiful garden at the back of the house and saw the peasants going to church, so I followed them up the hill to a

SWITZERLAND

very ancient church, and it was a fete day; the church was crowded with people, the peasants with their gold lace head-dresses, etc., and the church itself had a gallery hanging over the ravine, and was most picturesque.

At ten we took the train up here and it soon began to rain. It took us three hours to come, and we had to get out and walk and change into another train on account of a landslide which occurred two or three weeks ago and destroyed some of the track.

We went for our mail as soon as we had lunch and found your two letters of the 21st and 25th, and one from Aunt Mary, one from Clara saying they had not gone to Paris. At Lausanne, I sent my trunk to Geneva to avoid bringing it up here, and secured my sleeping car tickets for the Sunday night train to Paris.

There seem to be plenty of Americans in Paris, and I think by not drinking any of the Seine water, we will not run any risk. The travelling this last week has been expensive. This railroad from Visp cost 33 francs for us two and the same to get back again, and I had to pay 50 francs for sleeping berths from Geneva to Paris, and that don't include the fares.

We shall go from here to Martigny and by the south shore to Geneva, as it is a shorter way. I cannot get to our ship for the 28th unless I start now. I have allowed myself the least time possible and want to spend five or six days in London.

There is fresh snow on the mountains all around almost down to the village, and it looks dreary enough with the clouds hanging so low. Even if it is clear to-morrow, I doubt if I would be able to go on mules, but I hope to see something before we leave Saturday morning. These sudden changes of climate are trying to everyone. I hope sometime we can come here together before we get too old.

I am doing what I think the very best in keeping on with my original plan, and do not think anything would be gained by delay. The big steamers from Liverpool will not take any steerage passengers.

With much love,

Yours affly., M. D. R.

EIGHT JOURNEYS ABROAD

Grand Hotel National, Geneva,

September 11, 1892.

DEAR FRANK:

I ought to be out of doors looking at the gorgeous view of the mountains, but I can't do that and write too. The atmosphere is perfectly clear, and the lake blue as indigo, while every mountain stands out with perfect clearness. The whole snow range of Mt. Blanc is visible, as it seldom is, and the scene is too beautiful for my powers of description.

I wrote you at Zermatt the afternoon of our arrival when I felt too sick to go down to dinner, therefore, you will be surprised to hear that after a night's rest, and the day turned out to be fine, I made up my mind to go up to the Riffelberg. Cliff walked and the rest went on horseback, but we didn't have a clear view of the Matterhorn, and when we had passed the second hotel, it began to snow, and we could not go all the way to the Gorner Grat, as the snow was too deep the guide said. I rode most of the way down, although the guides wanted me to walk. I was afraid of getting my feet wet and was not prepared for mountain climbing.

Yesterday morning I was less lame than I expected, and we started off from Zermatt at ten, having a perfectly clear view of the Matterhorn. Were we not fortunate, as others had been there a week and gone away without seeing it?

We had a long, tiresome ride of twelve hours here, and arriving at Geneva, were informed there were no rooms for us at the Beau Rivage, so came to the National, where we have a fine front room between us, all we could get. This hotel is magnificent, right on the lakes, and to-day the air is just right. I think I am right to push on, as I see the City of New York was released from quarantine and will probably sail on the 28th. How I wish you could see this all, but I am sure we will be over here two years from now if alive.

With much love, and looking forward to meeting again,

Yours affly., M. D. R.

FRANCE

Normandy Hotel,
Paris, September 15th, 1892.

DEAR FRANK:

I was so tired I couldn't write as I ought to have done yesterday, and this is the first time to-day. It is just after table d'hôte and we are going with the Cochranes to the Hippodrome. We do not feel any fear of sickness here. The place is full of Americans and you would never judge from the appearance of the city that there was any unusual sickness here, and I don't think there is.

The Inman people here say the City of New York will sail on the 28th. I feel that I have done the right thing in sticking to my original dates. I would have preferred getting to England rather than staying in Geneva. Everything is frightfully expensive in the way of clothes for women, but I think I am going to like mine. We expect to leave here Wednesday in the club train at 3 P. M. It is more expensive, but under the circumstances, there is less chance of detention than going second class. There was nothing but the ordinary examination of baggage between Switzerland and France in spite of all the talk in the newspapers.

I must be off, so good-bye. How I wish you were here to go with us. With much love,

Affly., M. D. R.

EIGHT JOURNEYS ABROAD

Normandy Hotel,
Paris, Sept. 17, 1892.

DEAR FRANK:

The only thing I am afraid of is the fumigation of clothing, but I scarcely think the passengers of a ship like the City of New York, coming from Liverpool without steerage pas-

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VERSAILLES

sengers, will be subjected to it. It is cold and rainy here to-day, but has been lovely since Monday.

We went to the Hippodrome night before last with the Cochranes; enjoyed it very much. Last night we went to the Theatre Francais near by and heard Hernani. Of course, the great actors are not back yet, but it was very good. Mr. Durand appeared day before yesterday with old Mr. Mourge and the latter insisted upon our going early to-morrow morning for a whole day's excursion to Versailles and St. Germain, and lunch at the Durand's.

Cliff and I went to the Musée Cluny to-day and enjoyed

FRANCE

it highly. It breaks my heart not to get lots of things I see here, which it would pay to bring, but I can't do it.

I have written to the Metropole we will be there Wednesday night. There is much more illness in London, Typhoid and Scarlet Fever, than in Paris. Clifford has bought his watch and chain here at Henry Capt's, and has done a good deal of sightseeing. How I wish you were coming over, and we were going to stay a year.

Paris, Sept. 19th, 1892.

DEAR FATHER:

We went out by invitation to Mr. Durand's at Versailles. He and M. Mourge met us at the station in a carriage and took us to the palace. We went over the whole of it and I was struck by its immensity, The gardens were very handsome. The whole building is filled with famous war pictures and copies of other famous ones.

It took us about two hours to walk through, without looking carefully at the pictures. We then took another carriage and went to his house, where we were met by Mrs. Durand and a friend of hers. The house is beautifully furnished with old Breton furniture and has a pleasant garden. We had a pleasant lunch and then we all got in a big carriage and drove to St. Germain. There were six of us and when we got there we found the palace closed, so we walked up and down the plateau enjoying the fine view. There was just enough mist to give the sunset some beautiful effects. As soon as darkness closed in we went into the Pavilion Henry IV, to a champagne dinner which had been ordered beforehand. We had a small dining room to ourselves, and the end facing Paris was entirely open so as to give an undisturbed view. One by one the lights spread over the country and last of all the searchlights on the Eiffel Tower appeared.

We then sat down to dinner. M. Mourge was indefatigable and kept on the go all day although 85 years old. At 8.30 we left them and took the 9 o'clock train to Paris, while they had to drive all the way to Versailles.

Affly., J. Clifford Rosengarten.

EN ROUTE

The Hotel Metropole,
London, Thursday,
Sept. 22nd, 1892.

DEAR FRANK:

It was impossible for me to write for the last three days. I was on the dead run. One day I went to the Luxembourg and Louvre, and stood three hours at the dressmaker's, all in one day.

I must write you about our Sunday in Versailles. We took the 9.20 train and found Mr. Durand and old Mr. Mourge waiting for us at the station. They took us in a carriage to the Palace, and old Mr. M. conducted us like a guide through the whole place. We spent two hours walking and then drove to the Durand's to lunch.

There we had a delicious lunch with wines; and a very pretty young lady (Franco-American) whose name I didn't catch, and we all went in a big carriage to the Trianons and the Court carriages. After that we drove an hour and a half to St. Germain and saw the celebrated terrace and had dinner at the Pavilion Henri IV.

That was Mr. Mourge's dinner and it was magnificent; a private room, a centre piece of flowers, a fine menu ordered expressly, and four or five kinds of wine and champagne. The menus were given to us. They drank your health and wished you were there.

EN ROUTE.

You must write immediately on receipt of this and thank them for their attention. Mr. Durand said he hoped you would write to Mr. Mourge, he would be so pleased. We were on our feet nearly all day and very tired with the driving, but the old man was perfectly fresh at the end. He is certainly wonderful, 85 years old! I felt almost ashamed to accept their hospitality, when we had never asked them to a meal, but Mr. Mourge just made out the program and we had to follow it. Mrs. Durand is quite gay and lively and wore a youthful hat and magnificent diamond earrings.

At the opera we had a delightful evening, saw Salambo finely sung by Rose Caron, and magnificently mounted, and between the acts walked through the foyer and about the house. The Paris Opera House is the most superbly decorated place you can imagine.

It cost us to come from Paris here on the club train, \$56, including our lunch and fees at hotel, omnibus, etc. The club train is the first fast one I have seen; Pullman cars, and we had a fine dinner, and a smooth trip across the channel from 7.30 to nearly 9. I had neglected to leave out my wraps and an English lady lent me one so I didn't have to go below. She turned out to be an aunt of the cricketer, Mr. Wright, who came over with Lord Hawke's team last year.

There was no difficulty about baggage; they examined it on the train, and only opened one trunk, so you see you can't believe what the newspapers say. We found rooms ready for us here and it was hard work to get up this morning.

Love to all,

Affly., M. D. R.,

Suggestions for reading matter.

For Mrs. Rosengarten:

The Upton Letters.

From My College Window—A. Benton.

The Golden Days of the Renaissance in Rome—Lanciani.

EIGHT JOURNEYS ABROAD

Roman Days—Victor Rydberg.

J. Addington Symond's Autobiography.

The Florence of Landor.

The World Beautiful in Books.

The World Beautiful.

These are some of the books which we have enjoyed this winter. Roman Days is not in every library. I think the translation is by Lindehn. You will delight in it I know.

Sallie P. Brooks.

THE JOURNEYS OF 1897

THE JOURNEYS OF 1897

After an interval of five years the inexorable desire for travel culminated in the fulfillment of long studied plans. In the meantime tours had been made in California, Canada and distant parts of the United States.

The leading plans were based on a nearer study of picturesque England, especially the Southern Counties Devonshire and Cornwall and some of the most interesting Cathedrals.

After these had been accomplished and visits made to Paris, thence to Brussels, Cologne and Hombourg and the "Kur," there came the memorable trip through the Black Forest and on to Sigmaringen.

There the reception by Count and Countess Adelman, the dinner given to their "American guests" by the Prince of Hohenzollern (Cousin of the Emperor and brother of the King of Rumania), and visits to most interesting historic castles, were followed by a journey to Munich and thence to Hohenstadt, the castle of Count Adelman.

After the return to Paris, short tours to Fontainebleau, Chantilly, Compiègne, Laon, Rouen and places memorable by their participation in the terrible War of 1914-1916, were made.

Rouen and Havre were visited in company with Mrs. Thackara, daughter of General Wm. T. Sherman, and wife of the then Consul General of the United States at Havre.

The journey homeward was completed in September, 1897, aboard the French Steamship "Touraine." F. H. R.



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EN ROUTE

U. S. M. S. "St. Paul"
Wed. June 16, 1897, 11 A. M.
Off Sandy Hook.

DEAR BOYS,

Thus far everything most satisfactory—sea calm as a mill pond and Mother fixing state room as if she were to stay permanently aboard. Lots of acquaintances. Mama shed a tear of gratitude for your good-bye greetings. Love to you both from us,

Yr. aff.

F. H. R.

Aboard the "St. Paul,"
Sunday, June 20th, 1897.

MY DEAR BOYS,

Here we are rolling off 20 miles an hour in midocean and more than half over to Europe and your Mother and I have been to every meal, on deck all day and far into the night and sleeping like tops, and your Mother eating strawberries and soft shell crabs, pastry and shad, lobster and all the indigestible things imaginable.

Our state room is most comfortable and convenient and we have an excellent place at table on the port side in an alcove next to Hon. Bellamy Storer, Minister to Belgium, and we have become quite friendly with him and his family. We find a number of friends aboard and there are lots of nice young

EIGHT JOURNEYS ABROAD

girls. The first two days were fairly smooth and sunshiny, but Friday and yesterday were rainy, cold and a heavy sea. The ship goes ahead, however, making about 460 miles a day on the Southern track to avoid icebergs and fog.

We have had no fog and see no ships or live things. I wish you both were with us, I think of you every minute and shall miss you both.

Our plans are just as unsettled as ever and we will have to write you later when our intentions are fixed.

We have a lot of Bishops aboard and about thirty Phila-

ABOARD S. S. ST. PAUL, JUNE, 1897

delphians. Mr. Wm. P. Clyde with a lot of daughters, Mr. Frank Firth with a party. I believe you both would have enjoyed the trip, and Sam would have a taste of the sea under good auspices. The St. Paul is as firm and staunch as a rock and I was scared a bit at her big roll, but she recovers so steadily and firmly I quite enjoy it now.

There are two bright Japanese merchants, some French folks who amuse Mary, and people from all over the States. I talk a good deal with the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Wisconsin, a very cheery, intelligent man. The service is very good and folks can eat and drink all the time. The young

EN ROUTE

men aboard don't have much fun, there being no one to lead off. I gave my letter to the Captain, but we have seen little or nothing of him and fortunately have no need to bother him.

I will write more as we approach Southampton. Writing is not easy with the ship shaking.

Monday, 21st, 3 P. M.

DEAR BOYS,

I can scarcely realize that to-morrow is our last day and I have never been sick. We have seen and passed several ships. The Barringers and the son of Mrs. Bellamy Storer named Nichols, who is a Harvard graduate and has just taken a fellowship at Johns Hopkins, are the only young men I know, except young Davies, who came up to speak to me and introduced me to all the family, and they are very nice. The Storer's have a daughter who married the Marquis de Chambrun, who lives in Washington. We find Mr. Storer is first cousin to the Tysons.

There is a prize fighter on board by the name of Sharkey, who gave a performance of punching the bag this P. M. He seems to attract the boys and I saw young Davies walking with him. There is to be a concert to-night and Mme. de Vere Sapio who sang the time we crossed five years ago is going to sing, and a French lady is going to play. To-morrow will be our last day and we shall be busy packing and getting our things in shape. Your Father says he has no plans, but he has decided he wants to go to the Isle of Wight all the same.

We miss you very much

M. D. R.

Nearing Southampton,

June 1897.

MY DEAR BOYS,

Here we are speeding along at a 20 mile an hour "clip"—467 miles to-day, the average run and neither your Mother nor I have had a moment's discomfort, on the contrary we are just from dinner after a meal that would have suited you both.

EIGHT JOURNEYS ABROAD

The hours fly by and yet we do little. Sharkey the prize fighter is always "en evidence" and to-day gave an exhibition in his green fighting trunks punching the bag on the Deck. Then there are lots of nice young girls and fellows and everybody well and amiable. To-night there is to be a concert for the Seamen's Orphans' Society, beginning with Mr. Storer and ending with a clergyman, but Mr. Sharkey takes the next to the last number. So time goes and we look forward to landing on Wednesday noon.

To-day I made the tour of the hold of the ship with the first officer, on his inspection, a favor no one else has had and I was greatly pleased with the wonderful arrangements and the cleanliness and good discipline. There isn't an unpleasant odor anywhere and everywhere the tidiness and cleanliness are pleasing.

While we have head winds, rain and a heavy sea, the old ship plows right through them and this evening is wet and cloudy. I don't pretend to keep a diary, so you will have to depend on our telling you of things in detail on our return in September.

Your Mother is like a young girl, so enthusiastic and well and making plans for our journeys, so I rest content and let her have her way.

So good-night and accept our deepest expression of love and good wishes to you both for lots of happiness and health. Tell my brothers of our good fortune in escaping illness and in meeting nice people.

As ever your affectionate

F. H. R.

Tuesday, June 22nd, 1897, 9.30 P. M.

Approaching Port in a fog.

U. S. M. S. "St. Paul"

DEAR HARRY,

Our journey will be ended at noon to-morrow and a happy one it has been indeed! While we have had rain, are now in a fog and the wind blew a half gale for a day or two, Mary

EN ROUTE

and I have been wonderfully well and never missed a single meal and the good ship St. Paul is as staunch as a rock.

I have had the good luck, through Griscom's courtesy and on the coat tails of Frank Firth, President of the Erie and Western Transportation Co., and Wm. P. Clyde, the head of the Clyde Line, of seeing this ship in every nook and cranny, and am delighted with the marvels of construction.

To-night there was the usual meeting to thank the officers of the ship for our safe journey thus far. Hon. Bellamy Storer, Minister to Belgium, opened, and the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Wisconsin presided and I acted as Secretary. All the passengers were in the Saloon and we had some good resolutions and rattling speeches from Bishop Neely of Maine, Judge Cassady of Wisconsin and Storer. As the resolutions will be spread pretty wide by the S. S. Co., should any letters come to me at the office as Secretary, read them and, if of any use, have copies sent to C. A. Griscom, as Clyde and others want to start a movement for legislation to promote ships carrying the American flag.

We will probably land at Southampton to-morrow noon if this fog don't interfere and go to the Isle of Wight for a day and then on to Cornwall and Devonshire and later to London.

I have met a few interesting people, Storer being at our table with his wife and son and very companionable, his wife being a daughter of Nicholas Longworth of Cincinnati, the son a bright fellow who has taken a fellowship at Johns Hopkins University.

It is hard to realize we are not going into Newport Harbor in a fog instead of being out 200 miles from shore in the "Broad Atlantic," it is so smooth and people so cheery.

Your aff. brother,

F.

ENGLAND

Daisch's Hotel, Shanklin, Isle of Wight, England

MY DEAR BOYS, Thursday, June 24, 1897.

Here we are, busy sightseeing and everything so beautiful and new to us. Your Mother is wonderfully well and rested

SOUTHAMPTON

well at Southampton. I went with Mr. Page to see the town there, saw four cricket Matches and the town was gay with flags for the Queen's Jubilee and at least 500 yachts, big and

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little, in the harbor. We made a tour around the war ships, 200 English and a dozen foreign, including the Brooklyn which was most imposing of all.

This morning we took the boat to Cowes where we saw Goelet's Mayflower at anchor, a splendid boat, thence still on our pretty little steamer to Ryde Pier and then by train to this exquisite place. Newport is just a little reminder of it and yet this is so old and so perfect it is wonderful.

We met a party coaching who had crossed on the steamer with us, and we are to drive in a few minutes to Ventnor, where we spend to-night and dine with them. To-morrow we will take a coach ride and be back in Southampton by Sunday and thence to Salisbury. Oh how I wish you were with us to enjoy it all, altho it is a bit hot. Your Mother joins me in best love to you both. Love to your uncles. Affy. F. H. R.

White Hart Hotel,
Salisbury, Eng., June 25, 1897.

DEAR SAM,

Here we are under the shadow of the Cathedral after such a two days as I never had before. We saw Southampton with over 1000 Yachts, went around the 200 warships and went yesterday noon to the Isle of Wight, lunching at Shanklin, going through Bonchurch to a delicious Hotel, coaching to-day to Carisbrooke Castle and going all over it, thence to Newport, the Capital of the Isle of Wight, took train to Cowes, saw Mayflower and Valiant, and back to Southampton and here we are well and not tired.

If you were along we would be completely happy.

Affy. F. H. R.

White Hart Hotel,
Salisbury, Eng., June 26, 1897.

DEAR LAURA,

Since writing you on board ship, so much has happened I don't know how to begin. We all separated on landing at

EIGHT JOURNEYS ABROAD

Southampton in a hot sun. We went to Radley's hotel, and stayed over night, and left at 11 A. M. next day for Isle of Wight. The crowds of people at Southampton were terrific. Frank and I had intended to come back Friday and stop over night there en route here, but couldn't get a bed on account of the crowds coming to see the Naval Review.

While I unpacked trunks, &c. Frank went on a three hours' trip around the battleships, and didn't get home until after ten at night. I was sorry not to go, but of course had to give

DAISCH'S HOTEL, SHANKLIN, ISLE OF WIGHT

up as I was not feeling well enough. So the next day we took the boat for Cowes and Ryde and I saw them all, without any trouble. I thought our War Ship Brooklyn looked the best of all.

We took the train at Ryde Pier and went to Shanklin and this time went to Daisch's hotel in the village and had a delicious lunch and Frank went out after, down the Chine and along the Esplanade and I rested. Words fail to describe the hotel, the oldest on the Isle of Wight. It had the most perfect roses climbing to the roof and such vines! And everywhere growing on roofs and walls, is a dark pink flower they call a weed and makes an exquisite effect of color. Also a yellow

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lichen and such gardens with hedges and terraces and the peacocks strutting about.

Instead of taking the train, we had a carriage and drove over to Ventnor through Bonchurch and Luecombe. It was certainly a paradise on earth. We stopped at the old church at Bonchurch, built in 1070, with Norman remains and such a churchyard and flowers and trees. Frank got excellent pic-

BONCHURCH, ISLE OF WIGHT

tures of Shanklin thatched village and Bonchurch. At Ventnor Frank was glad to see his friend Mr. Firth and party at the "Crab and Lobster," the most perfect hotel you can imagine, delicious beds, linen sheets, perfect service, and such a restful place.

We arranged to go the next morning at 10.30 to Carisbrooke Castle by coach. So the next morning a swell coach appeared with four horses and trumpeter and we all piled on, baggage and all, and had the most heavenly ride of fifteen miles across the Island to Carisbrooke Castle, which we saw thoroughly while lunch was being prepared at the "Eight

EIGHT JOURNEYS ABROAD

Bells" in the village. As I had been all over the Castle before, I kept quiet and enjoyed looking at everything, and then we went down to a perfect lunch and were surprised to find the table set out on a lawn, like velvet, behind the little Inn and great towering trees overhead. We revelled in strawberries there and everywhere and then we took the train at Newport for Cowes and there we found the crowd again.

We got over to Southampton about five o'clock and to Radley's, where I had left the trunks. So I started two trunks

THE CRAB AND LOBSTER, VENTNOR

for London and then we got off for Salisbury and arrived here at about eight o'clock. On our arrival we found that there was a concert in the Cathedral grounds and illumination of the Bishop's palace, so of course we went at once. You can imagine how the great Cathedral and the cedars of Lebanon, looked in the artificial light, altho at 9.30 there was still daylight. Such turf cannot be seen out of England, it is so fine and springs up like a velvet carpet.

5. This morning we all went to service at 10 and the full

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choir and the Bishop of Exeter and we ten Americans constituted the congregation, and we sat in the choir. The singing and intoning were like from angels and such fine fugue music. Then we were conducted all over the Cathedral.

As soon as we came back, I had decided we would drive to Stonehenge as it was a grey day and I wanted to see it under such a sky. So we were off again in a drag, and went by way of Old Sarum, the ancient British camp, and afterwards Roman, which was the beginning of Salisbury. Then we went out to Amesbury and wandered around the old Abbey Church

LUNCH AT CARISBROOKE CASTLE AT "EIGHT BELLS INN"

and a beautiful private park and quaint old houses. We only had a few minutes for lunch at the "George," and it was so good, cold meats and salad and hot potatoes and a hot Gooseberry tart with cream. Frank was the last to get into the brake with his mouth full and then we were off to Stonehenge.

Instead of being on a low flat plain, it is on high rolling country, but bare and full of little hillocks called "barrows," which were Saxon burial places. The great stones are something wonderful, looming up against the dark sky, the mystery

EIGHT JOURNEYS ABROAD

of the ages, as there is no positive knowledge as to how they got there when there is no appearance of stone, or what they were put there for. Standing on the sacrificial altar and looking through between two great stones, one, situated at a little distance, comes up directly in the middle and marks where the sun rises on the longest day of the year, June 21st.

We drove off right over the grassy downs and the effect of Stonehenge against the sky was immense, too overpowering to either realize or describe. It and the Sphinx remain the unsolvable mysteries of all time.

SALISBURY CATHEDRAL

We came back direct to the Railway station and had a good rest and dinner and it has rained hard. Frank went to the Cathedral Close and took some pictures. To-morrow we go to the Sunday morning service and at 2 P. M. go to Exeter, where we shall be over night, and leave late in the afternoon for Penzance.

Frank is like a boy out of school and calls himself a personally conducted tour and refuses to lift his fingers to do anything but take photographs and pay the bills.

Love to all,

Affly,

M. D. R.

ENGLAND

Hotel Salisbury, June 27th, 1897.

DEAR CLIFF,

Here we are at a typical English Tavern, have been here since Friday night. We arrived from the Isle of Wight in time to dine and attend the Bishop's Concert in the private grounds of his palace. Since then we have been busy doing the Cathedral and Stonehenge and to-day we go to full service at the Cathedral and leave for Exeter at 2 P. M. to see the *See* there.

Your Mother is just as indefatigable as ever and happy all the time and full of adjectives of admiration and desire to learn of the history and origin of things. The climate here is most enjoyable to me, altho the sky is dark and foggy and even rainy at times

We will get to Penzance to-morrow and may go even to Land's End which as you can see by the map is pretty near the "jumping off place." Distances are absurdly small here and yet it is as much of a job to move on as if for a transatlantic tour.

Yrs. affectionately, F. H. R.

Monday, June 28th, 1897.

Royal Clarence Hotel,
Exeter.

DEAR BOYS,

As you see by this heading I am sitting in a lovely bay window overlooking Exeter Cathedral, where we have spent the last hour seeing such beautiful things, tombs of bishops, dating from 11th century, and crusaders lying inside their stone coffins.

Your Father and I went to service yesterday at Salisbury Cathedral with a young New Yorker studying Anthropology. We went to Stonehenge and we came on here by the 2 o'clock train, which started at 3 and got here at six, just in time for a delicious dinner, and we were pleased to find ourselves in this quaint old Inn and near the Cathedral.

We rushed dinner to get to the 7 P. M. service, and enjoyed it with eye and ear. It is so different from Salisbury

EIGHT JOURNEYS ABROAD

EXETER CATHEDRAL

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INTERIOR OF EXETER CATHEDRAL

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that it is impossible to compare them. The former is enormous and very lofty, giving a distinctly cold impression, surrounded by cedars of Lebanon and exquisite parks, while this has very little ground about it but is much more decorated and reminds me very much of the French Cathedrals, mixed with Oxford.

The Bishop's chair reaches to the roof and is the finest wood carving in the world and is also unique in possessing a minstrel's gallery. After the service last evening we went about the town through the High St. which was thronged with peo-

PENZANCE

ple and your Father thought it looked more like a German than an English town. And this morning he went hard at work with his camera.

On our way to the Palace Gardens we were attracted by a very fine old wooden gate closing an arch way and peeped in to find a little court with most beautiful quaint windows and doors and a Latin inscription, and took some pictures of it. The verger of the Cathedral told us that it had been a part of the original Bishop's House, the one who rebuilt the Norman Cathedral and had it decorated. Tell Ellen we are revelling in goose-

EIGHT JOURNEYS ABROAD

berry tart with Devonshire cream and get her to make you one. With much love from both of us,

Your aff. Mother, M. D. R.

Penzance, Cornwall, England,
June 29, 1897.

DEAR BOYS,

Can you imagine us here, within a few miles of Land's End, the S. W. Corner of England? Well we left Exeter this afternoon after seeing the beautiful Cathedral built in 1160 and the quaint old town and came through the most exquisite scenery of Devonshire and Cornwall. We will visit St. Michaels Mount (a miniature Mont St. Michel), Land's End, etc., and then go for our coaching tour up to North Cornwall and Devonshire and to Bath and Wells and then up to London. We are so on the go we can't do much writing. We both send best love and wishes, awaiting good news from you.

Your aff. F. H. R.

Wharncliffe Arms Hotel,
Tintagel, North Cornwall.
June 30th, 1897.

DEAR BOYS,

I began a letter to you at Exeter and was called away in the middle of it, and fear it is now lost, as I put it in the guide book which we are constantly using.

I have been revelling to-day in this King Arthur land in old stone coffins, and relics of Druid times, and in the Castle "Dundagil by the Cornish Sea" and no words can describe the beauty of this coast, and the wonderful color effects in the sky; it is much finer than Jersey and Guernsey, while resembling them very much.

This village is so primitive one might almost call it primeval. There is no wood to be seen on the outside of the houses. The door frames and window frames are stone and slate and the cottages appear so much like the rock formation that crops out between the turf that if it were not for the chimneys and

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smoke thereof you wouldn't know they were houses. And such hills and gorges and chasms!

King Arthur's Castle is partly on a high cliff on the mainland and partly on an island which is connected by a causeway to the other somewhat like the one at Sark, only much smaller, as in old times a drawbridge joined the two. I hope your Father's pictures will turn out well, so you can get a little idea of what we have seen, altho' no picture can do justice to the coloring.

We are arranging to coach to Clovelly to-morrow and will

LAND'S END, CORNWALL

have a long day's ride, but your Father likes to move on even faster than I do, but we have no interest in the sort of people staying in these places as they are the regulation funereal sort. Of course we are both anxious to get our first letters which we expect at Ilfracombe in a day or two. Your Father wrote you from Penzance and since then we have driven round Land's End and the Logan rock and it was very interesting, the coast very fine and full of interesting British and Druid remains like old crosses and cromlechs, &c. There were so many places I would have liked to stay at, Truro and St. Ives, &c.

We saw some amusing names on the grave stones or tablets

EIGHT JOURNEYS ABROAD

in Salisbury Cathedral. I remember Money Fishe, Post-humous Chapeau and Potheccarye Jones. I heard a man ask a woman near Penzance if it had rained where she had been that day and she said, "oh no, just a jump or two:" and the common people say, "I'll look after he, sir;" "There's nothing near we, ma'am." There are a good many young people travelling on their wheels, but how they ever get up these hills I don't understand.

LOGAN ROCK, CORNWALL

With much love and hoping to hear from you soon, with kind remembrances to the girls. I am getting stronger every day. This is the climate for me. With love,

Your Aff. Mother, M. D. R.

Tintagel, Wharncliffe Arms Hotel,
Cornwall June 30th, 1897.

DEAR LAURA,

The last day of June finds us in this heavenly spot, where I have longed to come for years. When we drove over in a

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wagonette from Camelford it was eight o'clock and bright daylight, but the most beautiful evening sky effects you can imagine. The sweet smells from the flowers and hedges are almost overpowering and the air is always cool even when the sun is hot. This morning dawned clear and we took a pony cart to go first to the old Saxon church and afterwards to King Arthur's castle, "Dundagil by the Cornish Sea." But it came on to rain as the English say and I with the pony cart hurried back.

You would have screamed with fear if you had seen the hills I went down and up. At 5 o'clock this P. M. it cleared and I with Frank went down the gorge to the little cottage where the key is kept. Frank said it was no use for me to do it, that the walk down the valley and back again would be more than I could do, but off we started and took the guide and went up.

Perhaps you remember Mr. Wm. T. Richards' pictures of Tintagel. There is a high headland with part of the castle, the old Saxon keep and beyond that a sort of island attached to the mainland by a small causeway. In former times the two parts were connected by a drawbridge 200 or 300 feet up in the air. The finest part of the Maine coast is child's play compared to this coast. Frank's pictures will be the only way we can describe it for if I wrote every day I couldn't begin to tell you what we see and do.

This is the dearest little hotel, and the food dainty and delicious, all but the coffee, which we put up with. Land's End and this place take one back to the stone age. Everything is stone—the houses, the roofs, the fences, everything, and the chimneys are very peculiar and look like old women in cloaks as you will see by Frank's pictures. There is a little one-story stone house struggling down the street with slate roof and high chimneys and bunches of yellow flowers growing on the roof and a porch like a church has.

The sunset is so fine we must go out for a while. Last night at 8.30 the sun was still high up in the sky and it was light at 10.30. There are a lot of stiffys in the house, clergy-

EIGHT JOURNEYS ABROAD

men's widows, &c., and there is the general effect of a funeral having recently taken place in the house, but it don't bother us as we are always moving on. It is after nine P. M. and Frank is sitting out of doors reading. I am afraid to do so as I came in so warm from my climbing and it gets so cold out, I would surely take cold.

There is only one street and the babies out of these stone houses are still up and playing in the street with low necked dresses and aprons and short sleeves. If I could stay in this climate a month I would get as strong as an ox, but we should want our own party, we would have the horrors otherwise. I have been a perfect wonder to myself to-day. We get our first letters at Ilfracombe in two days. I sent the sheet of colored coats of arms to little Laura and thought it would interest her to keep the headings of these letters.

Hoping you are all well,

Affly., M. D. R.

Royal Clarence Hotel,
Ilfracombe, North Devonshire,

July 2nd, 1897, Friday, 10.30 P. M.

DEAR CLIFF AND SAM,

Your first letters reached us here and were as great a pleasure as any enjoyed here. I was truly glad to hear you both were well and happy and enjoying life in your own way. We too have had a glorious series of surprises in the beautiful places we have visited around the whole South coast of England, to Land's End, even to the Cathedral towns and to Tintagel and Clovelly.

Your Mother keeps me busy firing off photographs and she is as nimble as a kitten climbing King Arthur's seat, 600 ft. above the sea, on dizzy paths and over rocks and rejoicing in long coaching tours. Cornwall and Devonshire are surprises to us in every way and I can't begin to tell you about them, but we will have lots to talk about on our return.

This place is said to be very interesting and we are to stay here till Sunday and then Coach to Lynton, Tuesday to Bath

ENGLAND

and Wells and we ought to be in London by Friday. We will be in London for a week or ten days, so letters written up to the 4th of July will reach us at Morgan's.

The coast between Land's End and Minehead defies any efforts to describe it. Tintagel I wrote from, but Ilfracombe we didn't like, it was a sort of Atlantic City; people, like ants, all over the hills, so we got to Lynton and stopped in the most perfect Hotel and found the rocks and cliffs magnificent. I feel now that we have seen something of English country

KING ARTHUR'S SEAT, TINTAGEL, CORNWALL

and know of no coast scenery to equal what we have been through. We got our first letters at Ilfracombe and were so thankful to know you are all well and that nothing has happened. We go to Bath to-morrow and spend Thursday there and will be in London Friday, probably will try at the Metropole first and then Victoria or Grand. We expect to go to Glastonbury this P. M. and back to dinner. Your Mother joins me in tenderest love and best wishes.

Your affectionate, F. H. R.

Clovelly is truly one of the most beautiful and romantic spots on earth, and you must visit there some day.

EIGHT JOURNEYS ABROAD

Valley of Rocks Hotel,
Lynton, North Devon.
July 4th, 1897, Sunday 9 P. M.

DEAR BOYS,

From the heading you see we are in a lovely hotel almost by ourselves, but with views and surroundings that are beyond description for grandeur of rocks, dizzy heights and exquisite coloring. We left Clovelly Friday afternoon for Bideford, dined there and took the train to Barnstable and on to Ilfracombe, which we found to be a biggish place and with bad

THE WALK FROM LYNMOUTH TO LYNTON

luck we struck a forlorn hotel, altho several fine ones were here.

The views were splendid but we had enough of it by Saturday afternoon and took a carriage for this place, twenty miles away, and here we are. We have gone to Lynmouth by an inclined railway down 600 feet to the water's edge and then walked back. This afternoon we drove many miles through wonderful glens and skirted Exmoor to Lorna Doone's Valley and saw so many interesting things I cannot describe them.

To-morrow at nine we coach 20 miles to Minehead, lunch there and take train to Bath. This will take us out of the

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coast scenery and we shall not be sorry, for we have seen so much our heads begin to whirl. In fact on the walk this afternoon to the Valley of Rocks along a very sharp declivity I had to turn back I got so dizzy. Your Mother persisted and described the rocks as wonderful.

But this the 4th of July, such a noisy day at home, was dismal to us for we don't know a soul and other folks appear to be in the same box and wander around like lost spirits. Your Mother is just as keen for moving on and doing more travel-

GOING THROUGH LORNA DOONE VALLEY

ling as ever. We hope to be in London by Thursday at latest and stay there a week or ten days and then go to the Continent.

As we get no news here to-day I am impatient to hear of the Boat Race yesterday and hope U. of P. won. Your Mother joins in love to you.

Affectionately yrs,

F. H. R.

EIGHT JOURNEYS ABROAD

Swan Hotel, Wells, Somerset.

July 6th, 1897.

DEAR BOYS,

I have written to you and Aunt Laura several times since I began the enclosed letter at Exeter, which I have been carrying around intending each day to finish it, but we have travelled so rapidly that for days I couldn't get a moment to write. Of course it was very delightful to travel by driving and we have thoroughly enjoyed it, but after 10 days without any

DOOR OF CATHEDRAL AT BATH

let up we both feel like getting to London and seeing people and sleeping more than one or two nights in the same Hotel. We were quite surprised last night when Basil Miles and young Harrison walked in at Bath.

Yesterday's journey was an exhausting one and we feel like resting to-day. We left Lynton at 9 A. M. on the top of a coach and came to Minehead through the Doone country by Porlock and over Exmoor. We had a typical English driver, full of spirit and fun, told us stories in Devonshire

ENGLAND

dialect and amused us immensely. The only drawbacks were clouds of dust. You can't imagine what sights we were when we got to Minehead and the joy of going into a clean, cool hotel to find lunch ready, but only 20 minutes to get it in and get brushed and washed for the train. However we managed it and after changing into three trains got here in time for 7 o'clock dinner, got a big comfortable room looking out on the Cathedral and have been sightseeing all morning.

I wish I could give you some idea of the wonderful things

WELLS CATHEDRAL

I have seen. Clovelly is unique, nothing like it in the world, and the most fantastic place you can imagine. It would be just like a scene in a theatre, if it were not for the blue ocean and old pier down at the bottom. We stayed at the New Inn (no one knows how old it is) half-way down the street and it was all I could do to get down to it.

Our baggage was brought down on sledges which have polished off the fine little cobble stones which pave the streets so that it is hard to keep a footing. The street is about 8 ft.

EIGHT JOURNEYS ABROAD

AT CLOVELLY, CORNWALL

NEW INN, CLOVELLY

ENGLAND

wide and the houses are built on a level, each with its little garden full of flowers enclosed with a railing and every window gay with color. Our hotel had a piazza instead of garden on which we sat and watched everything.

Excursions arrive by steamer and landing by little boats on the beach, they swarmed all over the place thro the middle of the day. The Hobby Drive is along the edge of the Cliff 3 miles, at least 800 or 900 above the sea, going through beautiful trees and farms as dark as the Wissahickon and ends at the top of the village street. Even the sailors are dressed as they were in Pinafore, exactly. An old one over 80 years belonged to our hotel and was very amusing.

Oxford, England, July 8, 1897.

DEAR CLIFF AND SAM,

Here we are, though not on your Mother's schedule. She consented to oblige me by coming here from Bath, it being but little out of our way.

I wrote you last, I think from Ilfracombe or Lynnton. We left there for Wells and stayed in Wells two nights and a day, and saw the Cathedral, Bishops gardens and the ruins of Glastonbury. We left Wells yesterday early and went to Bath, saw the Cathedral there and drove about the city and your Mother bathed in the old Roman Baths like a loyal archæologist as she is, and this morning we came here. I soon walked her legs off and those of a guide, took pictures of many bits and now, 5 P. M., your Mother is gone to Christ Church Cathedral to a service there. To-morrow we go to see Blenheim Castle and leave late in the afternoon for London, where we are to be lodged for a couple of weeks at the Hotel Metropole.

So now you have a history of our itinerary up to date and a little ahead.

We have been immensely favored by the weather during our canter through Cornwall, Devonshire and Somersetshire, Wiltshire, Hampshire and part of Dorsetshire, and we feel we

EIGHT JOURNEYS ABROAD

have a fair idea of these parts of England. Of course we have to depend on each other for company, for we fail to find any congenial English or American travellers. However, after tomorrow we shall meet lots of familiar faces in London and later on in France and Germany. With the Photos I have made put into an album I will be fairly able to give you a good idea of our journeys for I am incapable of writing my impressions, they crowd so quickly on my mind.

HALL AT OXFORD

Oxford far exceeds my ideals, but I am confused with the innumerable chapels in the colleges and commons halls and exquisite architecture everywhere, altho all lifeless now as there are no students about. To see the Deer in Magdalen and the beautiful grounds and flowers in Trinity and the wonders of Christ Church College upsets one for the tameness of U. of P. and other home Universities. So with love from both of us and best wishes for your health and happiness,

Yr. affectionate, F. H. R.

ENGLAND

Hotel Metropole, London.

July 11th, 1897.

MY DEAR BOYS,

Here we are in London! And enjoyed with great zest the batch of letters awaiting us, telling of all your doings at home. We had a most enjoyable visit to Oxford and Blenheim Palace and came on with some acquaintances to London.

We find this hotel most enjoyable. Mactear and family

TRAPALGAR SQUARE AND THE HOTEL METROPOLE, LONDON

have been very attentive. They have cut out a lot of things for us, among others a trip on the Thames to-day. They made many inquiries about you both and seemed to remember Cliff with pleasure.

At the pace we are going I think a week or ten days here will be ample and we shall soon be moving on to Paris and Hombourg. We are having delightful weather and moonlight and we watch the myriads of hansoms and busses and vehicles with the crowds of well-dressed folks and wonder where they all come from. In fact I am more than usually im-

EIGHT JOURNEYS ABROAD

pressed with London's greatness, such buildings and such evidences of immense wealth!

However, I don't want to be spoiled by it all and won't get cleaned out by the extravagances rampant here.

We read in the papers of the hot wave prevailing in the United States and hope both of you have the good sense to try and make yourselves comfortable by seeking a cool climate.

Well I must run now and only thank you both for your

THE ETON-HARROW CRICKET MATCH

goodness in writing so fully and frequently and regret we cannot reciprocate, but we are on the go constantly. We must run for a train at Paddington so good-bye for to-day.

Affy, F. H. R.

I saw the Eton vs. Harrow match yesterday. A great sight.

Hotel Metropole, London,
July 12th, 1897.

DEAR LAURA,

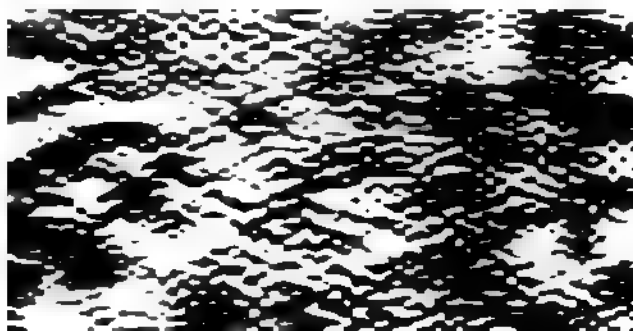
I take advantage of our first evening at home to write a line. London tires one so it is hard to get up courage to write. I don't remember where I last wrote from, but think it was

ENGLAND

Wells. From there we went to Bath and enjoyed the quaint old town. I took a bath in the grand Pump Room built over and around the old Roman Baths and enjoyed it, but it made me ache like fury all night so I couldn't sleep.

Frank decided he wanted to see Oxford—so we went there Thursday morning and Frank worked so hard at the colleges he couldn't sleep all night and made up his mind that his mind was failing him. However he recovered enough to go out to Blenheim the next morning.

I love Oxford and Frank was delighted with it, also Blenheim was very fine, but not at all old-fashioned. The Duchess



BLEMHEIM

of Marlborough was not there, so we got a look at the State rooms or parlors, rather small ones, but beautifully furnished, except the Library, which was very large and long,—white carved wood walls and ceiling and immense palms down the middle of the room, and a fine organ. I took in all the details I could but it is very hard to remember seeing so much.

That same afternoon we came on to London. Frank had written to Mr. Mactear and so after going to the Bank we found him here and he had arranged for us to go to Earl's Court to see the exhibition and dine with them at the Welcome Club. The Gardens were illuminated and it was a beautiful sight. Mrs. Mactear was very cordial and we had another guest, Princess de Lusignan, an elderly stout woman, but who

EIGHT JOURNEYS ABROAD

was very polite and an interesting talker. Mr. M. in the meantime had arranged for a day on the River, the next day being the greatest Sunday on the River.

They arranged with us to meet them at Paddington at 10 A. M. Imagine my surprise on arriving there to find that

"THAMES DAY" IN THE LOCK

the whole world was intent on the same thing. Shoals of gaily-dressed women arrived in hansoms and private carriages and hampers of all sizes and descriptions. The men in striped flannels and women almost universally dressed in white pique skirts and chiffon blouses, any color from lemon to black. I have never seen such a display of color.

There we met the Bisphams and David put his arm around me and seemed perfectly delighted to see us. We got into the train and went as far as Taplow where we drove to the river and went into the grounds of a delightful small Hotel called Skindles. Mrs. M. tells me this garden has figured in many plays. Launches and boats were fastened to the bank and the river was alive.

ENGLAND

Mr. M. got a lovely Electric Launch and we sat up in delightful wicker arm chairs and pretty soon got to a lock. You know the river is only as wide as a canal and every little distance the boats have to go through locks and the scene is indescribable. The boats of all sizes blocked close together and all alive with people, great silk cushions in the most brilliant

"SURLY HALL"

colors and added to the gay costumes of the women they made a most beautiful sight. We passed Mr. W. Waldorf Astor's place, Cliveden, going up, and stopped at Cookham for lunch.

The day was the most perfect you can imagine and neither hot nor cold. We had lunch in a crowded room and gaily decked in flowers, as flowers are everywhere in masses, on the boats and in the gardens along shore. It was too beautiful for words. Leaving Cookham at once we went further up and then turned down the river and at about 6 o'clock stopped at another exquisite place called Surley Hall for 5 o'clock Tea. Here we had tea and cake and sandwiches with more crowds and then down to Windsor where we left the launch, not being in the least fatigued, and took the train to Richmond.

There we got into a carriage after looking at the Star and

EIGHT JOURNEYS ABROAD

Garter, which is no longer swell, and drove through Richmond Park to Sheen House, the former residence of the Count of Paris and now turned into a private Club.

It was elegant to a degree, beautiful grounds and flowers, liveried servants and beautiful tables. Here we had a fine dinner with champagne. All the tables were filled with elegant people and beautiful with flowers. After dinner we adjourned into a large room, sort of gallery, where a band was playing and people were having coffee and smoking. At about ten we took another carriage and drove to town. There was not much Sunday about this you can imagine, but as I had heard and read so much about such experiences I felt that we must not miss it.

Aff.

M. D. R.

DEAR LAURA,

July 12, 1897, London, 8.30 P. M.

Many thanks for your letters which reached us. Here we find the weather very cool and wear quite warm clothing. Mary works like a beaver. The Mactears have been lavishly hospitable to us, so much so I am scared to know how to revenge myself for their courtesy. I am being outfitted and as soon as my clothes are ready we will leave for the Continent. With best love,

Affy,

Frank

The Hotel Metropole, London,

July 16th, 1897.

DEAR BOYS,

Here we are yet, much to my chagrin, waiting for my clothes. We hope to get off Monday for the Continent, altho undecided to what point we shall go. To-day I am going with Mactear and Peggy to Henley to see the rowing and tomorrow we take them to the Opera. What with shopping and sightseeing we have passed the time reasonably fast, but somehow I feel a nervous fatigue and will be glad to get to some quiet place. Last night Mr. Elias* called on us and we had a very enjoyable talk over old times. He is very little changed in appearance since 1876 and hoped we would come to Egypt. He spoke of you both most feelingly.

* Mr. Elias was Egyptian Commissioner in 1876 at the Centennial Exposition.

ENGLAND

Dr. Messel took me to his works and I was much impressed with the way he conducts them.

The weather here is like May with us and the sun shines each day. We have had no rain and no fog and London is as clear as Philadelphia.

Your Mother begins to feel just a little fatigued and I fancy finds me a rather dull comrade.

What a great roaring bustling place London is! I always knew it was big but never realized before how immense it is!

I suppose the hot weather at home has warned you to get in the shade at some cool resort and endeavor to keep cool and take the world easy.

What our future journeys will be I don't know beyond a longer stay at Hombourg and a visit to Adelman. While at Hombourg I hope to run over to Wiesbaden, to Wurzburg and Tübingen and possibly Munich to revisit my residences in 1867. I tried to get passage by the St. Paul in September, but all good places were taken and I shall have to look out later and take my chances.

I appreciate now the difficulty of letter writing at this end, for it is hard to collect one's thoughts or write anything worth reading. With heaps of love to both of you, I am,

Your affectionate, F. H. R.

The Hotel Metropole,

London, Saturday, 17th, 1897.

DEAR LAURA,

As I did not feel well enough to get up early and the shops all close at noon, I concluded not to go out. We are going to the Opera to-night and will hear Eames in the "Nozze di Figaro." We take the Mactears with us and will have supper at the Savoy Restaurant afterwards. Frank went with Mr. M. and his daughter to Henley Regatta yesterday and got back at 11 P. M. I was alone and thought I would accomplish some shopping but I find I simply am not equal to it.

There is such a horrid smell of pitch from the street pavements brought out by the hot sun and the stores so crowded

EIGHT JOURNEYS ABROAD

and hot that I forget what I came for and feel my head all queer. The hot and stuffy city is no place for me and we both feel anxious to get away, but cannot get off until Tuesday morning on account of Frank's clothing.

The jewelry here is very attractive but I don't want to get much before looking in Paris. Lena and Betty are visiting Scotland near Aberdeen and are having a fine time. They will perhaps join us at Hombourg. We had the pleasure of one hour with Elias night before last. He had written to Ilfracombe to tell us he had delayed starting for Scotland asking for our



HENLEY REGATTA

address and he only got it last night. Then he wrote again to the Banker saying he would leave Friday and could he see us and I sent a messenger boy at once. He looks the same as ever, perhaps a little older, and said it was the first time he had laughed since he came to London, and we all regretted this whole week we might have been going about together.

I had begged Frank to see him when we first came, but he said Oh! of course he was gone. I took a cab in the afternoon to

ENGLAND

return the Bisphams call, as it was their day at home, and found they had gone to the Regatta. I almost fainted with the heat and the sun in my eyes all the way. I saw plenty of fine carriages and a great show of color, but very few pretty women or toilets. I bought some beautiful photographs so I shall have an album of English Cathedrals and of the West Coast. After I got back I sat until 7.30 in the square hall watching the people arrive and go out for dinner. All the women in low necked dresses and entire arm exposed. An Indian Prince is in the hotel, is very tall with big beard and an immense turban with tails hanging down from it, long lanky legs with skin tight trousers of ordinary tan mixture and a coat of same with tight belt and funny pointed shoes.

Then I saw another immense man in full uniform, some Oriental who was going out to dinner, but as he wore a black ulster all over him I couldn't see much. The swellest-looking man had one man and three ladies to dinner and all fine looking. There are more English here than Americans and some of the worst frights I have ever seen in my life.

I saw the Parisian Diamond store where the things were perfectly beautiful, but almost as dear as the real. A hair ornament mounted on shell hair pin from 50 to 100 dollars, but the buckles were exquisite for \$15 to \$20 and a turtle of green stones and brilliants, 20 or 25 dollars. I thought best to see what the French prices were, as if I come back here I can get things then. I think I like the Liberty jewelry which is curious and real of its kind.

I am disappointed at not being able to go about more and expect it will be the same in Paris. While I was on the west coast in the fresh bracing air I could do so much, and then the nights were quiet and restful, but here the bad air and noise affect my head and I just have to leave the shops after an hour or more. The thing we have enjoyed most was a ride on top of an omnibus which we took unexpectedly down the Strand, Chancery Lane, past Lincoln Inn and High Holborn with one block of old timbered houses, one of the last bits of old Lon-

EIGHT JOURNEYS ABROAD

don, through Islington and the Angel Inn and the house where Sir Walter Raleigh lived, which was told us by the bus driver.

The old furniture and silver almost drive me wild and to feel that I cannot get to them, for everything is so scattered that you cannot get about unless you have weeks. I have about made up my mind that no one must expect anything of me, that I cannot travel and shop too, it is too much effort. I

ON THE OMNIBUS, LONDON

can't seem to decide on things and my only way is to go to one place and let them furnish everything. I worry and stew to try and get the right thing and it isn't worth while.

We went to see Irving and Terry Wednesday night. Terry was sick but the woman who took her place was fine, and it didn't seem it could be better played. The play was fine but the audience was ugly and the house dark and gloomy, and you pay $3\frac{1}{2}$ dollars for what you pay $1\frac{1}{2}$ or 2 at home. No wonder for the theatres are so small. I must stop, it is going to rain and I hear that the weather will change and only hope for decent weather to cross the channel. Love to all,

Affy.,

M. D. R.

ENGLAND

The Hotel Metropole,
London, Sunday, July 18, 1897.

MY DEAR BOYS,

Here we are still and with little hope of getting away before Tuesday and then only if your Mother gets over one of her headaches. She wants to go on, is thoroughly sated with London and its extravagant prices. The weather is lovely. The present intention is to go to Ostend, Bruges, Liege, Brussels, Cologne and on to Hombourg, where we hope to be about

HENLEY REGATTA

the 25th or 27th of July and stay a couple of weeks. We thus avoid Paris and will have to let our mail be sent after us.

I can only pray that all goes well with you at home. We read of the hot wave and wondered what you did to keep comfortable.

I wrote you of my invitation to Henley. Mactear and Daughter took me, but your Mother had a lonely day at the hotel. At Henley we were entertained by a Mr. Jamison, who had rented a house for the week and knew everything of interest and piloted us about. The day was warm for here but this did not prevent myriads of well-dressed people being there in boats of every description. We were in a punt, a sort of

EIGHT JOURNEYS ABROAD

flat-bottomed scow, with comfortable seats on the bottom and quantities of cushions and propelled either by paddles or a pole.

The river was fairly jammed full of boats, in fact one could step from boat to boat for a mile. The boats kept jamming each other, but everybody was most good natured and little interest taken in the racing. When a race was on the police boats warned people to get out of the track and every one did so with avidity. It was a marvelous kaleidoscopic picture of bright colors with beautiful faces and handsome men in boating clothes. At night there was an illumination and fireworks but I did not stay, not wishing to leave your Mother alone. I took a lot of Photos and hope to be able to show you the nature of the event.

Yesterday was a sort of "dies non." Banker, Tailor and Hotel and trying to make up our minds for the journey to the continent. At night we took the Mactears to the Opera, a rather formidable undertaking here, and then to late supper at the Savoy.

One-third of our time is up and I have as yet not been able to get my return passage by the American Line. I think it very possible we may come back via Havre, either by a North German or French Liner. With love from both of us,

Affy., F. H. R.

Hotel Metropole,
London, July 20th, 1897.

DEAR BOYS,

Tuesday.

Here we are starting for Paris. Your Mother gave up going to Belgium, so we hope to get away this morning to France. I am not a bit sorry to get out of London, it is such a big noisy, busy place, and one feels lost. The weather is cool compared to Philadelphia and to-day is overcast and no wind, so I hope we shall have a nice run over the Channel and on to Paris. I will cable you from Paris, probably. So with best love and wishes to you,

As ever Your Affectionate, F. H. R.

FRANCE

Paris, July 21st, 1897.

DEAR BOYS,

Here we are at last, glad to be out of England and delighted with our first impressions of Paris and I have just received

CROSSING FROM FOLKESTONE TO BOULOGNE

your batch of letters sent to Paris. Of course we are greatly satisfied to know of your welfare and contentment.

We crossed yesterday from Folkestone to Boulogne and the Channel was as smooth as glass and the weather charming.

EIGHT JOURNEYS ABROAD

We found good rooms at the Hotel Normandie and splendid food. You can imagine your Mother's delight at finding Mrs. W. at the Hotel Jardin, opposite the Gardens of the Louvre. We sat out on the balcony of the top story there with the beautiful vista in front and it was simply delicious after the noise of London.

We have met quite a number of acquaintances already and shall be contented here for the week we remain. Next week we go on to Hombourg and remain there for two or three weeks and hope to get a visit to Count Adelmann.

Paris is simply delicious after the existence in England, there the food was tedious and expensive and people stiffer than ramrods, but it was interesting. Here everyone seems good natured and the streets and buildings are an unending pleasure.

Affectionately, F. H. R.

The Normandy Hotel,
Paris, 25 de Juillet, 1897.

MY DEAR BOYS,

Here we are in Paris still but are going to-day to Brussels en route to Hombourg. It is pretty hot to-day but not unbearable, and I fear we shall hardly find ourselves as comfortable elsewhere. This Hotel is very quiet but well kept with good attendance and dainty food. We got here Tuesday, dined and strolled out to the Jardin des Tuilleries. Your Mother thought of Mrs. W., inquired at her Hotel and found to her delight she was not only in Paris but in her apartment, so up we went to the top of one of those big houses facing the Tuilleries gardens, to find a warm reception and such a beautiful view.

Your Mother has therefore been very happy with Mrs. W., and I have wandered around pretty much alone. Thursday I went out to Versailles and found old Mr. Mourge (90 years old!) and Mr. Alfred Durand, and they gave me a warm reception, Mourge kissing me on both cheeks. It was a

FRANCE

most delightful glimpse of real French existence, a droll sort of house with beautiful garden filled with blooming flowers. Old Mourge was deaf as a post so to amuse me he got a whistle and some bread crumbs and when he blew his whistle myriads of sparrows came and crowded around him. It was a picture indeed. I fired off a plate at him but don't know if I will get anything.

Yesterday your Mother and I had our star excursion to Fontainebleau and Barbizon, and while the weather was hot

PONTAINEBLEAU: THE CHATEAU, THE TOWN AND THE FOREST

we enjoyed the trip greatly. The Palace is marvelously preserved. The park covers 35,000 acres, and as well kept as a garden. Barbizon is where quantities of painters have their places and make sketches.

We drove for hours through the forest and saw the trees by all lights and now shall have a more tender appreciation of the pictures of the Barbizon school.

To-day we are off to Brussels, finding the journey to Frankfurt and Hombourg no longer than by Strasbourg and giving us a chance to see Belgium, Cologne and the Rhine. We will

EIGHT JOURNEYS ABROAD

arrive in Hombourg on Wednesday and remain there, your Mother thinks, two or three weeks. I have written Count Adelmann but thus far have no response, if I don't hear soon I will write to him again for I know he wants us to visit him.

We expect to meet all our folks later on in Hombourg and hope to hear they are having an enjoyable time.

Now to the most important thing. We took passage yesterday on the "Touraine," the finest of the French Line, for September 25th for New York, so you will not see us before the first of October. Your Mother did not want to travel back to London and Southampton and so I had to give up my hope of going home on the St. Paul, as we had come.

Your Mother unloads trunks and then has to spend hours packing them again.

As ever yr. affectionate, F. H. R.

GERMANY

Royal Victoria Hotel, Hombourg,
Wednesday, July 28th, 1897.

MY DEAR BOYS,

Here we are at last, just this moment arrived and sorry not to have any mail. We left Paris on Sunday and stayed

HOTEL VICTORIA, HOMBOURG (ON THE LEFT)

in Brussels until yesterday morning and then came on to Cologne and spent last night there, meeting young Charles Harrison. This morning it rained hard while we were in the train coming up the Rhine to Frankfort and here.

We had a scare at Frankfort. Our luggage was checked

EIGHT JOURNEYS ABROAD

to Nuremberg by mistake and somebody else's checked for Frankfort instead of ours. By the best of luck the porter we took tracked ours up and by dint of hard running I succeeded in inducing the baggage man on the train to Nuremberg to let me haul ours out just as the train was leaving Frankfort. You can imagine your mother's discomfort for the time, and what she would have thought had it gone on.

My impressions of Germany have vanished in the immense changes everywhere apparent. I hope I shall like Hombourg.

Your Mother seems bent on remaining here two or three weeks and we hope soon to have the other members of the family with us. Your Mother, no doubt, will write you particulars of our doings and I shall write too, as soon as I am settled and cleaned up. So with best love and best wishes from both of us,

Believe me your affectionate, F. H. R.

Royal Victoria Hotel,
Hombourg, July 30th, 1897.

DEAR LAURA,

We have just come back from our first morning walk and drink at the Springs, have had our breakfast and I have time to write before my bath. It was lovely at the Springs, sweet with new mown hay and flowers and gay music, but it lacks the festive appearance it had before when the Prince of Wales was here. I believe I have not written you since the first night in Paris. I went to Paquin and Doucet. Of course the new models were not in. We drove in the Champs Elysees and Bois, then F. and I went to the Marigny and saw a beautiful ballet. The whole Chinese legation was there.

Then we spent a day at Fontainebleau, first the Chateau, which is perfectly beautiful, and in Marie Antoinette's finest room I found my parlor side gas fixtures, much to my delight. Then we drove through the Forest, saw the Gorge Franchard which is really remarkable, and the great trees Jupiter and Pharamond, then to the Gorge Apremont, caused by some

GERMANY

terrible cataclysm thousands of years ago, and dined at Barbizon, identified as the origin of the Barbizon school of painting, an ideal spot on the edge of the Forest, then we drove back in the twilight and took train to town and rode back on top of an omnibus in Paris down the Rue Rivoli and a man who said he was a cook explained everything we passed, through the very heart of old Paris.

We left in the afternoon of the next day for Brussels Hotel Bellevue, superb, and found Bellamy Storer had left

THEATRE MARIGNY, AVENUE BOIS DE BOULOGNE, PARIS

that very morning for Spa.; we were so sorry to miss him. That evening we went out through a beautiful park back of the Hotel to the Ministry of Finance, &c., a palace all illuminated and the whole city was illuminated, and took a trolley out to the Exposition, which entered the grounds and made a circuit showing everything. The next day we spent the morning in a carriage seeing the town. The old part is so interesting and the new part most impressive—it is certainly a beautiful place and puts our towns to shame. In the afternoon we went out to the Fair, but were not impressed as after Chicago such a thing seems tame.

EIGHT JOURNEYS ABROAD

PONTAINEBLEAU

DOOR AT PONTAINEBLEAU

GERMANY

We left the next morning for Cologne. Met delightful English women on the train who raved over David Bispham and Emma Eames, but we didn't find out their names.

We spent the late afternoon looking at the Cathedral. They have had the good sense to preserve the old Roman remains and the city gates with their beautiful pointed towers though they have torn down many of the old streets. After dinner we went in a boat on the river to a beer garden, where there was music and from the river the Cathedral is

—

BARBIZON

overwhelming, it seems suspended in the air. It is the most graceful thing in the world. Its wonderful size cannot be appreciated any more than Niagara.

From Cologne, where it rained hard in the night, we came on to Frankfort, following the Rhine closely, and it seemed more beautiful than ever. If I live and can ride I want to bring my wheel over here and ride on that perfect and level road along the Rhine from Coblenz to Rudesheim; perfectly level with those enchanting hills and castles and ruins always in view and fascinating and quaint old towns whenever you want to stop.

EIGHT JOURNEYS ABROAD

We arrived here at 3.30 and found a lovely room with balcony on the Garden. The Hotel has changed hands and they have enclosed part of the garden into an eating place, so you can no longer eat in the garden and it is not half as gay. Mrs. Leaming danced a great deal. She is just my age and looked so young and slender and perfectly beautiful. There wasn't any one to compare with her.

We shall go from here to Sigmaringen to see the Adelmanns.

With love to all and hoping to hear from you soon, as we have had nothing for a week, Aff'ly, M. D. R.

Royal Victoria Hotel, Hombourg,
Monday, Aug. 2nd, 1897.

DEAR CLIFF,

Your welcome letter of the 20th ult. from Biddeford Pool came and gave us much pleasure. We are glad you have left

PRESENIUS LABORATORY, WIESSBADEN

hot Philadelphia for the cool breezes of New England. I am glad to know you have attended carefully to my business matters and paid the servants.

GERMANY

We are now in our 6th day here and must remain eight days longer if your Mother persists in taking the baths, etc. This Hotel is crowded with English people, few Americans.

Saturday I took a run to Wiesbaden and had a hearty reception from the sons of Prof. Fresenius, drove all over the town and enjoyed it all, but it is immensely changed since my time there in 1867.

Yesterday we had a quiet day of it and this morning as usual went bright and early to drink the waters and at 11 both of us took the baths.

We have had two pressing letters from the Adelmanns asking us to come there and I am impatient to get there. Your Mother paid another visit to the Doctor and now he orders her to take the water in her bed instead of the pleasant walk to the Springs. My idea is she would be much better off to let the water alone but she cannot be convinced of that.

CURIOUS MOTTO IN FRESENIUS HOME

I fancy Hombourg is a good deal as you remember it and the weather is charmingly clear and cool. We have just come back from the drive to the Tannen Baume, where your Mother

EIGHT JOURNEYS ABROAD

says you once drove with her. It certainly is a drive typically German in character.

On the 4th of September the Emperor is to have a great review of 40,000 soldiers here, so the authorities are cleaning up the roads and woods and with the splendid crops now being gathered the country is most interesting. Your Mother is always planning and attempting but her strength soon gives out and she easily becomes fatigued.

We expect now to come home on the French Steamer Touraine from Havre, sailing on the 25th of September, and with good luck should reach New York about the 2nd or 3rd of October. Your Mother joins me in best love to you both.

Affectionately, F. H. R.

Royal Victoria Hotel, Hombourg,

Monday, August 2nd, 1897.

DEAR SAM,

Thanks for your letter of the 18th of July telling us of the delightful weather in Jamestown.

We have been here in Hombourg since last Wednesday afternoon and your Mother is drinking the waters and taking the baths. She seems to enjoy it all very much and I hope will be greatly benefited. I ran off last Saturday for a visit to Wiesbaden, my old stamping ground, and had an enjoyable time there, though I was quite alone and no one to talk to.

To-day we took a beautiful drive through the forest and enjoyed it greatly. We usually take breakfast and lunch at the Hotel and wander for dinner. Last Friday we dined at the Kursaal and saw beautiful fireworks and illuminations. You would be interested to see the life here, lots of tennis, golf, etc., but few young folks, mostly dried up English tabbies who come for the waters.

We have had two letters from the Adelmans who are anticipating our visit, but your Mother insists on remaining here until her 24 days are up and I must abide by it, though I would greatly prefer to go on. We shall probably be in

GERMANY

Paris by the 5th of September and remain there until the 23rd and then go on to Havre for a day or two to see the Thackaras, and sail on the 25th of September.

Affectionately, F. H. R.

Royal Victoria Hotel, Hombourg,
Friday, Aug. 6th, 1897.

DEAR SAM,

Here we are still, your mother insisting on taking the baths and drinking the water and enjoying glimpses of the fine folks who crowd the Hotels and Casino. We have quite a Philadelphia colony and last night ten of us dined together at the Kursaal. After the dinner all hands went to the dance in the Ball room, even your Mother taking a dance. Your Mother took a walk this morning with Mrs. Geo. W. Childs, and they are becoming quite chummy.

I fancy you would hardly enjoy the place, although the gardens and park are beautiful and the surrounding mountains most romantic. We drove the other day to the Roman Camp on top of one of the mountains, the Saalburg, where the Romans camped for 200 years, and I got a fragment of a vase that a man dug up in our presence. The Camp has been studied and partly restored and the statues and bronzes that were excavated are in a museum here. The weather is too warm to take much exercise by day time but the nights are very pleasant and we sit out till late and sleep like tops.

Your Mother became so weary by early rising and the walk to the Springs that the Doctor told her to take the waters in bed, which suits her much better. We hope to get off next week, at least I do, to visit the Adelmans and I look to that visit as the most enjoyable of our experiences.

Your letters give us much pleasure.

I hope to hear you joined the Yacht Club cruise either at New Haven or New London and sailed with them to Newport. However, you no doubt consulted your own comfort in the matter.

Affectionately, F. H. R.

EIGHT JOURNEYS ABROAD

Hombourg, Hotel Victoria,
Aug. 6th, 1897.

DEAR LAURA AND SAM,

I don't seem to be able to write more than once a week, what with drinking the waters and taking baths and eating and resting. The first few days I went to the Springs and took the water before breakfast, being away an hour, and I felt so exhausted that I went to the Doctor and he said it would

"THE SCHLOSS," HOMBOURG

never do, that my pulse was very feeble and to have the water sent up and take the 3 glasses before getting up. So now I feel better and spend the rest of the morning until I go to my bath, walking about.

Frank went to Wiesbaden Saturday to see the Fresenius' and didn't get back until bedtime. I saw him speak to some familiar-looking people and it was Cynthia Yeatman and her aunt. She had lots to tell about Hugh Campbell and it seems Mrs. Mackay was at the same Hotel, but left sud-

GERMANY

denly, as my Doctor Noeber found she had something which required operating.

Sunday we attended church service in the old Schloss (where the Empress Frederick used to live) and now is being renovated for the Emperor. We were about the last people admitted to the State Rooms.

There is to be a great review here in September. Miss Yeatman is coming back for it, but Frank doesn't seem to care about it. We dined on the Kurhaus Terrace last night and went into the Hop and I danced. There was a private ball upstairs Tuesday. People arriving every day and the place is full. I love the old town, care nothing for the fashionable side of it.

The castle garden is beautiful and I have been there every morning. We dined here last evening as it poured rain until late and then went up to the Kurhaus and sat on the Terrace. On Friday nights there are two bands, one military at one side and the regular orchestra at the other, and the fountain illuminated. It is now crowded here and I don't know what it will be when the Prince of Wales comes.

We are thinking of going, after we leave the Adelmanns, into France instead of Switzerland, into the Vosges Mts. It seems more sensible instead of going so far away as Munich and Innsbruck to keep in the direction of Paris—besides going to new scenes where the whole world doesn't go. They say Switzerland is just filled with Americans and as I have been there so many times it would be nice to see something new.

We shall probably be in Paris from Sept. 5th to 23rd and go on to Havre stopping at Rouen for a day. We left our trunks at the Normandy so as to go back there and it was the easiest way to manage. It is such a relief not to have to go to London and then to Southampton or Liverpool. Then we shall be in New York the next Saturday morning and perhaps Friday night, according to the weather.

Love to all.

Affectionately,

M. D. R.

EIGHT JOURNEYS ABROAD

Royal Victoria Hotel, Hombourg,

August 7th, 1897.

DEAR CLIFF,

Doubtless you are still at North East Harbor enjoying the fresh sea breezes and having a good time. Here we have quite a colony of Philadelphians.

Your Mother seems perfectly contented here.

Owing to the scare here over the miseries of the new Tariff law I shall make few or no purchases on this side and prefer to give you something when I get back to suit you.

We hope to get off to the Adelmans at the end of next week, although your Mother is quite desirous to remain here. I cannot stand this kind of a loafing existence, especially as I must always be within hailing distance of your Mother.

We both keep wonderfully well, go to bed early and get up late and cannot eat the greasy food here, so I fancy this may account for our good condition.

We are always thinking of you and Sam and hoping you are enjoying good health, good company, and having lots of fun before starting in on serious work at the law. With our best love and my tender expression of regard,

Affy., F. H. R.

Royal Victoria Hotel, Hombourg,

Tuesday, Aug. 9th, 1897.

DEAR CLIFFORD AND SAM,

Your Mother keeps well and just as contented as ever with this place. We have had a couple of days of rainy weather and the hours seemed like days to me.

Last night Uncle Joe and Aunt Fanny arrived from Hamburg, so we now have quite a colony. Lina and Betty are at Riechelmann's, Uncle Joe at Ritter's Hotel and we are here, so I fancy we will be running after each other pretty constantly. Our plans are, as far as we are able to make plans, to go to Adelmans the end of this week via the Black Forest, partly by train and partly by Coach, the young Count to meet us

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part way and act as guide. How long we remain in Sigmaringen I don't know, but I do hope four or five days, and thence either to Switzerland and eventually to the Vosges Mountains in Eastern France and gradually back to Paris where we are to be about the 5th of September at the Hotel Normandy.

I fancy by the time this reaches Philadelphia you will have returned from North East Harbor after an enjoyable stop there. If the weather is very hot in town you would do well to take a room at Devon Inn or some suburban place where you would have nice company and plenty of golf. This would make time pass agreeably to you.

Sam didn't go to meet the Corinthian Yacht Club and gave as a reason the prevalence of a heavy Nor'easter! I do hope the cruise was a success, for all hands had taken so much trouble to make it a success.

Your Mother sends, with me, love and tender remembrances and wishes for your happiness

As ever, affectionately, F. H. R.

Hombourg, Aug. 11th, 1897.

DEAR CLIFFORD,

Just five years ago (1892) since we were here together, and every day I think how much more you would have enjoyed it this time. We dine very often at the Kurhaus and at present it is crowded there every night. Yesterday afternoon Lina and Betty, Fanny and Evelyn Howell and her two uncles started on bicycles for the Tannenwald. Your Uncle Joe, Aunt Fanny, your Father and myself in a carriage. We went ahead and stopped at the first turn and then drove back to find them. The two uncles had turned back in despair as their bicycles were too low for them, little Fanny went all the way back and changed hers. Evelyn Howell came to grief with her dress, which had white silk ruffles inside and she tore them out and left them along the road. Betty and Fanny got lost and went to the little Tannenwald. After we had been

EIGHT JOURNEYS ABROAD

there more than half an hour Lina and Evelyn arrived blowing and puffing, and a quarter of an hour later Betty and Fanny. We had more fun than enough.

When we got to the Yagd house the gardens were full of people taking coffee. The others came straight home down hill. Betty and Fanny collided and fell in a gutter, but otherwise unhurt. Then we drove through the Pines and made a circle and came back in a different way, a beautiful drive. I was dying to go on a wheel, but they are heavy and it was up hill, and the water is playing havoc with me so I thought it best not to go.

We are now corresponding vigorously with the Adelmanns and have about decided to leave here Saturday, 14th, and arrive at Triberg that night, leave there the next afternoon and arrive that eve at Sigmaringen. We expect to drive from Hausach to Triberg. From Sigmaringen we have no plans. But your Father says he wants to go to Munich, so if we go there I think we will probably go on to Innsbruck and drive to Cortina and some of the places near by.

I suppose you know we have taken staterooms on the Touraine 25th of Sept., and will sail from Havre, stopping at Rouen over one night. We expect to be in Paris the 4th of Sept., so we will have almost 3 weeks in Paris. I bought heavy silk stockings for you and Sam in London and paid over \$2 a pair for them, so you see they were not cheap. I shall bring you both a toilet set of ebony with silver initials and I am afraid that must be all.

Of course as I am here, on this side of the water, I would rather stay, but your Father is crazy to get home. I am too tired to write much while travelling and this climate when you take the water makes you feel good for nothing. No doubt a change will be better. I am taking the cure religiously. I must stop to go out with Aunt Fanny, so good-bye. With much love,

Your aff.,

M. D. R.

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Royal Victoria Hotel, Hombourg,
Friday, Aug. 13th, 1897.

DEAR SAM,

To-day I got the Ledger with the account of the Corinthian Cruise. What a rough time they did have! I am glad now you had the good sense to stay away. Your Mother has at last agreed to quit Hombourg, so to-morrow we start at 9 A. M. for Frankfurt, Heidelberg and the Black Forest, and arrive on Sunday evening at Sigmaringen for a stay of several days with Count Adelmann. She is sorry to leave here now Uncle Joe and Aunt Fanny and Lina and Betty are here. I am perfectly satisfied to go.

To-night we are to dine at the Kursaal where there will be splendid fireworks and a dance and another dance at our Hotel under the patronage of the Duke of Cambridge. Your Mother seems perfectly contented here and enjoys the flutter of fine folks that crowd the place. I wander around when not doing errands for her, sit at the Tennis Courts or make excursions into the Taunus Mountains.

Beau Thomson left this morning for Bremen and will be very much missed here. He has been most attentive to all of us and we enjoyed seeing him play Tennis.

We have had cloudy weather for a few days but to-day is like a typical May day with us and most enjoyable. I only hope we shall have as good weather for our Black Forest trip.

Write me what your plans are about getting the Acme back to Philadelphia and if you contemplate entering the Law School this Autumn.

So good-bye and with our united love

Your aff,

F. H. R.

Sigmaringen, Thurs. Aug. 19th 1897.

DEAR CLIFF AND SAM:

Here we are quartered in Graf Adelmann's house and have been since last Sunday night, but on the run every minute with some delightful occupation or engagement and only

EIGHT JOURNEYS ABROAD

have had this chance to write as it is pouring rain. Your letter of the 30th July from North East Harbor found us here, and Sam's of 1st and 3rd of August. We were delighted to know you were both well and happy and only regret you are not here to enjoy with us the delights of this historical region.

ON THE DANUBE AT SIGMARINGEN

We are on the Danube in a country dotted everywhere with castles and we have been entertained in several and this evening we are formally invited to tea with the Furst (Prince).^{*} You can imagine our perturbation at such an undertaking.

^{*}Prince Leopold, Sigmaringen, about whose nomination for King of Spain, in 1870, the Franco-Prussian War was forced. Count Adelman is his Hof Kammer President and hence the invitation to dinner. The Prince died in Berlin later while attending the wedding of the Crown Prince of Germany. His brother was King of Roumania, and his son is now King of that country (1916), the former king having no heir.

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Friday, Aug. 20th.

As expected at 6 last evening two carriages came from the Summer Palace for us. Your Mother, Countess Adelmann and Graf Raban went in one and Graf and I in the other. It

rained pitchforks, so we snuggled in to keep dry, for a drive of about 5 miles. We drove up to the palace and found the Hof (court) Marshal waiting for us and about a dozen lackeys. Our wraps were soon off and we went through a series of rooms

EIGHT JOURNEYS ABROAD

to a large reception room, where I was introduced to one or two gentlemen and the Priest when a gentleman greeted me in a most friendly manner and I talked some minutes with him before I knew I was talking to the Prince of Hohenzollern Sigmaringen, Cousin of the Emperor William and probably the wealthiest prince in Europe! a most amiable, intelligent, and unpretending man, a good edition in appearance and size of Sterling, with the same nervous energy; afterward the three ladies of the Court came in and I was introduced. When your Mother and Countess Adelmann came in all the men were presented and the Hof Marshal quietly told each one where to sit at the dinner table. To my surprise your Mother was taken to table by and sat on the right of the Prince, Gräfin Adelmann on his left and I to her left, etc., your Mother being the guest of honor. Well you can imagine her sensations, first an all-gone feeling and then the pride of the Richardsons and at last a feeling of confidence and she kept the Prince and table in good spirits.

The table fixins she will no doubt describe, altho they were not half as showy as your Mother's, yet nice. There were lots of servants and two or three sorts of wine. The Prince drank to my health and then the Hof Marshal and by the time the meal was over we felt as if we could eat with anybody, however grand.

After dinner we went to a tenpin alley, the ladies going in an antique Sedan Chair and the men skipping between the rain drops. Once inside the Bowling place cigars were lighted by the men and cigarettes by the ladies. I had several long talks with the Prince and your Mother sat with him the whole evening, the centre of all observers. He thanked us for coming and said he was delighted to have met us.

About 10.30 we started for town through the rain and after a cup of tea at Adelmann's we went to bed at midnight. Your Mother to dream of Princes and palaces, etc. The Adelmanns have been simply unending in their kindness to us. Graf Raban is a lovely fellow, studying law, has been in Leipsic

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but goes to Berlin this winter. His elder brother is in Margate, has throat trouble. The daughter Mechtilde is a sweet blonde girl, charming and chubby and the Countess is fine looking and a splendid hostess.

Souper

du 19^e. Août 97.

Crème d'orge

Oufs à la Montmorency

Poulet au riz 1^{er} suprême

Viande froide à la gelée

Pouding à la Diplômata

Fruits

Kranchemmies

Sambians of the Furst of Hohenzo Bern
Sigmaringen

Adelmann is full of fun altho he is a very busy man, having charge of all of the Estates of the Furst, here, in Holland, Pomerania, Austria and other places. We are to be here

EIGHT JOURNEYS ABROAD

till Tuesday when we take Raban with us to Munich and Augsburg and thence to Adelman's own Castle Hohenstadt for two days and then we will work our way to Paris, to be there about the 5th of Sept. It would take many pages to give you a faint idea of all we have seen and done here, the castles we have visited, the people we have met and of the beautiful things we have seen.

Adelman* is related to the very highest nobility around and is welcomed everywhere and entertains a great deal. He showed us his book in which all visitors sign their names and among them were many royal persons. The sun is shining again and I have warm clothing on but I feel cold.

Well I must close now, hoping to have letters from you to-day. With love to both of you,

Affy.,

F. H. R.

Sigmaringen, August 20, 1897.

DEAR LAURA,

How can I ever begin, there is so much to tell! We left Frankfurt last Saturday morning and came down through Heidelberg to Hausach in the Black Forest, where young Adelman met us and we drove by carriage to Triberg, a most beautiful place, and spent the night there. We found Dr. and Mrs. Wm. White and young Harrison, and Dr. Stengel there bicycling through that part of the country and old Mrs. Geo. W. Biddle at the Hotel.

The next morning Raban and I went shopping and found peasant bonnets and some little dolls, as we waited for the hotel omnibus to come along, and then who should appear but Graf Adelman. He came all the way from Sigmaringen to meet us; it took us all the rest of the day till 5 o'clock to get to Sigmaringen, as it is a roundabout way.

*Graf Adelman was a "Corps Brother" of mine in 1869-1870 at Tübingen University, at the time the present King of Wurtemberg was a member. Our friendship there was renewed in 1893 when Adelman came to the United States as a judge at the Chicago Exposition and visited us in Philadelphia and Jamestown. His letters "62 Days Among the Yankees" went to 14 editions.

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The Countess met us at the station and we had afterward a most delicious dinner with a soufflé au chocolat for dessert. This is their town house and is a fine big house with beautiful garden opening into the gardens of the town house of the Prince of Hohenzollern, cousin of the Kaiser, and is beautifully furnished like a museum. My bed room has an entire set of old Empire furniture, perfect sofa, bed, wardrobe, and the reception room is all old Louis XV and beautiful portraits everywhere, coats of arms, &c., which it will take me weeks to tell you about.

BICYCLE PARTY AT TRIBERG

The first morning we had flannel cakes, better than any we ever have—yesterday green corn out of their garden. They also have electric light everywhere and a nice bathroom. They are certainly the most hospitable people I ever met and devote themselves to our pleasure. The first day, Monday, we went to the Museum in the Royal Chateau and in the afternoon drove to the Royal country house, through the park of pine trees, filled with deer, exquisite flower gardens and arbors and the house very low and old fashioned. The Prince and wife were at Scheveningen in Holland but were to return next day. She was an Infanta of Portugal and an invalid at present.

EIGHT JOURNEYS ABROAD

Little did I think I would be the guest of honor at a Royal residence and taken in to supper on the arm of the Prince, as I was last night, but of that later. Tuesday morning we went through the Schloss, their ancient residence perched high on great rocks hanging over the Danube, and in the afternoon we went to see a monastery at Beuron, through magnificent rock scenery along the Danube. This monastery is the headquarters of the Benedictines in Germany and we got there

ARMOR IN VAULT AT SCHLOSS SIGMARINGEN A collection of arms, etc., from earliest ages to the present time

in time for a service in honor of some Fest, and heard the old Gregorian church music, one of the few places where it is possible to hear it. Then we called on Pater Nicolas, who is a Count something, and one of the big men. He was sent to the Rhine to entertain the Kaiser at one of their monasteries. He took us to walk up a mountain, where we could see a beautiful old castle, where lived relatives of the family, but we couldn't walk as far as it was so warm in the sun. It seems they saw us coming in the castle and were disappointed when we turned back.

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I met a count and countess there who spoke English perfectly, and there came back with us a widow, Baroness of Hornstein (whose castle we saw on top of a rock on the way from Triberg), with her two children. She is a relative and stayed here over night, to go with us on Wednesday to Grueningen to visit another Hornstein in an old castle built on Roman foundations.

So Wednesday three Adelmanns, three Hornsteins, two

COUNT SALIS, "PATER NICOLAS," HEAD OF THE MONASTERY BENEDICTINE ORDER AT BEURON

von Gallens and ourselves, went by train to Riedlingen and drove to the village of Grueningen, which belongs to the castle where the Hornsteins live and the castle church is also the parish church. The castle was wonderful with secret staircases and windows of old stained glass, coats of arms everywhere, armor and guns, rifles, spears and lances, in short the whole thing looking like the Cluny Museum.

The Count does the most wonderful illuminating and showed us the family book, containing the family history and names of all people who visit them, with colored coats of arms.

EIGHT JOURNEYS ABROAD

Here again I was the guest of honor and seated at the tea table in a mediaeval room at the right hand of the host. Then we saw beautiful portraits and embroideries in use 400 years,

HALL, SCHLOSS HORNSTEIN, GRUENINGEN

such furniture, tapestries, brocades and bric-a-brac, and they are so modest with it all, and you would have thought I was a queen the way they treated me.

Sigmaringen, Sunday 22nd August, 1897.

We were invited Thursday by the Prince and Princess of Hohenzollern to spend the afternoon and take supper at their country residence. It rained so terribly that the Hof Marshall sent us word to come only to supper at 7.30. They sent the Royal carriages with crowns on the lining at 6.30 and we drove nearly an hour. We were taken up to a room lighted with candles and then they came in a hurry to say the Prince was waiting, so we had to fly down and the first thing I knew I was leaving the drawing room on the arm of the man who unwittingly caused the Franco-Prussian war.

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We entered the dining room between two rows of servants in livery and one man in full uniform also waited on us. Every one stood until the Prince and I were seated. Frank sat with one of the Maids of Honor and Countess Adelmann was on the other side of the Prince. When the champagne came the Prince drank

THE FAMILY ADELMANN AND MRS. F. H. ROSENGARTEN

first my health and then Frank's. I have kept the menu and the names of the people at table. It was all very informal and I wished I had Mrs. Whelen's talents and my own voice to entertain them, but I did my best and I think they were all amused.

After supper the Prince said we would play nine pins and before I knew it, in my Shaker cloak, which was much admired, I was alone in a Sedan chair, which had been arranged on two wheels and drawn by a valet in livery to another entrance, through the rain, where the Prince received me. Then we all played and had tea, beer and mineral waters. The Princess goes to bed at 6 o'clock, so we couldn't see her, as the rain prevented our going in the afternoon. Can you imagine sister Mary going through all this with head up high? They were to leave for Ragatz next day and Friday night three of the maids of honor came to supper here and a Count Bruhl and Count Gallen and I taught them Grabuge

EIGHT JOURNEYS ABROAD

and they were delighted. Before he left the Prince gave orders that his coach and four were to be sent to take us out for a drive. Yesterday we spent the whole day making the excursion to Hohenzollern, a magnificent stronghold on top of a mountain. This Prince owned it all, but gave half the ownership of the Castle to the Kaiser in 1850 when there was a rebellion here and he ceded many of his lands to Prussia.

To-morrow we leave for Munich, stopping first at Ulm for a few hours and spend the night at Augsburg and get to Munich Tuesday eve. We stay there until Saturday and come back to Ulm where we meet Count Adelmann and all go to Hohenstadt, their castle and estate. The family comes from Adelmanns-felden, near by, and in the 15th century acquired Hohenstadt.* Some of the family still live at Adelmanns-felden and they also have a great house in some other place.

We passed in coming from the Black Forest an old ruin on a high hill called Hohenstauffen where Adelmann's mother's family lived. His grandfather and grandmother's portraits are beautiful. They have a dreadful picture of severing a man's hand from the arm, showing their power of life and death in the old times over their peasants.

I must send this off at once. I don't get a minute to do anything. Count Adelmann never forgets little Laura and wanted to know all about her. They think they may come over for their silver wedding two years from now.

With much love,

Aff'ly., yours, M. D. R.

Sigmaringen, Aug. 22nd, 1897.

Sunday—Raining.

DEAR CLIFF AND SAM,

Here we are still and enough cut out for us to keep us here a month, so hospitable are our hosts. This afternoon the Prince's four-in-hand is to come to take us driving, but alas it is raining. I wrote you about our evening at the Palace.

*We were invited in 1907 to come and join in the celebration of the acquisition of Hohenstadt by the Adelmann family, which occurred in 1407!

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Yesterday we went to the famous Castle of Hohenzollern at Hechingen and I renewed the delights of a visit there 30 years ago.

To-morrow we are to leave for Ulm and Augsburg. Young Raban Adelman and his sister Mechtilde are to go with us as our guests. We arrive in Munich on Tuesday and stay there till Saturday. Then we go to Count Adelman's estate to remain two days and then we must move on towards Paris.

We have enjoyed our visit here beyond our ability to describe. The family are all most intelligent and there is no end to their hospitality. Night before last Graf A. gave an American supper for us, tomatoes, green corn, flannel cakes and other American things that are unknown here (the seeds and formulas he got at Jamestown in 1893), and had the Court ladies and several Counts and your Mother taught them "Grabouche" and we had lots of fun. I dread to say good-bye—everyone has been so kind and we feel as if we were perfectly at home. The Prince was most cordial and thanked us for visiting him. So good-bye and best love,

Affy.,

F. H. R.

We hope to be in Paris on the 5th.

Aug. 23rd 1897, 10 A. M.—Raining.

DEAR W,

We have been here eight days with Count Adelman and have been overwhelmed with attentions, dined with the Prince in the summer palace. He sent his four-in-hand to take us driving and we have been to the most romantic castles, cloisters and visited the wonderful museums and collections of arms here. So time has flown and no letters written. We must tell you all about it when we come back.

We are to leave at 1 o'clock for Ulm, Augsburg and Munich and remain in Munich till Saturday when we go to Hohensadt, Graf Adelman's own castle, for two days and by the time this reaches you we will be back in Paris, where we stay till the 22nd of Sept., on the 25th we sail for home. The

EIGHT JOURNEYS ABROAD

Danube is beginning to run very full owing to the rain. Mary is in her element but feels under deepest obligations for her reception here.

Yours ever,

FRANK.

Sigmaringen, Aug. 23rd, 1897.

11 A. M.—raining.

DEAR CLIFF,

At last the time has come for us to leave here and we go at 1 to Ulm and Augsburg and Munich. While much of the time we have had rain our visit has been a series of delightful

THE EXCURSION TO NIEBELUNGEN LAND IN ROYAL EQUIPAGES

experiences. Since I wrote you we have visited Castle Hohenzollern Hechingen. Yesterday the Prince sent his four in hand and another carriage and a big party of us had a glorious drive along the Danube. The Adelmanns have been untiring in their thought of our comforts and pleasures and your Mother is overwhelmed with their attentions. The son Graf

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COUNT ADELMAN AND WIFE AND M. D. R.

HOHENZOLLERN HECHINGEN
Ancient home of the Hohenzollern Dynasty

EIGHT JOURNEYS ABROAD

SALON, SCHLOSS HOHENZOLLERN, SIGMARINGEN

"HOF KAMMER," SIGMARINGEN
Adelmann's home as Hof Kammer—President

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ENTRANCE TO SCHLOSS HOHENZOLLERN, HECHINGEN

THE LUNCH AT SCHLOSS HOHENZOLLERN, HECHINGEN

EIGHT JOURNEYS ABROAD

Raban goes with us to Munich where we stay until Saturday and then we go to Hohenstadt, Graf Adelmann's Schloss. He lives in a government building here, being the President of the Prince's establishment. It is a big building with offices on the 1st floor and his residence occupying the whole second story. He has a beautiful garden and on Friday gave us an American supper of green corn, tomatoes, flannel cakes and lots of things he learned of and brought from America. His wife and children are charming people and on close footing of friendship with the Prince, also the King of Wurttemberg and the Emperor. Naturally we feel a little awkward meeting all the fine people but we find them all cultivated and most courteous to us. Adelmann is so cordial in his expression of friendship I feel sad at parting with him, as I shall hardly dare to come to Europe again and he will have to come to us. We will have lots to talk about on our return. And with love to you and all,

Affy. yrs., F. H. R.

Hotel Bayerischer Hof,
Munich, 27th August, 1897.

MY DEAR BOYS,

Here we are still, arriving Tuesday evening and expecting to leave for Hohenstadt, Graf Adelmann's Estate, to-morrow noon and remain there till Monday. Thence we work our way gradually to Paris, where I shall be glad to get a rest. Here we have been on the go with Count Raban Adelmann, going to concerts, theatres and the Opera in the evenings, and seeing pictures in the day time. Your Mother is perfectly wild to buy things and as I am not interested in the sort of things she is, nor in the trouble of getting purchases to Philadelphia, she makes little progress.

Munich is a very interesting place, but this Hotel is not cheerful. The art life here is intense but without suitable people to show us around, naturally we lose more time trying to make up our minds what to see than we take in seeing them.

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HOTEL BAYERISCHER HOF, MUNICH

THE OPERA HOUSE, MUNICH

EIGHT JOURNEYS ABROAD

The weather is most treacherous and every day the rain comes at intervals so one has to trust to an umbrella to keep dry. However we have been fortunate to escape a wetting. Your last letters were dated about the 12th of August and gave us much comfort.

Your Mother is as enthusiastic as ever, altho she tires easily and I have to obey her wishes. Uncle Joe is still at Hombourg and expects to be there until 6th or 7th of September. So with love to all our dear ones, remembrances to the servants and best wishes for your happiness,

As ever Your affectionate, F. H. R.

Schloss Hohenstadt,
August 29th, 1897.

DEAR LAURA,

Just a week since I wrote you from Sigmaringen and when the Prince sent his break and four horses to take us driving. We went to a beautiful valley where there was a cave exactly like the one in Siegfried where the dragon stays. We went to Ulm, Monday at one o'clock, taking Raban with us and got there at four, took a carriage and drove all around and found it very curious and interesting, not in any way modern—and dined there and went on to Augsburg for the night. We slept at the "Drei Mohren," Three Moors, and it is next to the Fugger House, and in the hall of the hotel is the chimney piece where the old Fugger threw the bonds of Charles the Fifth into the fire.

Augsburg we also found very ancient and interesting, the magnificent Cathedral, Ratti Haus, &c. taking all our morning and we took the afternoon train to Munich. There we were busy looking at the New and Old Palaces filled with gorgeous things and the Old and New picture galleries and antiquary shops all day long.

"The second evening we spent at the Residenz Theatre at a performance of "Cosi fan tutti" by Mozart. The Theatre was very richly decorated in rococo style and the perform-

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ance excellent. The first night I forgot to say we went to the Kaim Concert, a splendid orchestra of 85, and a big organ. I brought the program with me.

Thursday night we went to see "Tristan and Isolde" at the Royal Opera House, Vogl singing Tristan. I got so tired before the last act I had to come home. The last evening the others went to the "Fledermaus" and I stayed at home and

29. Aug. 1897.

packed the trunks so as to have Saturday morning free and I bought an old clock for the library mantel. Saturday at one we took a fast train back to Ulm where Count Adelman met us and an hour and a half brought us to Aalen, when a carriage was waiting with a coachman in greenish gray Tyrolean or Jager costume and we drove ten miles mostly up hill to this place.

I expected a good deal but I was not at all prepared for the size of the castle and church. There is a circle of mountains

EIGHT JOURNEYS ABROAD

in the distance and we look down from every window on a magnificent panorama. The staircase is superb and the steps so low that in the old French wars once the French officers rode their horses all the way up. The first room was an enormous hall, at least 30 ft. by 50 ft., perhaps more, with a music gallery at one end and the rooms all open on it, with double doors. It is hung with old portraits and decorated in plaster in rococo style and all the ceilings of the rooms are similar, as also the church.

SCHLOSS HOHENSTADT The Home of the Adelmann Family

We arrived after seven in time for supper, which was delicious, and went to bed early. This morning we went to church at nine o'clock after this fashion. We went a short way from the Castle through a cloister formerly covered, into a tower and up a high staircase, which brought us into a room just over the chancel and with a long window into the church just like a proscenium box at the Opera, with a beautiful gilt frame and glass windows pushed up, red velvet cushions to kneel on and lean on and after the sermon the priest prayed

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AUGSBURG CATHEDRAL

ROYAL CARRIAGES OF PRINCE LEOPOLD OF HOHENZOLLERN

EIGHT JOURNEYS ABROAD

for the Adelman family. They lived at Adelmansfelden, their old home a thousand or twelve hundred years ago and own it yet, and bought this place in 1407, I think it was, and have been Lords of the Manor ever since.

After service we went down and visited the church. It was built by an Adelman and very large and handsome and the service was very impressive. In front of the Chancel was a large tablet in the floor with a huge colored coat of arms, which turned out to be the door to the crypt, where the family

PRINCE LEOPOLD OF HOHENZOLLERN

is all buried. Afterwards we went into the garden, which is laid out like Versailles. It was made by an ancestor, a lady, whose husband (an Adelman) was Minister to France, and there she got the idea. Long arbors and rows of high trimmed trees and orangeries down the middle with exquisite views over the mountains.

The furniture here makes one weep with envy and how perfect it must have been here before they took away all they have at Sigmaringen. They have a replica of the great stone tablet that the Austrians took from them, in the Church, of

GERMANY

STAIRCASE, SCHLOSS HOHENSTADT

A PART OF THE GARDEN OF SCHLOSS HOHENSTADT

EIGHT JOURNEYS ABROAD

the Adelman who was killed on his return from the Crusades by a neighboring Baron. I believe the descendants of that very man still live here and they are all friends now.

I have made a little spot where our rooms are on the picture at the head of this paper and the moat is down below filled with big fish which look just like gold fish but are not. From the dining room and salon you look straight down a fearful depth to the ground, and then there is a slope way off to the valley covered with orchards. Frank has taken pictures of everything and if they turn out all right you will have a very good idea of the place.

CHURCH OF HOHENSTADT

You feel as if you were high up in the mountains, but it is not really so high, and I never saw a more glorious view. We are eating delicious green corn as sweet as sugar and such flannel cakes as we never get, and strange to say, baked without any fat on the griddle. We leave Tuesday morning for Stuttgart and Tübingen and go into the Vosges on our way

GERMANY

to Paris. Please send this to Cliff and ask him to keep it carefully. I was glad to hear of your cheerful surroundings at Jamestown and hope it may last. With much love to all,

Affly. yours, M. D. R.

Schloss Hohenstadt,
Aug. 29th, 1897.

DEAR CLIFFORD,

I write in a hurry to tell you of our arrival here last evening and with all our expectations more than realized. A real old castle with village and church attached. We spent four days

COUNTESS ADELMANN'S BOUDOIR, SCHLOSS HOHENSTADT

in Munich and had young Adelman with us—went to theatre and Opera, &c., &c.

We go from here day after to-morrow to Stuttgart and Tübingen two or three days in the Vosges on our way to Paris. I don't know why your Father don't care to go to Hombourg to see the Parade.

EIGHT JOURNEYS ABROAD

Can you imagine me sitting up in a proscenium box at church to-day with velvet cushions and gilt frame like the Empress Frederick at the old Schloss at Hombourg? Only it is much more elegant and talk about portraits of ancestors, everywhere, and coats of arms and the crypt where all the Adelmanns are buried under the chancel! They prayed for the family just after the sermon. I fear it will be hard to become an ordinary person after speaking with nothing below a Count or Baron, each one with a castle attached.

BANQUET HALL, SCHLOSS HOHENSTADT

The waiter man here wears a hunting costume of greyish-green, which is beautiful and just in keeping with the room and furnishings. I am bringing back the recipe for soufflé au chocolat, you never tasted such good things to eat in your life, and they know how to live. The staircase is superb. In the French wars once the French officers rode up the staircase on horseback.

The manoeuvres are to take place in the neighborhood and

GERMANY

they are to entertain eleven officers for ten days, among them two Princes, &c., &c.

I must stop and we shall not cease to regret that you couldn't have seen all this.* I must go to supper, so good-bye.

With much love,

Your aff. Mother, M. D. R.

Hotel Marquardt, Stuttgart,
Tuesday, Aug. 31st, 1897, 11 P. M.

DEAR CLIFF AND SAM,

We said good-bye to-day to the Adelmann family at their Schloss at Hohenstadt, near Aalen in Wurtemberg after four days of most delightful hospitality from them. Hohenstadt consists of a dozen or more farms and large forests and the Schloss and grounds have been in the family since the 15th Century.

The Schloss is wonderfully interesting but it is so late I wont attempt to describe it now as we are to leave to-morrow at 8.30 for Tübingen, stay there to dinner and then go on to Freudenstadt in the Black Forest for the night. Thursday we drive over the highest roads there and reach Strasbourg for the night and Paris by Saturday.

Graf Adelmann's family, wife, son Raban and daughter Mechtilde are cultivated, handsome people, and we enjoyed being with them and they begged us to stay longer but as they must quarter 14 officers (a Prince will have the rooms we had) and 150 soldiers for ten days during the army manoeuvres beginning on the 8th of Sept., we felt we could not intrude longer.

Raban is a splendid fellow and is studying law and will enter the government service, his brother inheriting the estate and title.

Your affectionate, F. H. R.

We hope to get a pile of letters at Strasbourg on Thursday.

*With our sons we revisited Hohenstadt in 1900 and shared in the celebration of the Adelmann Silver Wedding.

EIGHT JOURNEYS ABROAD

Schwarzwald—Hotel in Freudenstadt,
September 1st, 1897, Wed. 8.30 P. M.

DEAR BOYS:

Here we are in a curious place at the edge of the east side of the Black Forest, on our way across the Forest to Strasbourg and Paris. We left Hohenstadt, Graf Adelman's Schloss, yesterday afternoon and spent the night in Stuttgart. This morning we left Stuttgart at 8.20 for Tübingen, reaching there at 10.20 and taking a cab drove all over, saw the many familiar places and the Dungeons under the Castle, etc. At 1.30 we left for this place, but had to change trains three times and the hot weather nearly used up your Mother.

This place is very high and the Doctors send their patients here after the "cure" in Hombourg and other places. The Hotel is neat and clean but there are few English-speaking people and none of them interesting looking. We take a carriage to-morrow and drive about 20 miles and then take train to Strasbourg.

I hope to find a lot of letters at Strasbourg with good news of you both. I wonder if Sam has started the Acme towards home and attended to having the Custom House papers fixed in Newport.

So good night with our best love.

Affectionately, F. H. R.

FRANCE

The Normandy Hotel,
Paris, September 3rd, 1897.

DEAR BOYS,

Here we are a day ahead of our schedule, owing to unceasing rain storms in Germany.

We left Hohenstadt (Count Adelmann's Castle), on Tuesday and spent that night in Stuttgart. Next morning bright and early we went to Tübingen, my old University town, and had a most interesting visit there, but met no acquaintances there as the vacation is now on. In the afternoon we went on to Freudenstadt, a pretty mountain resort on the border of the Black Forest and spent the night there. Yesterday morning we left there in bright sunshine in a good team to drive through the highest part of the Black Forest, but were hardly started before a dreadful rain storm came on and we saw very little of the beauties of that interesting region. Fortunately we got through without a wetting and took a train at Oppenau for Strasbourg. There we went to the Hotel Ville de Paris to stay all night and to go to-day to the Vosges.

Alas! we woke up to find heavy rain so we concluded to come right on to Paris and now we are glad we did as the ride was cool and no dust and we had the good fortune to meet Mrs. Dr. Thos. Conrad (Aunt of Percy Frazer) and Miss Hutchinson, Aunt of Margaretta H.—your friend, two very lovely women and we had the first jolly railroad ride yet.

EIGHT JOURNEYS ABROAD

This Hotel is crowded with Americans but not one single face familiar to us. Mr. Elias has not turned up as we had hoped for and no letters here from home. Your Mother keeps wonderfully well.

We shall make this our Headquarters till about the 21st of September and then work our way towards Havre, whence

THE CHEMICAL LABORATORY, UNIVERSITY OF TÜBINGEN

we now expect to sail on the 25th on the French liner Touraine and hope to reach New York by the 1st of October.

F. H. R.

The Normandy Hotel,
Paris, 6th Sept., 1897.

DEAR SAM,

We are having continuous rainy weather and to-day is forbidding. Fortunately this Hotel is very comfortable and we manage to pass the time, especially as a big batch of "Ledgers" came from Wm. Cotter, who has faithfully remembered me in our wanderings.

I suppose by this time the Yachts have pretty well disap-

FRANCE

peared from the Bay and Jamestown is pretty well cleaned out of Summer folks. You no doubt will soon be starting Jim homeward with the boat.

We, too, were glad to read in the Paris Herald that Wrenn had again won the Championship, notwithstanding the rain. Curiously enough the Tennis Tournament at Hombourg was spoiled by rain, too.

Your Mother is busy with her shopping here and keeps me running errands. We are to sail on the 25th—19 days more, so the time will pass quickly I am sure. If you are near New York about the 1st or 2nd of October look us up at the French Line Dock.

I suppose I will hardly receive the answer to this letter as it will not reach you until the 16th and we leave Paris on the 23rd or 24th.

Yrs.

F. H. R.

The Normandy Hotel,
Paris, 9th September, 1897.

DEAR LAURA,

I haven't had a moment in which to write since we left Hohenstadt. That Sunday I wrote you a full description of everything but shall have plenty to tell when I get home. We went to Stuttgart and Tübingen and then to Freudenstadt in the Black Forest, and drove in a pouring rain over a high mountain and down through a beautiful valley where there were numerous watering places and very attractive looking ones, where I should like to go sometime. We enjoyed it in spite of the rain and got to Strasbourg that night.

From there we intended to go into the Vosges Mts., but it was raining so hard that we gave it up and took the fast train to Paris, and here we are. I, of course, was laid up for several days and had headache and the weather has been horrid so I have lost almost a week. We went to church Sunday morning.

I at first had decided not to buy anything, but got inter-

EIGHT JOURNEYS ABROAD

ested and now think I will get a silk dress and a ball dress as I may not come again and I shall not grow younger and it seems to me if I am ever going to have anything I should have it now and not worry about it, but the prices are terrible at the good places and I haven't the strength of mind or body to go around getting prices and making comparisons.

Last night we amused ourselves by going to the "Diner de Paris" in the Passage Jouffroy, where Father and I used to go and we had a delicious dinner, but it was all so old fashioned and different from the Americanized hotels.

As I was sitting here writing who should come in but young Miss Boyd from Phila., and her aunt, who have been visiting an aunt in Loches near Tours, so now we are all writing and talking together. I get tired very easily and when I am tired I have no sense and consequently cannot do much of any shopping. I cannot tell you how I dread the trip home, while Frank is counting the hours.

We are going to make a two-days' trip, to Rheims, Laon, Pierrefonds, Compiègne and Beauvais, when it clears, and will stop at Rouen on our way to Havre, probably leaving here the 23rd. I am so tired I must go to bed, so good bye and don't be surprised if I don't write again, as I shall be in a whirl. With love to all,

Your aff. M. D. R.

The Normandy Hotel,
Paris, 9th September, 1897.

DEAR SAM,

Your welcome letter of the 29th of August came today and was the only bright thing about. Here we are pursued with rain and cold. Your Mother seems to enjoy everything and cannot understand why I am cold. I am glad you have had some compensation in the way of warm weather and can enjoy some sailing.

Paris is a most impressive place, a mixture of modern newness with much that is quaint and old and everything

FRANCE

artistic and satisfying to the eye. The wonderful galleries and Museums of the Louvre, Luxembourg, Versailles and other places are simply beyond description. This afternoon I drove across the Seine (where we live is north of the Seine) to the Latin quarter and saw the Museum of the Luxembourg, wonderful modern sculptures and paintings and then past the Ecole Polytechnic and other wonderful buildings to the Pantheon, where great Frenchmen are buried. We saw the Palace of the Senate and a beautiful Park surrounding it.

Thus one thing after another springs up most unexpectedly and each one of great historic interest. Owing to the rainy cold weather we have been disappointed in excursions to St. Cloud, St. Denis and many other places in the neighborhood. However some of these days you and Cliff must come over here and travel and see all these fine things with your own eyes.

Last night your Mother took me to the Café "Diner de Paris" in one of the Arcades on the Boulevard Montmartre, dinner at 50 cts. and very good, but everything so different from home. We had lots of fun and ate odd French dishes. The Artichokes were splendid and quite new to me. Fruit here is superb, Cantaloupes, Peaches, Pears, Plums and Grapes and in profusion, though expensive. You would like the food, it is all cooked with such a delicious flavor. We take a simple breakfast and lunch and I drink but little wine, altho wine here is served as part of the dinner. The table d'hôte begins about 6.30 and is quite an elaborate meal and about 60 or 70 sit down in a pretty room.

Nearly every person in the house is English or American, but you might think they were all condemned to silence there is such an entire absence of fun or intercourse. Your Mother goes ahead, however, and how she is going to get things home is a mystery to me. She buys for the house principally.

Well dinner is ready so I will run. I send this to 1905 as you will either be there by the time it comes or they can forward it. Tomorrow we go to the Opera. We leave here about

EIGHT JOURNEYS ABROAD

the 22nd or 23rd for Havre and sail at 8 A. M. on the 25th and are due in N. Y. late Oct. 1st or early Oct. 2nd, French Line. Good bye,

Affy., F. H. R.

The Normandy Hotel,
Paris, Tuesday, Sept. 14, 1897.

DEAR CLIFF AND SAM,

Here it is cold enough to wear thick winter clothing and an overcoat at night. Your Mother keeps well and works hard at her shopping and dress making and must be pretty near bankrupt by this time.



THE ROMAN ARCH, RHEIMS

We have just returned from a two-days' outing to Compiègne, Pierrefonds, Laon and Rheims. Compiègne is a wonderful Chateau of Napoleon 1st, with a Park and Forest of 48,000 acres. We drove from there to Pierrefonds where Napoleon III restored a curious but grand old castle, which, while quite modern in look, exactly represents the former structure. Laon has a very interesting church on a hill like Mont St. Michel, coming up out of a flat plain. Rheims has several fine churches and a Roman arch. Your Mother, of course, saw them very quickly but enjoyed it immensely.

FRANCE

COURT OF CASTLE PIERREFONDS, NEAR COMPIEGNE

COMPIEGNE, FROM THE PALACE

EIGHT JOURNEYS ABROAD

We shall probably leave here on the 22nd or 23rd for Havre, and be with Mr. Thackara, the Consul, there on the 23rd and 24th, so if necessary you could wire us to his care but I hope there will be no occasion to do so.

LAON

A Curious Ancient Town, Now (1917) Headquarters of the German Army

I will be with you in 18 days I hope and then we can have some good talks and enjoyable times together.

Affy. as ever, F. H. R.

My photos of Hohenstadt are capital.

The Normandy Hotel,
Paris, 17th Sept., 1897.

DEAR LAURA,

This will be my last letter, and I ought to be in bed now, as I am not at all well. In fact I haven't been well in Paris at all. We went away to Compiègne, Pierrefonds, Laon and Rheims, and were gone Sunday and Monday.

FRANCE

SALON, CHATEAU DE COMPIEGNE

THE CATHEDRAL, RHEIMS

EIGHT JOURNEYS ABROAD

The other young Adelman came to-night on his way home from England. He looks a little like George and has his voice exactly—is very nice but looks very delicate. We leave Paris Thursday, 23rd, and stay over night at Rouen and will dine

ABOARD THE "TOURAINÉ" AT HAVRE, SEPTEMBER 24, 1897

with the Thackaras Friday night at Havre. I can't tell you how I dread the trip home. Good bye, with love to all,

Affly., M. D. R.

Hotel Normandy, Sunday, Sept. 19, 1897.

DEAR CLIFF AND SAM,

This is our last Sunday on this side and the days fly away quickly. We were surprised to have a telegram from Count Sigmund Adelman from Margate, saying he would visit us here and so on Friday night he arrived. He is blond and smaller than Raban but is a very bright manly fellow and enjoys sight seeing with your Mother. As we leave on Thursday for Rouen and Havre he will not have very long with us.

FRANCE

He goes to Berlin in October to hear the law lectures and next year passes his first examinations, then he goes into some position for three years and makes a second examination and gets into a government position. It is quite a different sort of



THE "TOURNAINE"

thing in Germany to study law, from our methods, doubtless owing to the immense numbers of University men and the competition for a career.

Naturally I think much of home and you and Sam and hope you have cooler weather and that Sam arrived safely on the Acme.

Report to Uncle Harry and the others our welfare and that I hope Dolphy and young Mitchell did not have to go to the coal regions with the City Troop for the coal strike. So good bye and best wishes and love from your Mother and me and greetings to you from Count Sigmund Adelmann.

Affy.,

F. H. R.

THE JOURNEYS OF 1900

THE JOURNEYS OF 1900

With the Paris Exposition as a great attraction, the writer with her husband and two sons sailed in May aboard the Steamship St. Paul and landed at Southampton, thence going to the New Forest, Winchester, and London.

The Exposition in Paris more than fulfilled anticipations.

The unveiling of the monument to Rochambeau at Vendome made the visit there memorable and the cordial greetings of the Marquise de Rochambeau more firmly cemented the old friendship with her.

The customary visit to Hombourg and the "Kur" there and thence the trip to Sigmaringen to visit the Count and Countess Adelman, followed. In order to give the Countess Adelman opportunity to prepare for the silver wedding at the Castle at Hohenstadt, the journey to Munich, the castles of the King of Bavaria and to Innsbruck and by the beautiful Fern Pass to Neuschwanstein and to the Passion Play at Oberammergau, was undertaken, while the Countess moved her household from Sigmaringen to Hohenstadt.

The Silver Wedding at Schloss Hohenstadt was a memorable function and at the dinner nearly a hundred telegrams of congratulation were read, among them ones from Emperor William, the King of Wurtemberg, the Prince of Hohenzollern and other distinguished friends of the bridal pair.

Then followed the visits to Switzerland, the Vosges (where war scenes of 1914-1917 are now progressing), Paris and the return to America.

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ENGLAND

Grand Hotel, Lyndhurst, New Forest
May 24th, 1900.

DEAR FANNY,

As you see we are here after many efforts, and think we are in heaven, or did last night. As it is raining this morning we are a little discouraged, for we expected to see everything in one drive and move on to Winchester and London to-morrow.

We left New York in perfect weather which continued several days, but then it got terribly rough and we had great waves following the ship, which swept off a poor young Swedish woman and (altho the ship turned around and threw buoys) she was overwhelmed by an enormous wave and not seen again. The turning of that great ship in that awful sea was something wonderful. The whole thing cast such a gloom over the ship's company we could hardly wait to get off it.

We came right out here by the first train, as the boys wanted to and it is a little Eden. I wonder if this is where you stopped—it is a nobleman's estate changed into a hotel, but is badly misnamed. It is narrow and long with doors opening to the lawn, and such a lawn and trees, rhododendrons, in full bloom! The back of the house is covered with a magnolia, with glossy pointed leaves, with wistaria and Banksia rose vine, which has clusters of tiny yellow roses.

After dinner, beautifully served at small tables, we went into the hall room where there was a coal fire, as it is cold and

EIGHT JOURNEYS ABROAD

looks as if it were in for a rainy day. I will let you know what we do in London. With love to all and hoping to hear from you soon.

Affly, yours

M. D. R.

Grand Hotel, Lyndhurst, New Forest.
Saturday, May 26th, 1900.

DEAR FANNY AND ALL,

Here we are still, having come from Southampton for a rest and a fine resting place it is, but oh! so cold! I wear

GRAND HOTEL, LYNDHURST, NEW FOREST

the thickest Winter clothing and sleep under layers of heavy blankets.

Mary is in fine shape, Cliff too, Sam better, but not yet himself. Cliff went to London this morning to arrange our lodgings, get the trunks, etc., and we go tomorrow to Winchester to service at the Cathedral and a drive around in the afternoon and reach London in time for dinner.

ENGLAND

BEAULIEU ABBEY

WHERE WILLIAM RUFUS FELL, NEW FOREST

EIGHT JOURNEYS ABROAD

We have some nice Americans here.

We drove through the Forest yesterday to "Bewley"—Beau Lieu by rights—saw the home of Lord Montague. In the afternoon to Stony Cross, saw Sir Wm. Harcourt's house and the big oaks, took tea at a Forester's Lodge and got back to a good dinner.

What a contrast it all is to things American. Here the birds are endless, the flowers fascinating, hawthorne, gorse, roses, wistaria and the rhododendron in great profusion. Mary is more enthusiastic about travel than ever and beams upon us all.

Affectionately

Frank.

FRANCE

Hotel Columbia, Paris,
June 7th, 1900.

DEAR LAURA,

Frank and I left London last Friday in a terrible North Easter, and had a daisy time crossing from Dover to Calais. I think it was the wettest day I ever saw and we were much more exposed to the rain than I expected. We found the boat French and different, and were lucky to get a cabin costing seven dollars and a half for the hour and twenty minutes, but it was worth it to keep our baggage dry and we had comfortable sofas.

I lay flat on my back and when I thought I couldn't stand it any longer got up and tried but was not able to do much and in consequence have been upset ever since, until now. I begin to think I am a good sailor, as the waves poured over the deck and the motion was terrible and I could hear people sick all around us.

We got here and found nice rooms and comfortable beds and a good dinner. The Hotel is small and we have one side of this floor with bath, practically to ourselves. We have our trunks in the passage way between the front and back rooms and have plenty of room for our things. It was a great change from London and I had to put on my summer things, the sun shone so hot. We went to church in the Avenue de l'Alma Sunday

EIGHT JOURNEYS ABROAD

morning and met Dr. K, who walked back with us and took us in en route to the new Hotel du Palais on the Champs Elysees.

Monday morning we got up at 5.30 and went to the Gare d'Orleans a three quarter hour ride and took the train to Vendome, a ride of 5 hours and found the place all decorated

GENERAL HORACE PORTER
Then U. S. Ambassador to France

and went (after lunch at the dirtiest hotel I ever saw) to see the statue of Rochambeau unveiled. We were conducted by some of the town notables to the Estrade and there saw the Marquise who made us sit on the front row beside her. On the opposite side were Horace Porter, our Minister, and Count Rochambeau and a distinguished Admiral of the French Navy and some Generals, &c.

FRANCE

There were military bands and choirs of singers from Paris and decorations galore. Gen'l. Porter had come down the night before and stayed at the Chateau and had taken part

REPLICA AT WASHINGTON, D. C., OF THE MONUMENT OF ROCHAMBEAU AT
VENDOME

in a mass celebrated in the Cathedral during the morning. He and his secretary and the father-in-law of the Marquise took up the available bed rooms there. They begged us to

EIGHT JOURNEYS ABROAD

come after the ceremony of unveiling to the Chateau, where a lunch was to be served,—flowers put on the tomb of the Marquis I knew, &c., but we knew it would be impossible for us to stay in that hotel over night, so there was nothing to do but to come back.

Some Americans went down in the train with us but of course didn't know who we were,—a Col. Huntington, and Col. Chaillé Long, &c., who were most polite after they found out who we were and saw us sitting with the Marquise. I was disappointed to give up going to the Chateau, but between the heat and fatigue had to let it go.

Last evening (Wednesday) the boys arrived from London. They both like the hotel, are satisfied with the situation and the food is excellent. I went to the Louvre store day before yesterday as I needed some gloves and I got slippers (felt) like mine and yours for Frank and Cliff and a parasol.

In the evening Frank and Sam and I walked around in the neighborhood. Guzman-Blanco lives on the opposite corner and we saw the magnificent dining room with carved wood panels. Queen Isabella's palace is on the other corner. The Infanta Eulalia is there at present and is getting divorced. This morning I went with Frank and Sam to where he has his baths and then to the Exposition and went all through the Petit Palais des Beaux Arts, came back in an omnibus to the Arc de Triomphe and walked down here. I shall go this p. m. either to order some things or with Sam, if he will take a chair and ride awhile in the exhibition.

Everything is hard work here, the crowds are so great and the streets almost impossible. The coachmen don't want to go by the hour and the omnibuses are always full.

Love to all, Affly,

M. D. R.

FRANCE

Hotel Columbia, Paris,
June 22nd, 1900.

DEAR LAURA,

It seems almost impossible to get time to write here and now that the time is getting short I want to be out all the time. We have had a delightful week. I don't know whether I wrote you that I had written to Mrs. Hazard (Addie Eads) to let her know that I was here. She responded immediately and has been just as kind as possible ever since. The first day she took me out to do some errands and then we drove

CHANTILLY

through the Bois all the way to Sevres and went through the Factory and then came back to the Cafe d'Armenonville and had a delicious breakfast in a most beautiful spot.

The climate is so heavenly here, there is always just enough cool breeze to prevent suffering with the heat. Since then she has been out with me a whole day looking at tapestries, lace shades and bedspreads, table cloths, &c. Her apartment is furnished magnificently in the French style—she is at

EIGHT JOURNEYS ABROAD

home Sunday afternoons this month. Frank and Cliff went there last Sunday at six, after we got back from Chantilly, but I was so tired I could not do anything.

I find I cannot write in the evenings because I am so tired.

Over a week ago we paid all our calls. Walter Douglas' sister introduced us to a Miss Unger, who is studying art here and she took us to Julian's studio, where I saw a life

EXPOSITION, PARIS, 1900

class all women and a man model, and it didn't shock me at all, and she also gave us a great treat by taking us to see Gerome and Bouguereau, the two painters Frank has always admired the most. Gerome's studio was very fine and filled with beautiful things, and he was the grandest man I ever saw. He now spends more time modeling statues than in painting, but everything he does is wonderful. We also saw his whole house and Bouguereau's also, which has a beautiful garden.

FRANCE

We had these girls to dinner afterwards and then all went to the Exposition and saw the Theatre des Danses (dances of all nations) in the Rue de Paris, and then sat out on a Terrace over the river at one of the Cafés. The Cafés are down under the different Pavilions, close to the river on both sides. Last night Cliff and I went to see Sarah Bernhardt in *L'Aiglon* by Rostand, the story of the Duc de Reichstadt, son of the first Napoleon.

We all, with Mrs. H, are going to the Exhibition to-night to see "Andalusia in the Time of the Moors." At the Spanish café under the Spanish Pavillion on the Rue des Nations the other side of the river, they have dancing and orchestra during dinner and all evening, also at the Russian, German and Swedish cafés, and these are packed full every night besides every restaurant in the city and in the Bois and at all the Hotels. Before the Grand Prix it was necessary to engage a table at the German restaurant three weeks ahead.

I don't find the gloves at 5 francs here much better than the gloves at home. Of course you see pretty things but they are all very dear.

Affly., M. D. R.

We do not yet know where we go from here, but Sam will visit St. Moritz.

Hotel Columbia, Paris,
July 1st, 1900.

DEAR FANNY,

I have wanted to write, but you cannot know what it is to have the care of three men, who don't know how to care for themselves without a maid or valet, and try to see an Exhibition and see visitors and do Paris at the same time.

I have been very well and have to-day only a little sick headache, which I know perfectly well I can attribute to indulging in afternoon tea and chocolate and good things generally at the Exhibition afternoons. It is astonishing to see every café and tea place filled to overflowing with people taking tea.

EIGHT JOURNEYS ABROAD

I know Frank has told you a great deal about the Exposition as to exterior and exhibits. I find one of the greatest attractions is to loaf about and sit down and watch the people and take tea at Ceylon or at the English café or lunch at the German restaurant (the fashionable thing to do), or take coffee or an ice at the Spanish restaurant, where there is a stage and Spanish dancers and singing afternoon and evening, or to spend an evening in "Andalusia in the Time of the

RUE DES NATIONS, PARIS EXPOSITION, 1900

Moors," and see real Spanish dances of the people, on one side, and on the other tournaments and tilts between Moors and Spaniards on horses and camels.

Another delightful afternoon was spent in the Swiss village, which is a most wonderful illusion, with real rocks, mountain high and green grass, and valleys and shepherdess huts way up on the hills and waterfalls and old houses and chalets reproduced, shops, cafés, stables with real cows and milk to sell, and a little church.

After an hour or two of hard work in the art galleries or

FRANCE

exhibits, such a scene is very restful and one carries away a pleasant impression. The river runs between the Rue des Nations on one side with the foreign pavilions, and the Rue de Paris on the other. The latter is lined with theatres and restaurants and is very fashionable at night. The foreign pavilions have their restaurants underneath and all have music, so it is very gay at lunch time and dinner time.

Another experience was sitting in the Trans-Siberian train de luxe and having lunch in the dining car, while travelling from Moscow to Pekin; the illusion is perfect; the scenery moves while the train is stationary. All is very elegant and you come out into the Chinese pavilion and restaurant where there are Chinese servants with long pig tails and queer hats and always the same gayety.

Miss Douglas is very nice and she introduced us to a Miss Unger, an art student here, who has taken us to Gerome's, Bougereau's and Jan Van Beers' studios and also Julian's. This was a great treat and the houses also superb. Gerome is magnificent and his work the same. Van Beers' house something wonderful but Monte Cristo like. I have never dreamed of such houses as I have seen here.

At last we have decided on our future movements. We all leave here Thursday, July 5th, Frank and Sam go to Basle and spend the night, then on to Lucerne and in a day or two across the lake to Burgenstock and spend a week at the big Hotel half way up the mountain to get accustomed to the high air. Then they go to Lugano, Chiavenna and over the Maloja Pass to St. Moritz. Cliff and I go to Hombourg for my three weeks' cure, as I need it very much. I prefer going with the others but think it best to go to Hombourg.

Affly. yours, M. D. R.

GERMANY, SWITZERLAND AND AUSTRIA

Royal Victoria Hotel, Bad-Hombourg.

July 7th, 1900.

DEAR LAURA,

Of course you know how hard it was at Paris to get a chance to write, with going to the Exhibition and out to all sorts of things. At the 4th of July reception at Mr. Porter's, the American Ambassador, Frank met the Christophersons (who were married in Philadelphia during the Centennial), and they were most cordial, and she said if she had only known we were in Paris she could have done a great deal for us.

Frank and Sam left Paris Thursday morning, July 5th, for Basle and Lucerne and are to spend a week at Burgenstock, a high place across the lake from Lucerne, preparatory to going to St. Moritz. Cliff and I took the night train the same night to Frankfort, by way of Metz and Mayence, and got here by one o'clock the next day. We found two nice single rooms awaiting us and if it would only get warm it would be perfect, for the Hotel is beautifully kept and has been all fixed up inside and everything is immaculately clean.

How I wish we could have this Hotel at Bedford, but I must say the water tastes a great deal better here than the Bedford water, but I miss the fires. It is as cold as winter here and I am only comfortable in my fur cloak. There are

GERMANY, SWITZERLAND AND AUSTRIA

very few people here yet and the Paris fair may interfere with all these baths.

It was hard work to get up this morning with the thermometer at 50 degrees or lower and go out to drink 3 glasses of cold water before breakfast. I am not to begin the baths for several days.

Grand Hotel Splendide, Lugano.

Wed., July 11th, 1900.

DEAR FANNY AND JOE,

Many thanks for yours of the 29th of June, which found us at Lucerne this morning before we left at 9.08 to cross the Gothard, and we arrived here at 1.24 to find heat like we have

GRAND HOTEL, LAKE LUGANO

at home and a great contrast to the nasty damp cold rainy days in Lucerne. We spend the night here and go to Menaggio and Chiavenna tomorrow and leave Chiavenna at 7 A. M. on Friday for St. Moritz. We meet no home faces and make no acquaintances, so we have to rely on each other for company.

EIGHT JOURNEYS ABROAD

If St. Moritz benefits Sam we are likely to remain there till about the 5th of August and go thence to Sigmaringen for a visit, back to Paris and I do hope to sail on the 25th of August. Mary seems never to tire of it over here and she and Cliff are in Hombourg, having chilly weather and I fancy meeting few people but taking the "Kur" and imagining she is doing good for herself.

This is a most picturesque place and so neat and clean, but deserted. I fancy we are the only guests in this big house and we are seated in a big room trying to keep cool and awaiting five o'clock when we go aboard a steamboat for a tour around the Lake.

You seem to have had torrid weather in America and a good spell of it, while we have had thick winter clothing on and been glad to hug up to the fire.

We had to give up Burgenstock, the place looked so forlorn and damp and cold and inaccessible, and I hope the change to St. Moritz will not be too sudden. I fancy the weather will be more seasonable from now on. Everyone talks Italian here and a few hours ago it was all German and yet all pride themselves on being Swiss.

Sam joins me in love to you and all.

Affy.

Frank.

Royal Victoria Hotel, Bad-Hombourg,
Sunday, July 22nd, 1900.

DEAR LAURA AND MARIA,

I write to you both together because I don't want to put off writing to another day. Since I wrote you last (when we were freezing in a cold rain) we have had the most intense heat I ever felt, and it has been a struggle to get up at all in the morning and get down to my bath. On returning I was fairly swimming in perspiration. No doubt it is very good for one.

Altho we are quite alone I love this place and the restful quiet of it. I was never made to stay in cities in hot weather.

GERMANY, SWITZERLAND AND AUSTRIA

There are two old ladies from Boston in this Hotel that Gen. Warren introduced to us by the name of Walker—have been identified with Harvard, through father or brother, and are delightful people.

Raban came over from Wiesbaden last Sunday, and we took the trolley to the Saalburg, had coffee and came home to late dinner. This Sunday morning he came partly on his bicycle and partly by train to spend the day and it is just beginning to rain, so I suppose he will have to go back by train. His sister Mechtilde is visiting near Bonn on the

KOENIGSTEIN

Rhine and we have just come to the conclusion that we will go direct to Sigmaringen from here and take her home with us and perhaps go after a visit of 4 days to meet Frank and Sam, returning to Hohenstadt for the silver wedding on the 17th.

Clifford and I made a beautiful excursion after lunch on Wednesday. Taking a two-horse carriage we drove through the pine woods, up and down hill to Koenigstein, where there is a magnificent ruin, on a very high point above the town and which I climbed up to. It was a royal residence and fortress destroyed by the French in 1796. Then we took coffee in the town and came back by the village of Cronberg,

EIGHT JOURNEYS ABROAD

a quaint place with frescoed houses and doll-house windows. Those old villages have very steep roofs, covered with red tiles, and nothing could be more beautiful than the view from a high point over the dull red tiled roofs, nestled among the green trees. Nearby is the Empress Frederick's new castle, which we passed on our return home.

It has been too hot to make any excursions since, so we have simply gone up in the trolley to the Saalburg and sat there until well cooled off and then back again. There are lots of pretty things here to buy, but such prices, everything is so dear.

M. D. R.

Palace Hotel, St. Moritz,

July 23rd, 1900, Monday.

DEAR FANNY AND JOE,

Your most welcome lines of the 11th came this morning and were eagerly perused. You cannot tell how grateful we are for your thought of us. Our present plan now is to leave here on Thursday for Zurich and try to meet Cliff and Mary somewhere, arrange our plans for the visit to the Adelmans and for the remaining weeks I have on this side Mary proposes a few days in Sigmaringen and to make a trip somewhere and be in Hohenstadt (Adelmann's Castle in Wurtemberg) for the Silver Wedding about the 18th of August.

She finds the heat in Hombourg hardly bearable, but declares she has enjoyed herself there. So you see trying to arrange plans to be with Emma and party and with Mary and Cliff and then to try to do the best for Sam has set us all at diagonal points and I endeavor all the time to know what to do to accomplish all. I have written Mary Sam and I expect to leave on Thursday for Thuis and Zurich, remain there anyhow till Monday, the 31st, and then! alas I have no plans.

The F. W. Vanderbilts and Twombly have been in this house four days. Sam cannot walk much and will not drive, and each afternoon is showery and we are housebound, so the search for health and strength for him is not a grand success.

GERMANY, SWITZERLAND AND AUSTRIA

The anxiety about affairs in China does not make any one cheerful over here and we dread the future, for no one knows what may come of all the horrible fighting and the political events so near the bursting point. Europe cannot stand much more without a rupture and the United States is just as

PALACE HOTEL, ST. MORITZ

likely to be embroiled as the other countries. The uncertainty of the future makes me want to be home. I cannot enjoy pleasuring with the thought of such anxieties everywhere and if nothing prevents I shall sail as anticipated on the 25th. So wishing you both pleasurable experiences in New England and with love from all.

Affy. Frank.

Royal Victoria Hotel, Hombourg,
July 27th, 1900.

DEAR FANNY,

The heat has been intense here and with the taking of the waters I have been almost incapacitated. It is very weakening at the time and I am just getting over a two-day sick headache.

EIGHT JOURNEYS ABROAD

I could hardly keep up the necessary correspondence with Frank and the temporary voluminous one with the Adelmans as I take the afternoons for a little rest, and then out again either for a walk or up to the Saalburg in the trolley.

The Emperor is too much like an American for anything. He is just hustling things. He has built this trolley and is building up the Roman Camp on the foundation walls to be just as it was in Roman times. He already has a sort of drawbridge at the main gateway and serrated walls along the front and a piece of thorn-wood patch such as is described in Julius Caesar and the restaurant is called Dornholzhause.

I have been to several places I did not go before, walks through the Hardtwood, the other side of the town and to the French village Friedrichs-dorf. One afternoon we took a delightful drive to Koenigstein and climbed up to the ruins, which are magnificent and back through the village of Kronberg and round by the Empress Frederick's castle.

On the Sunday Raban Adelman came over from Wiesbaden on his bicycle and went back by train and on Monday Clifford rode it back over the Koenigstein road and had a delightful ride, stayed until Wednesday noon. He has gone to Frankfort to meet Mechtilde Adelman, who will stay here until Monday with us when we all go to Sigmaringen, getting there Monday evening.

We have the new Gov. General of Australia here—looks like a boy; Earl of Hopetown. I must stop, so good bye.

Aff. yours,

M. D. R.

I will keep you posted as to all our movements. Am sorry I have no more news to tell you, but our life here is most quiet.

I hope you are enjoying the cottage and have good food. With much love to all, and hoping for a letter soon from Jamestown.

Affly,

M. D. R.

GERMANY, SWITZERLAND AND AUSTRIA

Sigmaringen, Aug. 3rd, 1900.

DEAR LAURA,

I sent Laura postal cards to-day because beautifully painted. She must keep them as it is quite the thing to collect them. We had quite a gay time the last few days of our stay at Hombourg. First Emma and family arrived and after we had been so very much alone it was very nice to have them to talk to. Then Mechtilde Adelman, who had been visiting on the Rhine, came to us Friday 27th and stayed with us until we came here on Monday. Sigmund brought her and as he had to go back to Wiesbaden that evening and Sousa's band was to play that evening at a big garden in Frankfort, we all, Sinnicksons, &c., went in and came out on a late train.

Raban and Sigmund both came over from Wiesbaden Sunday for the day and I had the girls for lunch and Emma had us all for dinner. The table was beautifully decorated with roses and altogether very fine. We left early Monday morning and had lunch at Stuttgart and came on here at eight o'clock.

We are enjoying every minute of it, going about in this glorious climate. Frank and Sam arrived an hour ahead of us, so we are all here together. Clifford and Mechtilde and a friend have gone off on their bicycles to a neighboring village to fish for trout, where he got a permission and the trout are plentiful. Unfortunately the Prince and Court are in deepest mourning for the Dowager Princess of Hohenzollern and now they have gone to the funeral of the Duke of Coburg, who is Victoria's son, and was formerly Duke of Edinburg, and married the Czar's sister. Their daughter is the wife of the Crown Prince of Roumania and has been entertained by the Adelmans in this house.* I think this is as beautiful country as I ever saw and the climate is perfect, almost 2,000 ft. above the sea. We suffered terribly with the heat at Hombourg, the worst ever known there.

*Now (1916) the Queen of Roumania and alas! her distress great, owing to the dreadful War.

EIGHT JOURNEYS ABROAD

Frank and Sam are quite decided to sail on the 25th of this month and I shall have to give up my southern trip, so probably Clifford and I will return late in October. We go away Monday for a little trip around Innsbruck to give the Adelmanns a chance to move to Hohenstadt and then we meet on the 17th for the silver wedding, 19th, and the boys come from Wiesbaden for their vacation and we expect to stay there for at least ten days. Frank will leave 21st and Sam may not go there at all but go to the Touraine instead and meet his father at Cherbourg for the ship. Emma and little Fanny have gone on to Oberammergau and the girls have stayed in Hombourg.

Isn't it terrible about the King of Italy?*

We are anxious for news from China but don't get much. I must go to dinner, so good bye, with love to all,

Aff'ly, M. D. R.

Hotel Tirol,
Innsbruck, 11th Aug., 1900.

DEAR SAM,

Many thanks for your two postal cards of Thursday which came just now telling of your journey to Paris and meeting Cliff, and of your arrangement for rooms at the Hotel Columbia. I am glad to know of this and will come direct to that Hotel from the Station. I do hope you will have a most enjoyable time in the Touraine and be able to present the letters so you will have some acquaintances to keep you company and pick out little excursions.

If you can, hunt up Mrs. Charlemagne Tower at Tours where she is spending the summer with her family. All you have to do is to leave your card and address and I am sure she will be happy to see you as she and her husband are always most friendly to us and are very nice.

Here we are having a cold rain this morning and are consequently housebound, but this is a nice hotel, very cleanly

*The King of Italy had just been assassinated.

GERMANY, SWITZERLAND AND AUSTRIA

and good food and with Aunt Emma and Fanny for company we get along nicely and will not leave till Monday.

We start Monday on our return northward through the Austrian and Bavarian Tyrol to the wonderful castle of the crazy King of Bavaria and then turn westward to Bregenz and Lindau and on to Ulm and Hohenstadt. On Monday we have a two-hours' ride by rail to Imst and thence to Füssen, a ten-hours drive to take all day. It is said to be very beau-

TEGERN SEE, TYROL

tiful and I hope will be a success, altho the weather is fitful these days and we may be caught by rain. Innsbruck is certainly very beautiful and surrounded entirely by snow capped mountains. Yesterday afternoon we took a beautiful drive to a very old Castle, Ambass, near here, owned by the Emperor of Austria and your Mother was greatly pleased with the old furniture and paintings and a fine display of armor.

They have a funny currency here, Guldens worth 40 cents are the units divided into a hundred Kreutzers and

EIGHT JOURNEYS ABROAD

AUSTRIAN "JAGER" REGIMENT IN THE FERN PASS

CASTLE AMBASS, INNSBRUCK

GERMANY, SWITZERLAND AND AUSTRIA

now they have Kroners about $\frac{1}{2}$ a Gulden, divided into Hellers, 100 Hellers make 1 Kroner and two Hellers make one Kreutzer. This involves a calculation at every transaction that resembles very much the Jew's who said the man wanted \$10 for his coat, would take \$8 but would sell at \$6 and it cost him \$4 and the buyer would give \$2. So every time I buy a cigar it takes a lot of Japanese figuring to pay for it and I pull out my "chicken feed" coins and find I have to double the Hellers to make Kreutzers! Such is life! I shall be glad to get back to a country where we will have dollars and cents, or more properly dollars and lots of sense. So good bye, old boy, write me fully care Morgan Harjes & Co., and enjoy yourself and grow strong and well. Your Mother joins me in affectionate greetings and love to you.

Affectionately,

F. H. R.

Lermoos, Tirol, Aug. 13th, 1900.

DEAR FANNY,

I have thought all day of how you would enjoy this drive on this most perfect day. We were with Emma three days at Innsbruck and yesterday took the small train to Hall and walked all over it. To-day we left Innsbruck at 8 A. M. and came to Imst by train and then took Extra Post to Nassareit and then changed and had a real postilion and came over the magnificent Fern Pass in an ideal atmosphere. We are going to Oberammergau, but will spend to-morrow at Hohenschwangau.

We start this minute for Oberammergau, will stay over Wednesday and come back here and use our tickets by Lindau. We are very tired and must get up two mornings at 5 o'clock, then on to the wedding. Love to all,

Aff'ly,

M. D. R.

Hohenstadt, Aug. 20th, 1900.

DEAR SAM,

Your Father is just going and I send this by him to say we have enjoyed your nice letters from Blois and hope the stay there has done you good. The silver wedding was the greatest

EIGHT JOURNEYS ABROAD

THE FERN PASS, TYROL

BANQUET TABLE, SILVER WEDDING, HOHENSTADT

GERMANY, SWITZERLAND AND AUSTRIA

success you can imagine and we only went to bed at one o'clock beginning with a six o'clock dinner. The men of the family all wore orders and the oldest was a general in full uniform. There were 95 telegrams so far and five of them were from different royalties. Your Father will tell you all about it—it was much more delightful than we expected it to be. Do write often and let me know how you are all the time, as I shall be very anxious.

HOTEL, TEGERN SEE, TYROL

We had a most delightful trip of twelve days in the Tyrol and travelled very hard, and as I had all the packing and planning to do did not get much time to write. The first day from Munich we were in 9 different conveyances and arrived at Tegern-See at seven o'clock to find not a bed in the village, but I told the woman we were going to stay just the same and she finally found a single room, so after that we took the trouble to telegraph ahead.

We were three days in Innsbruck in a most comfortable Hotel and enjoyed being with your Aunt Emma and Fanny

EIGHT JOURNEYS ABROAD

and Mrs. Robinson, and her boys and met some nice young Englishmen. Then we had a beautiful drive over the Fern Pass to Fussen and the Castles of King Ludwig and then to Lindau and then here. Take good care of yourself on the ship. I hope it will be warm and now with a kiss for good bye and with much love,

Your affectionate Mother, M. D. R.

Hohenstadt,
Aug. 21st, 1900.

DEAR FRANK,

We received your postal this morning saying you were unable to get a berth on the Oriental Express. Count A. says he secured it two weeks ago and cannot understand why you should not have had it. We were very anxious when the terrible hail storm began for fear you would be soaked as it would have been impossible for three of you to be protected in that carriage from the storm, but the coachman said you got to the station all right.

This morning before I could get dressed I heard the soldiers coming and looking out saw all sorts of horses, wagons, &c, officers and soldiers and sure enough they arrived in time to want an early breakfast and now at one o'clock they will have another and dinner to-night in the hall. It is still hot and looks like another storm late in the day.

We miss you terribly and I feel badly to have you go away. I don't see why you and Sam cannot be content to settle down somewhere here and where the climate and food are good. Do write often and keep me posted about Sam and with much love from us all, Your aff, M. D. R.

Hohenstadt, 7 o'clock,
Aug. 22nd, 1900.

DEAR FRANK AND SAM,

We have been in a perfect whirl with the soldiers and officers and I cannot get a moment. They came early yesterday morning and we had early lunch and late dinner. They

GERMANY, SWITZERLAND AND AUSTRIA

are Uhlans and the highest officer is Major Frank and then Baron von Gemmingen, a sort of cousin of Countess Adelmann, and then the young officers were a Count Szeil, whose father is a Prince and his cousin young Baron Ensberg, whose castle we saw not far from Sigmaringen.

Last night we had a big dinner in the Hall and General von Camerer drank to your health. In the afternoon we went out to see them inspect the horses but it was not very much.

THE BRIDAL COUPLE IN THE GARDEN, HOHENSTADT

We all sat up very late and the General and I make as much fun as possible where neither can speak the other's language. To-day they had a grand dinner at 8 o'clock with fish and ice cream and champagne and the regimental band had assembled from all round the country and while we were eating they stood in the churchyard, where the fire works were and played beautifully. The programs were written out and put on the table. After dinner they played the Washington Post for Cliff and myself and I sent them down red, white and

EIGHT JOURNEYS ABROAD

blue China Asters tied with some red, white and blue ribbon and the leader pinned them on his shoulder and saluted and I had to bow at the window. All these fine uniforms make it seem very stately and fine.

We spent the afternoon in the garden, the young officers and the boys played croquet and all drank beer and now they are ready for another meal. It is nothing but eat and drink all day long. There were twenty at table to-day.

Countess Adelmann sends her regards and regrets that you could not have stayed to see the officers. The General has been threatening to serenade me and this morning he sent the chief trumpeter and stood him in the Hall in front of my door and played the reveille. You can imagine the noise. I do hope Sam is feeling better and I am so sorry he went into such a hot climate. I hope to get a letter from you, as none came to-day. I wonder if you go Friday afternoon or Saturday morning to Cherbourg. Hoping you are both well, with much love,

Your aff.,

M. D. R.

Hohenstadt,

Thursday noon, Aug. 23rd, 1900.

DEAR FRANK AND SAM,

The Uhlans were magnificent on horseback. We got up early to see them off, as they got up a special parade for me and the trumpeters played on horseback in front of our windows and we watched them all wind away down hill. They looked taller and more imposing than our cavalry, with their lances upright and it was a magnificent sight.

I fear it is too late to send this letter to Paris and you don't name your Hotel at Cherbourg so we can only send to the ship and hope you will get it. Your two letters came to-day, Thursday, at ten o'clock, so I will telegraph to Hotel Columbia to-day. I also miss you very much and am only diverted a little by all this excitement. With best love and hopes for a safe voyage.

Your aff.

M. D. R.

GERMANY, SWITZERLAND AND AUSTRIA

DEAR FATHER,

The Uhlans left here this morning and we got up to see them off. At ten A. M. we went to see a little play at the kindergarten and it was really very good. The story was taken from Hansel and Gretel. This afternoon, we drive and "bike" to Fachsenfeld. At this time of year you should meet pleasanter people on the St. Paul than we did coming over. Well with best wishes for clear weather, smooth seas and a pleasant company,

CLIFFORD.

Hohenstadt, Aug. 24th, 1900.

DEAR LAURA,

I am quite crazy when I remember that I haven't written to you since Innsbruck and how things have accumulated since then! We left Innsbruck Monday morning, Aug. 13th in the train as far as Imst, where we found a carriage waiting for us. We lost no time getting off as it was a long way to Hohenschwangau. Our way lay through several villages filled with Austrian soldiers who were most picturesque as we saw them around the village fountains and across the celebrated Fern Pass, the most beautiful of all the Passes. We were very fortunate in having the most glorious weather possible and the high mountains with bare rock summits, a pale pink color, towering above our heads and contrasting with the green forests below, were something wonderful.

We enjoyed lunching at a little village on the Austrian frontier and took tea at Lermoos and then on to Reutle and Füssen. At Füssen the railroad comes in but we went on to the Alpen Rosen at Hohenschwangau, getting there in time for a table d'hote supper. We were glad to get a room as the whole country is swarming with tourists going to and coming from Oberammergau, and who take in the Royal Castles at the same time.

That night our decision not to go to Oberammergau began to waver and we concluded that when we were so near people

EIGHT JOURNEYS ABROAD

would think us fools not to go so we told the porter to telegraph if we could get a room and seats in the Theatre and we would decide in the morning. I found my bed wet and cold and had a real shaking chill and got up and put on some things and my fur lined circular on top and took brandy and finally got warm. In the morning I found myself all right again. The porter had secured accommodations for us so it was decided we should drive from there in the afternoon.

SCHLOSS HOHENSCHWANGAU

So the morning was given up to the Castle of Neuschwanstein, built by King Ludwig on the foundations of an old castle in the most romantic location, on top of a high crag with great rocky gorges all around it and higher mountains with cataracts of water dashing down into the gorges. It is built all of white stone and is dazzling to look at—is modeled somewhat after the Wartburg at Eisenach. The great hall of the Troubadours has a stage at one end and here Ludwig used to have the Wagner Opera given for himself alone.

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Magnificent scarcely expresses the costliness of all the decorations. One room was all of foliage in wood carving, gilded, coming way out from the corners and spreading over the ceiling. The frescoes were all of subjects from the Parsifal, of Wolfram von Eschingen and the Niebelungen and Lohen-

NEUSCHWANSTEIN Castle of the King of Bavaria

grin, as this is the country associated with the Swan legend and everywhere through the castle the swan was in everything, blue and white leather cushions with swan design, embroidered on the curtains.

In the dining room the centre piece for flowers was a great white swan. On some of the balconies you could imagine

EIGHT JOURNEYS ABROAD

Elsa just as in the Opera. The other castle Hohenschwangau, "High swan place" happened to be occupied by one of the royal family and so could not be seen, so we ate our lunch and started off for Oberammergau by the shortest road, with

GORGEIOUS ROOM IN NEUSCHWANSTEIN

all our luggage behind us, as we were to come back to Füssen to take the train after the Passion Play.

A delightful drive through pine forests and a long pull up the valley and we arrived at Oberammergau and had to let the horses walk through the village so great was the crowd of people. Young Ben Reath rushed up to us to know if Clifford

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was there, otherwise we saw no one we knew, but at the Hotel, which was across the little river and not in the main street, we found two men who had been in the same Hotel in Munich.

We got our supper quickly and hearing cannons going off and music rushed back to the village. There every one was out and the village band was playing, the balconies and even the streets close by the houses were filled with people eating and others were in the shops. I saw such beautiful things but unfortunately as the light was poor decided to wait until the next day, thinking that I would get time to look at things in the daylight, and as it rained terribly I never got a chance to see anything.

We had a very nice room and good food at our Hotel and had a good night's rest. We had to get up at 6.30 to dress and breakfast and get to the Theatre by 8 o'clock. It was a curious sight to see the throngs of people all converging towards that one spot and filling the many entrances. I found the two Sands were next to me and some very aristocratic looking Germans, also a gay widow who came over on the ship with us.

The play is opened by the Chorus, like in the old Greek plays, who explain the following scene and the tableaux. Then comes a tableau from the Old Testament, then a scene of the play. The Chorus became a little tiresome after 8 hours, but the tableaux were wonderful, the throngs of people and the different colors of the costumes and the gorgeous ones of the High Priests of the Sanhedrim and of the Roman Pilate and soldiers and the streets of Jerusalem, made a never-to-be-forgotten scene.

The entrance of Christ on the Ass, with the people acclaiming and waving palms, was very impressive. After the first hour I began to feel very ill (the result of my chill) and concluded to go out. I told Frank not to follow and I managed to get an "einspanner" and get back to the Hotel, where I lay down and got warm and dry and got relief from pain.

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In the afternoon the play began at 1.30 and I went, after a good dose of medicine, and sat it through all right but I had to ride both ways as everything was soaked with rain and afloat.

It was all a wonderful picture and most impressive, especially the crucifixion. The Christus was like the best pictures, but of course one couldn't expect the expression in the face. He was very sad and pensive and the bearing of the cross and the tormenting and scourging by the Roman soldier was terrible. He was hanging on the cross eighteen minutes. It looked exactly as if the nails went through the hands and feet and there was no visible support. When they forced the crown of thorns down on his head and the blood trickled down it was terrible. Then when he died on the cross and everything became dark and there was terrific thunder, it was wonderful, right out of doors as it was.

We have brought books and pictures to show something of it all. It was still raining the next morning when we left at a quarter before six in our same carriage to drive back over the same way to Füssen. We had an hour to spare and visited the fine old castle, where the Archbishops of Augsburg used to live, and is now used by the Government for offices. It is a magnificent old castle on a hill and below it on the river an old straggling monastery in a corner of which are still left some portions of the old city wall and a tower.

From the train after leaving Füssen we had our most impressive view of Neuschwanstein, it seeming much longer and more spread out than from the other positions we had seen it.

We arrived at Lindau on the Bodensee to find a lovely Hotel on the lake, with a balcony out of our room overlooking the Harbor and we dined delightfully on the veranda and watched the crowds of people off and on the boats going to Bregenz, Constance, and dozens of places. It was a great change from the primitiveness of our last few days.

The next morning we went by boat to Friedrichshafen

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and dined and drove about and then came by fast train here via Ulm. We drove up here in an hour and a half and found the other guests arriving and Clifford here.

They had two suppers that night, each of not less than ten or a dozen people. I am so tired that I will send this off and write the description of Saturday and the Silver Wedding on Sunday, 19th, another time. Frank left Monday afternoon and met Sam in Paris, Tuesday, and is to-day travelling to Cherbourg to sail to-morrow.

I have no plans for the present after leaving here. Shall wait to hear of Sam's condition after he gets back. With love to all,

Aff'ly.,

M. D. R.

Hohenstadt, Aug. 25th, 1900.

DEAR LAURA,

Your letter came this morning inclosed in one from Frank, who is now, to-day, in Cherbourg and will soon be on the St. Paul with Sam. The latter wishes to go, much to my regret, as the climate is so much better here. He will be far better off in Jamestown than in Philadelphia and cannot get there until October, as I cannot have the house ready.

I wrote you of our doings up to the time we arrived at Hohenstadt. There is so much I would like to tell, but it is really impossible to write everything. All day Saturday they were busy decorating with flags and flowers and putting up a long table in the Hall. The Countess' brother, the Baron von Brüsselle, is a remarkably handsome man, blonde and tall and most beautiful features. He also speaks English perfectly. He arrived Friday evening with a cousin, Baronin von Brüsselle and a Frau von Fischer, who was an Adelman and whose husband is a General. Another Cousin General von Camerer, is the head of the family. Then there was another Count Adelman and the other Adelman family, who occupy the floor under this.

Early on Sunday morning we got up and dressed and had

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breakfast, then all the Adelmänn family formed in line. Meantime the church was decorated and all the better class of villagers had formed in line on each side of the street, among them all the old soldiers. Then the band took its place and began to play as soon as the Adelmänn issued from the castle gate. Cliff and I stood inside between the castle and church to see them pass.

VILLAGE FOLK PARADING FOR THE SILVER WEDDING

First came two little nieces in white with blonde hair hanging down their backs and each holding a blue velvet cushion out in front of them on which rested one a silver wreath and the other a bunch of silver flowers—then came the Count and Countess, he in frock coat and high hat and she in a purple satin foulard 'with lace and a pretty little bonnet, then the family after them. As they entered the church door the organ pealed forth and we flew up the tower stairs to our proscenium box in time to see them come up into the chancel, where there were seats on each side like

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priedieu's to accommodate the whole of them. The Priest was very nice looking—wore the most gorgeous chasuble you can imagine, over a white linen robe edged with deep lace. The service was long and towards the end the Count and Countess came out from the side and knelt on a priedieu in

GATE OF CASTLE HOHENSTADT

THE PROCESSION TO THE CHURCH

COMING OUT OF CHURCH AFTER
THE CEREMONY

THE RETURN TO THE CASTLE

the middle and the priest made some address and then he held the Evangels for each of them to kiss and then the service ended with some fine music and they marched out again between the lines of people and the band playing.

They then received all the villagers in the great Hall and gave them sherry and cake. After lunch we all retired to

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rest for the dinner, to be at six o'clock. I wore my jet evening dress for the first time, much I fear to the scandal of the two priests present. None of the other women had real evening dress, but some had low linings and mine looked very well with the gorgeous uniforms of the men.

General Camerer was magnificent in full uniform covered with orders, among them the iron cross. The others all had a beautiful order hung from a red velvet sort of yoke which lay

SCHLOSS AND CHURCH, HOHENSTADT

below the collar and then strings of orders across the left breast. Count Adelman and Baron Brüsselle also had two gilt buttons at the back of the waist which they wear now instead of the big golden key, as Chamberlains to the King of Württemberg.

The Baron has been everywhere in Europe with the King and told me many interesting experiences as he took me to dinner. The Count and Countess sat side by side in the middle of one side of the table and opposite them the General with

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his Aunt, the Baron Brüsselle and myself came next and the other members of the family, and then village functionaries and the priests. None of the neighbors were invited as there were 21 people at table as it was.

They used the celebrated service of Marie Antoinette china with tiny blue flowers made at the factory she established near Paris and which only existed a very few years, so it is now very rare. There are two pieces of it in the

THE WEDDING COUPLE, FRIENDS, AND RELATIVES IN THE GARDEN

Museum at Sevres. In the middle of the table was a cake 2 ft. high from Pomerania called a Baumkuchen and looked like the stem of a fern palm. It was stuck over with blue and white flags and then at intervals down the table were jardinieres of the china service filled with alternately blue and white flowers and green asparagus, &c., were strewn between the dishes and silver flowers fastened to them—china plates filled with delicious cakes and bonbons completed the table decoration.

As soon as the dinner was well under way Sigmund got

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up to read the telegrams which were 96 in number, 5 of them from royal personages and that was all most interesting. Then the General as the oldest of the connection rose and made an address and asked us to drink the health of the Count and Countess and then they all gave utterance to three "Hoch's!" and it was very stirring.

Just then came trooping into the room six or eight of the strangest figures dressed in long frock coats, short breeches

"HOCHI"

and long white stockings and fur caps each with an instrument, then one of them came forward to Count Adelmann and taking off his cap said, "We are the musicians of your great-great-grandfather Joseph Anselm and we want to play some old music." So they began to play with great vigor and after the different speeches, when they all gave their three Hoch's, they played a sort of accompaniment, like this, with each one, Do-mi-sol-do.

I never saw a more beautiful sight than the Hall and the dinner, the big glass chandeliers with their lights and the

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portraits and gallery, and the long table and the bright colors of the flowers and uniforms and the musicians. The great tree cake was cut with much ceremony and the Count thanked every one for their good wishes and Raban made a speech requesting all to drink to the health of the Rosengarten family and then all the men came trooping round to touch my glass with theirs and gave us the three hoch's and the musicians played, and there was altogether a great time.

MUSICIANS OF JOSEPH ANSELM AT THE WEDDING BANQUET, HOHENSTADT

At each plate there was a photo of the Count and Countess and the chocolates were done in blue and white paper with a picture of the castle on them, which we kept for souvenirs. Then at the last one of the little girls in white came into the room with a basket and passed around to each one a ribbon favor, blue and white knot and streamers, with the dates of the two weddings, which we pinned on our shoulders. After dinner and coffee the village choir came in and stood up in the gallery and sang glees. During the evening the General played accompaniments and the men sang their old student

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corps songs of Tübingen and Frank was perfectly happy. Then the musicians played for dancing and everybody danced and it was one o'clock before we finally dispersed.

The musicians had found their costumes among the peasants' old houses and they were just such as were worn at that old time. The next day Frank left for Paris and Baron Brüsselle and his cousins also, as on Tuesday the soldiers were to appear on the scene to spend two days on their way to the manoeuvres. Clifford was moved into the room next to mine and the big table was left in the Hall, as we were to eat there while the officers were here.

The next morning just as I was ready for breakfast I heard a tramping and looked out of the window to the front street and saw the Uhlans trooping along with their long lances, poised on their stirrups, and in beautiful uniforms, then carriages and great covered wagons, which were left under the trees at the side of the street. I went into the breakfast room and said "there is a whole army arriving" and sure enough officers and all had arrived much earlier than was expected and had to have an extra breakfast.

There were five officers, each with a servant and a horse to be quartered in the castle, and the others were in the village, but came to dinner that evening. There was a Baron von Gemmingen, a cousin of Countess Adelman's, a young Count Szeil, whose Father is a Prince, and so on. As they were only passing through there were no parades, only an examination of the horses at 4 P. M. by two of the younger officers, so that evening we had only dinner with about 15 people at table and it all looked very fine with the uniforms of the officers and the flowers and lights.

The General and I are having great fun with each other and he said he was going to serenade me at six o'clock the next morning. I said I thought it was rather early and thought no more about it. I had just gotten up at 8 A. M. the next morning when the most terrific trumpeting started up outside my door and there outside in the Hall stood the trumpeter,

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in full uniform, playing the reveille, and their uniforms are handsomer than our generals'.

There was a big dinner in the middle of the day of at least 21 people. I was much teased about my serenade. They had an early dinner and invited the other officers and young Baron von Ensberg and another officer came also from Adelmansfelden, where they were staying, and all the family from down stairs and we had another great dinner, with menus at each plate, and, between, a musical programme. The regimental band had been collected and played beautifully through the whole dinner, really fine selections.

After dinner we stood at the castle windows looking across the moat to where they stood in the church yard. Then Count Adelmann requested them to play the Washington Post in our honor. Then I got together a red and a white and a blue China Aster bouquet tied together with a piece of red white and blue ribbon and Clifford and Raban went down and presented it to the leader with my thanks, and he then saluted me as I stood at the window.

The officers dance a peculiar dance to the Washington Post and were quite surprised that we knew nothing about it. Clifford must introduce it. We spent the last afternoon in the garden where they drank beer and played croquet. In the evening a light supper and tea after, music and dancing, and then bed.

The soldiers were to leave at seven o'clock in the morning and as I expressed some disappointment at not seeing them "en parade" they arranged to leave here, in full marching order, parading through the village street but had to dismount to go down the very steep hill and I was amply repaid for getting up. The uniforms are so fine and the helmets attached by long white cords to the shoulder of the coat, then the long lances, erect, they certainly looked formidable enough, and I could readily imagine how the French women and children raved when the cry was raised, "The Uhlands are coming."

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They looked so very high and big. We followed to the garden and watched them wind along down the steep hill and along the white road in the valley and as they turned and vanished they were all singing soldier songs. The General says as he can't marry me he is going to wait for little Laura, whom I have promised to bring over. The next day I cannot describe I am so tired, but will send this off and perhaps by the time you get it Frank will be with you and can tell you all about it. We hope his pictures will be good, as he took many. With much love to all,

Aff'ly,

M. D. R.

The village choir and band came and sang old German hymns under the windows, very interesting music. Count Adelman had to go down and make a speech and was very much affected, there were also fireworks.

Hohenstadt, Aug. 26, 1900.

DEAR FRANK,

Your letter of Friday has just come to hand. I am surprised to find you did not go to Cherbourg.

Thursday morning Mechtilde asked us to go over to the little school she is interested in as they were to give a little play. They had a little stage with trees on it and played Hansel and Gretel and it was too cunning. Two tiny little things dressed in costume and barefooted took the two parts and did very well. Before the curtain rose five little girls and boys, from 3 to 6 years old, stood in a row dressed in their best and with bouquets in their hands, and one after the other made a little speech and presented their bouquets.

It was just like the German children's picture books and I thought of Clara all the time. I was in the front row with Count and Countess Adelman and we were so near we could touch them. It was too cunning when they began "hochgeborne Herrschaft" and all that sort of thing, and their funny little high voices. You would have been delighted with it

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all. Raban took pictures of everything so perhaps he will give me some.

In the afternoon we went to call at a neighboring castle, Baron König, who receives on Thursdays. Countess Adelmann, Sigmund and I in the victoria and Mechtilde drove a dog cart with Clifford beside her and Raban behind. We went to Abtsgemund and turned off the opposite way from Aalen. Count A. was not very well that day and concluded to stay at home.

We drove in through the village which was not very clean, but passing through an archway we were suddenly in the most beautiful garden, laid out in carpet designs and the entrance to the house quite on a level with the ground. It seems it used to be a castle, but they rebuilt the lower floor, changing it into a modern country house. It had a wide hall like our houses and rooms opening on each side. They led us through several rooms to the other side of the house and they had been seated on the small veranda and so we sat there awhile and there was a beautifully spread table down at the left up against the house.

A man in livery brought coffee and tea and they gave us the most delicious bread and butter and currant tart and cakes I ever tasted. Anything like the way these people eat I never saw. The old Baron is very proud of his treasures and showed them to me.

The right wing was an immense drawing room, which also opened on the garden like the French houses and everything was immaculate, not a scrap of dust to be seen anywhere, so I find there are good housekeepers here too. They had most wonderful old Majolica and other china and I was much interested. The son had travelled in America and came back with Raban, and they had an interesting book of postal cards.

Friday it was rather rainy and we did nothing but write. It has taken me two mornings to describe the silver wedding and the soldiers to Laura and I ought to write it to Lina also.

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Yesterday afternoon we spent in the garden and walking about. The atmosphere was remarkably clear and anything more beautiful than the light on the far away hills would be hard to conceive. We took a long walk along the brow of the hill coming out across a big field and in through the stables on the outer side of the street from the castle. Everything was swept and garnished for Sunday, even the streets and the stables seemed perfectly clean.

Today, Sunday, we are to dine at the "Adler" instead of at home. Tuesday Count A. goes back to Sigmaringen. Wednesday we are to go to Ellwangen. Baron Brusselle has written his sister to let him know when we will be in Stuttgart as he will come in to show us about. With much love from all to all, and hoping for a cablegram as soon as you arrive,

Aff'ly, M. D. R.

Hohenstadt, Wed., Aug. 29th, 1900.

DEAR FATHER,

By the time you get this you will have been at home a week and I hope satisfied. We have been very quiet lately. Raban and I have been out pheasant shooting twice and have proved ourselves very bad shots, but I enjoyed the walks and the exercise. We have paid two formal visits, one to Baron König and family and one to Baron Velvarts. The latter is a cousin of Hermann's. They say Hermann is at home on a visit but we shall not write to him.

To-morrow we go to Ellwangen for the day and I suppose we will do some shopping there. We leave here Saturday afternoon and go to Stuttgart where we spend two days, then going slowly to Paris by way of Lake Constance and the Vosges. I think we arrive in Paris about the 15th September.

Graf Adelmann left yesterday morning and we miss him very much. Raban went with him as far as Stuttgart and came back this morning. The Countess Mechtilde and I drove out to Mozlingen in the dogcart to meet him. This afternoon walked across the valley to top of hill over the

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Crockerluf farm. Splendid view with Adelmansfelden in distance. The weather is much colder. Mother well. With best wishes for Sam's better condition,

CLIFF.

Hotel Marquardt, Stuttgart,
Sun., Sept. 2nd, 1900.

DEAR FATHER,

We left Hohenstadt yesterday afternoon and arrived here for supper where we found the cable from you announcing your safe arrival. Mother did not get up for breakfast as she is tired and has a slight cold but will come down for lunch.

Friday afternoon the people from Adelmansfelden came over to Hohenstadt and spent the afternoon. They all spoke English so that it was very pleasant. We expect to leave here Tuesday morning and go I think to Lake Constance. Then to Lucerne, Zurich, the Vosges (6 days) Strasbourg and afterwards Paris.

Mother expects Baron Bruselle will call tomorrow, Monday, and show her the curiosity shops. We drove to Elwangen the other day and she bought some things there. One old glass with C. A. and a crown on one side and a bishop's head on the other. There was a Christopher Adelmann, who was a bishop.* She also got a beautiful clergyman's surplice of brocade for \$2½ and this certainly was a bargain. Also a big german silver thing which she expects to make into a hall lamp. Hoping you and Sam will be very comfortable, and find nice people at Jamestown, With love, J. C. R.

Hotel Marquardt, Stuttgart,
September 2nd, 1900.

DEAR FRANK AND SAM,

We were delighted to get your cablegram last evening. It was handed us at the supper table soon after our arrival. We left Hohenstadt in the same train you did. All the family

*This curious cut glass goblet is at 1905 Walnut Street now.

EIGHT JOURNEYS ABROAD

from both Etages came down to see us start and the General at the last moment presented me with a large bouquet. Countess Adelmann and Mechtilde and Raban rode part of the way with us and then walked back. Clifford and I certainly felt very badly at leaving them. Perhaps we stayed too long, but I proposed going last Thursday but they wouldn't hear of it and arranged an excursion to Ellwangen for the whole day.

I wrote you on Sunday last and I think it was on Monday that we drove in the afternoon to Laubach in Leinthal, an old Burg, with double moat and lots of towers, a most inter-

ADELMANNSPELDEN CASTLE AT ELLWANGEN

esting place, the home of the von Wellwarths. There was the usual sit-down tea with a big Apfelkuchen and all kinds of cakes and there was a dungeon where the prisoners were let down with a rope and then covered up. Of course the Baron gave me his arm and escorted me everywhere through the home. I wrote little Laura a postal with a picture of it, but it does not do it justice as the trees hide the prettiest side. Thursday was arranged the long-expected excursion to Ellwangen. We drove all the way, starting at nine o'clock and arriving at half past eleven. Countess Adelmann had made an appointment with the Doctor, so we went sightseeing without her, Cliff, Sigmund and myself. The old house in the town was very fine, built in the Italian Renaissance

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style and containing fine old rooms hung, some with brocade and some with Gobelin tapestries and the staircase was beautiful. We walked through the town and then to the Antiquary's before going to dinner at the Hotel Adler.

The houses were very interesting with very wide gable ends turned towards the street. I bought a few things, among others an old church lamp for 25 marks and it is shipped to America, as old metal, and you must be on the lookout for it. I got also a large glass, *i. e.*, a little larger than an ordinary tumbler, with the initials C. A. and a mitre and crown which proved to be the Prince Bishop Adelman's who ruled in the 16th century and they think it must have belonged to him. Sigmund was quite in despair but I said I wanted to keep it for the very reason that it had the Adelman name on it. It cost 20 marks.

After dinner we went into the church which is Norman on the outside and Baroque inside, and the Adelman coat of arms is everywhere. It has a choir like the English cathedrals and they now wish to restore the Norman interior as they find the Norman stonework is still in existence under the plaster—they have knocked it away in places and find the round stone columns and every detail just as it should be. After the church we drove up a high hill to the old Schloss, which was the residence of the Prince Bishops who were rulers as well as Bishops and now is used by the Government. It is a magnificent castle with a moat and two courts and the staircase of the inner court is very fine.

One of these Prince Bishops was a Christopher Adelman and he built a very large church on this same hill, to which pilgrimages are now made. It is a very beautiful rococo affair, with very fine wood carvings and the stucco is very elaborate. He is buried in this church and it was his brother who built the house in the town of Ellwangen.

I was pretty well tired out with that excursion. I hope you got our letters written to the ship, and thought you would have sent a postal from Cherbourg, but got nothing. Of course we shall be very anxious to get your first letters.

EIGHT JOURNEYS ABROAD

We shall stay here to-morrow, Baron von Brusselle having asked his sister to let him know when we were to be in Stuttgart, offered to come in and show us about and we expect him tomorrow. We shall go on Tuesday to Constanx and Zurich and Lucerne, Basle and from Mulhausen make a week's trip through the Vosges to Strasbourg. General von Camerer made out a nice trip for us and so we have about decided to go.

I hope we may have a nice day in Lucerne to make an excursion up Pilatus and get one general view of Switzerland. We are most comfortable here, had a delicious dinner and I have a front room.

I waited to see if Baron Brusselle would come and have just had two letters from Hohenstadt, saying he would not be able to come, and that they all missed us very much, &c., &c., and the general signed himself General Donnerwetter! Write me all about Sam. With much love,

Most aff'ly,

M. D. R.

Hotel d'Angleterre, Lucerne,
Sept. 6th, 1900.

DEAR FRANK AND SAM,

I don't know where you both are or whether you are both together. I was delighted that you had such a quick trip home and judge it must have been a quiet one. I wrote you last in Stuttgart where we spent a rainy Sunday and I was feeling miserable so did not see much on Monday.

We left Tuesday morning early for Constance, where we had perfect weather and stayed in the old Benedictine monastery on an island, Insel-Hotel. Our rooms were over the cloisters and looked down into the court, with fountain and beautiful flowers. John Huss was confined in the tower of this monastery. The dining room was formerly the church and had two rows of pillars. The old Refectory was the café and everything in the place was most interesting. In Ekkehard it tells about the people taking refuge in this

GERMANY, SWITZERLAND AND AUSTRIA

monastery, when the Huns overran that part of Germany. The gardens on the lake side were most beautiful and altogether I wouldn't have missed it.

Wednesday we came on to Zurich which we liked very much, though we had noisy back rooms on the court. The Landesmuseum was perfectly fine and worth staying over for—then we came here and much to our disappointment couldn't get in at the Schweizer Hof, although I had written

"BAUR AU LAC," ZURICH

a week ahead. The races are going on and Duse is playing here and the big hotels are full.

Yesterday afternoon Cliff and I were driving about when we saw the Watsons disappear into a store and they were as glad to see us as we were to see them, so we arranged to go up the Pilatus to-day and to be with them to-morrow. We shall leave about six in the afternoon for Basle and begin our trip to the Vosges and probably be in Paris in another week. I am so dead tired I must stop, so hoping to hear from you soon and with much love to Sam.

Your aff. wife, M. D. R.

EIGHT JOURNEYS ABROAD

Top of Pilatus, 2.30 P. M.

Friday, Sept. 7th, 1900.

DEAR FRANK,

Just a few words while Clifford, Mr. Watson and myself are waiting for our coffee, before going up to the platform to look at the view. It was a fearful ride up on the car, but Mrs. W. was much more nervous than I. I don't like the going down very much, but we have the most perfect

THE TOP OF PILATUS

day of the season, absolutely clear and the coloring beyond words to describe.

Love to all, M. D. R.

Munster Hotel,
Munster, Sept. 9th, 1900.

DEAR FATHER,

Here we are in a nasty little place and absolutely uncertain of what we are going to do. The hotel is no more like the picture than black is to white. We have been in Switzerland and met Mr. and Mrs. Watson at Lucerne and went up Pilatus with them. Mother enjoyed Constance and Zurich. We read in the N. Y. Herald that your trip was a record one, so that we are pleased to think that you must have had pleasant weather.

With best wishes to you and Sam.

CLIFF.

GERMANY, SWITZERLAND AND AUSTRIA

Hotel Altenburg, Munster,
Sept. 11th, 1900.

DEAR FRANK AND SAM,

Not a word as yet from you, but we hope for a letter at Strasbourg. This is a perfect hotel, 3600 ft. up, and with everything new and comfortable, perfect cleanliness, every convenience and our rooms only 4 marks. We came from Basle to Colmar on Sunday and came on to Munster for the night, thinking it would be more comfortable, but it was dreadfully dirty. We were delayed a whole day by not being able to draw money on Sunday. We couldn't draw German money before we got to Colmar so I waited at Munster and Clifford went back to Colmar early Monday morning and got the money and we drove up here in the afternoon, having lost 24 hours, as we could have come right through to here Sunday night.

We are just a little below the Schlucht or summit and the view down over the Munster Thal is exquisite. We go on in carriage to Gerardmer, over the summit and into France to breakfast at the Hotel du Lac and return here for to-night. To-morrow we go on back to Colmar and up to Oberrheinheim where we get off to drive to the Odilienberg and perhaps get to Strasbourg to-morrow night. From there to Metz where we drive over the battlefields and make an excursion to Treves, where are wonderful Roman remains, back to Metz and fast train to Paris.

We are having wonderful weather, though a little too hazy for clear view. I telegraphed to Emma to meet us at Gerardmer to-day but she answered it was impossible and they were going to Paris Sept. 15th. I suppose we shall get there Monday 17th.

The Marquis of Salisbury is here. As I came out from breakfast on the enclosed glass veranda I met him and had a good look at him—he is big and broad like Father but not as tall and has blue eyes and wears a black skull cap just as Father did.

At the table d'hôte the people all looked first class and

EIGHT JOURNEYS ABROAD

those near me were Americans, but spoke French like natives. The mother afterwards told me her daughter was married to a French engineer and she had lost her son, also an engineer, six weeks ago—died from overwork and paralysis. She spends her time over here. Years ago she spent six years at the Marquardt, Stuttgart, and knew von Gemmingens and von Camerer. I must try to find out their names. She is from Kentucky. I would love to stay here two or three weeks with a friend or two. It is such a perfect comfort. Farewell, with much love for both.

Your aff. M. D. R.

Hotel Angleterre, Strasbourg,
Sept. 13th, 1900.

DEAR FATHER,

Here we are at last out of the Vosges and well on our way to Paris, which we expect to reach Sunday or Monday. We have had wonderful luck with the weather as it has been quite clear and allowed us to take a great many long drives. The Vosges were very beautiful but awfully lonely. From here we go to Metz and drive over the battlefields of 70-71 and then go to Treves and see the Old Roman remains. Your letters have just come for Mother and have been sent up to her. I expect to read them with great pleasure. We go to the Hotel Athenee. Metz I do not believe will interest us very much as we do not know who commanded the different army corps and which regiments were most concerned. But Treves I am sure we will enjoy. The guide book which I have been reading says that it has the finest Roman remains outside of Italy. With much love to you and Sam.

Sincerely, CLIFF.

Hotel Porta Nigra, Trier,
Sept. 15th, 1900.

DEAR FRANK,

Just a few words before leaving Treves, as I know I won't have time again for several days. We were going to take the one o'clock train, but there was so much that was inter-

GERMANY, SWITZERLAND AND AUSTRIA

esting to see and the Hotel is so comfortable and the coffee so remarkably good that Clifford absolutely proposed staying until the six o'clock train. Just now we were taking coffee and bread and butter (as we will get "kein abend-essen") and sitting in the glass terrace overlooking the great three story Roman gate and the boy playing the hose over the street, for the heat and dust are terrific, when a whole regiment of artillery came in and some of the officers came in to refresh and eat here. They are a splendid looking lot of men and very formal with each other. They were white with dust

PORTA NIGRA, TRIER

and Clifford and I were the same yesterday after driving to Gravelotte—it is like around St. Louis.

We spend to-night in Metz and take the fastest train to Paris, which leaves at noon, and gets in at six p. m. I shall have Mrs. Watson to go about with. I only hope this heat will not continue, it seems unbearable after the cool air of Hohenstadt and the Vosges. I was delighted you had such a comfortable trip home, but I am sure you and Sam have already repented. How I wish you were here with your camera to take pictures of these wonderful things. I must stop.

Aff.

M. D. R.

FRANCE

Paris, Sept. 18th, 1900

DEAR FATHER,

We are staying at the Bedford Hotel back of the Madeleine and hope to get into the France et Choiseul to-day or to-morrow. Last night we dined at the Tour d'Argent. Saw Pepper for a few minutes before he left for London to sail for America. Treves was really fine and we would have liked to stay longer. We are surprised and grieved to hear of Dr. DaCosta's death, but as yet have received no details.

With love, J. C. R.

Bedford Hotel, Paris.

Sept. 18th, 1900.

DEAR FRANK AND SAM,

Clifford says he wrote this morning, but as I have a little leisure time before lunch I must utilize the time. Later when we are settled I will find out what days the mails go and have special days for writing.

When we arrived hot and dusty Sunday night they couldn't take care of us but sent us on here, where we have two dirty noisy rooms, but they are a good deal better than none. We had a terrible time getting away from the station—I was really frightened at the crowd, and if the man in control

FRANCE

had not given us a cab that had been ordered for someone else, I don't know when we would have got away.

Yesterday Clifford went to the Hotel de France and Choiseul and we are to get in there to-day and move into other rooms to-morrow. I went to the Regina to lunch and Cliff went to see Pepper off. It is so very hot here that any exercise is uncomfortable, and it hasn't rained for weeks and the whole of France is parched and burned up. The Watsons will be here and probably Mrs. Hazard will soon be back and I shall look up the Christophersons as soon as we are settled. I am tired out and shall keep quiet until this hot spell is over.

You cannot imagine the crowds, they are something fearful. As I was walking to the Regina yesterday along the Rue de Rivoli, who should come up beside me but Henrietta Tower, now Mrs. Wurts of Rome, with her husband whom she introduced. She is wonderfully improved in appearance and was very nice and cordial. I forgot to ask where they were staying. Hoping to hear often of Sam's improvement and with love to you, Laura and all,

Aff'ly,

M. D. R.

THE JOURNEYS OF 1903

THE JOURNEYS OF 1903

These long-thought-of journeys, even proposed in 1869, were undertaken after prolonged study and carefully arranged details and accomplished with delight.*

Sailing on the Steamship *Auguste Victoria* from New York on February 3rd, 1903, with a most interesting lot of passengers, the first stop was made at Madeira, then Gibraltar and rail trips to Granada and the Alhambra, Algeciras, Ronda, Andalusia and Malaga in Spain. Then to Algiers, Blidah, Chiffa, Genoa, around the Bordighera to Nice, Monte Carlo, Ischia and Ville Franche. Then began the journey to the East, the Holy Land and Egypt.

This included a visit to Syracuse in Sicily, Malta, Nauplia, Mycenæ, Kalamaki, Corinth, Athens and the Piræus in Greece, on to the Dardanelles and the Sea of Marmora, through the Bosphorus to Constantinople, Scutari and a run to the Black Sea. Then to Cyprus and to Beyrout, Damascus, Rayak, and Baalbec.

Thence to Joppa and Jerusalem, the Mount of Olives, Jericho, Dead Sea and the River Jordan.

Sailing from Joppa, to Alexandria in Egypt and thence to Cairo and Luxor.

The return journey from Alexandria was made by way of Palermo, Messina, Taormina, Naples, Rome and Paris, and sailing for New York on May 8th, 1903.

* The plans of travel were so carefully studied out and arranged that a cablegram could have reached her almost any time on the journey.

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MADEIRA, SPAIN AND ALGIERS

Am Bord, Auguste Victoria,
Feb. 3rd, 1903.

DEAR FRANK,

You are only just gone but I thought I would send just a line. People are now pouring in. The band was playing something of Sousa's. Just now while I was beginning this the band struck up the Star Spangled Banner and the lady sitting next to me burst into tears. Her husband said, "Oh, it always affects you so, doesn't it?" We are lucky to have such a nice day. I shall miss you very much and do so wish you had thought it best to come. Did you see Guardabassi on the dock near you? I am going down now to take a bite of lunch and get my stateroom fixed up and then I shall retire to the deck to stick it out as long as possible.

I forgot to tell you I still have two tickets for the last Opera night, March 17th, and told Laura she had better come up and use them with you. If she cannot come I hope you will invite some one to go with you.

I must go now, so farewell, take care of yourself and take my best 'ove. I meant to write to the Adelmans to ask if they could give me any letters anywhere. Won't you do it and give them a list of our stoppings? I should have done it sooner.

Your loving,

M. D. R

EIGHT JOURNEYS ABROAD

Am Bord, Auguste Victoria,
February, 1903, 9 P. M.

DEAR FATHER,

We expect to get to Madeira to-morrow after a rough rainy trip. The first day was smooth and pleasant but since then the boat has been continually rolling in a heavy side sea. I missed lunch on the second day but did not mind. Mother was pretty ill and kept in her cabin, but has been on deck now for three days. We have well-placed seats at table near the door. The food is greasy and covered with fancy sauces. The sleeping cabins are very stuffy.

CLIFF.

Auguste Victoria, Monday, February 9th, 1903
Just after lunch.

DEAR FRANK,

As I want to enjoy the fresh air and sunshine I will begin my letter out here on deck. We have had a horrible trip and after I went down to my room on Tuesday night I never came up again until Saturday at lunch time, and even since then

S. S. AUGUSTE VICTORIA

it has been almost constantly raining and blowing. Wednesday morning we got into warm weather and it was uncomfortably warm in the staterooms and other rooms and even on deck. They have had to keep the sides wholly enclosed on account of the wind and rain. I find that all the people we

MADEIRA, SPAIN AND ALGIERS

know are going to get off at Genoa, some to go to Sicily and others to stay on the Riviera and to Rome. We are to arrive at Madeira. It is hard to realize we are off the coast of Africa.

It is really cooler today than it has been at all and we had fresh air in the stateroom for the first time. Of course the worst is now over and a young Mr. Curtis, a college friend of Charley Sinnickson's, says that his experience is that it is delightful sailing after Gibraltar, but I have made an application for a stateroom on the deck above where I can always have an open window, for I seem to not be able to sleep down there. To-day is like our ordinary summer trips across the Atlantic, but it has been much warmer hitherto. They say it will be warm in Funchal. We arrive there some time in the forenoon and spend the night in a good hotel and depart at 5 in the afternoon.

Cooks' people take us up to the top of the mountain funiculaire and down in sledges and then leave us to ourselves.

There was a very nice service yesterday, and they prayed for the dear ones at home. I have missed you very much; I shall write as often as possible and hope all is well at home. I wrote with a pencil on deck and am now in the conversation room to finish up. It was quite gay at dinner to-night as the people are beginning to get acquainted. The food is very beautifully garnished and served but rather heavy. A man who looks exactly like Dr. Lorenz sits opposite and he is a Dr. from Berlin. A young German with him who has reminded us of Raban has been eating everything in great quantities and drinking beer and champagne and was not able to come to the table. I have been careful picking out the plain things, roasts and compote, as much as possible. Strange to say while the weather has cleared it is colder than at any other time since we left New York.

I will write postals to-morrow and write a long letter at the first opportunity. I suppose the ship will cable our arrival and you will probably know it by noon. With much love to you both and all and kind regards to the girls,

Your loving wife, M. D. R.

EIGHT JOURNEYS ABROAD

Am Bord, Auguste Victoria,
Leaving Madeira, February 11th, 1903.

DEAR FRANK,

We have just finished dinner and a very good one it was, after coming on board about 3 P. M. I have so much to tell that I almost dread to begin. All the time I was dressing yesterday morning I was gazing out at the outlines of Madeira, rejoicing beyond words that I was going to put my feet on land. It is not a large island but very mountainous and very impressive in outline. As soon as the ship dropped anchor

PUNCHAL FROM THE TERRACE

little boats came out filled with half-dressed boys who dove into the water for pennies just like so many frogs, then we began to get into the row boats to go to the shore. The water was very rough and we had to jump into the boat when it rose on a wave, and then we danced along like a cork on top of the water. You would have been amazed to see my agility and freedom from any sickness. The view before us was incomparable, the town lay on the side of the mountains sloping steeply down to the bay, square, white plaster houses, Portuguese or rather Spanish architecture, dotted all over

MADEIRA, SPAIN AND ALGIERS

among banana trees, fern, palms, and the outlines of mountains are gorgeous rising out of the sea, something to remember forever.

The harbor was formed by an arm of stonework which came out to a fortified island rising straight out of the water. As we landed the bullock carts were waiting for us and it was all so wonderfully strange—the bullock carts, as all the vehicles in Funchal, are on runners, like a sled and it was a strange sensation to be jerked along zig-zag. The streets are all paved with very small pointed stones in beau-

FUNCHAL, MADEIRA

tiful mosaic patterns in many cases and shine like glass from the oil which is put on the runners to make them slip along. As we came from the mole we passed along a high precipice on top of which was the Casino, then we went to the station and took the funicular R. R. up to the church on the hill where there are hotels, and we lunched. The place in a way reminded me of Clovelly as the streets are as steep but it is far more beautiful.

We had taken Cooks' tickets and were to ride down in sledges after lunch; they were flat things with cushioned

EIGHT JOURNEYS ABROAD

seats and a man on each side to hold it back. Mrs. Potter, her daughter and myself came in one and were pretty well frightened, but one would quickly get used to it. How I wish I could adequately describe the wonderful color effects; all the houses were white plaster with heavy green slatted shutters to keep out the sun, surrounded by tropical gardens and high white walls. The corners were arranged as a sort of loggia, protected by trellises covered either with a giant trumpet vine or masses of the Bougainvillea vine, such masses of color and when a gate would be open in a high wall we

"COASTING" AT PUNCHAL

could see glorious shady gardens, the ground covered with myrtle and giant camelia trees and big rose trees in full bloom. Another bush had a vivid scarlet flower shaped like hawthorn; bunches of unfamiliar flowers were on giant bushes and the ground was covered with pink and scarlet geraniums and heliotrope. All that with the blue sea behind was a dream. I pity the people who cannot see it, and when I think what you have missed I could cry.

The sledges brought us down to the Santa Clara Hotel in the town and on as steep a street as the hotel in Clovelly. They met us with the information that not a room could be

MADEIRA, SPAIN AND ALGIERS

had, but Mrs. Potter and I refused to go and finally they concluded to put us in the children's room in the garden.

A wharf or mole of masonry opens into the principal promenade, which was of bare ground with a row of big sycamore or plane trees. The only sign of winter was that certain trees had not their foliage, but they were so few that they were not noticed. As to climate, heaven cannot have a better; imagine a perfect June day or July day with a delicious cool breeze never failing. I wore thin summer

MOTHER'S CARRIAGE, MADEIRA

clothing, but at night was glad of my coat. The hotel was so overcrowded that they put us at a pretty round table in a small room. A man and his wife whom we had spoken with were at our table and he asked us to accept some champagne to drink to the success of our trip, and we had pretty flowers and a good dinner and an altogether good time; then we adjourned in bullock carts to the Casino, where there was a ball given in honor of the ship's arrival. The grounds were decorated with colored lights and inside in the ball room and the gambling rooms at either end great plateaus of camellias

EIGHT JOURNEYS ABROAD

and other flowers were everywhere and the most delicious refreshments were given.

Clifford had to go back to the ship for the night. When we got into our room we found they had fixed a small room for me and when I got into bed there was no blanket and as it was quite cold, being on the ground and the stone walls very thick, I had to put my skirt over me, and my coat as well, and then I was afraid to move for fear of throwing off covers and could think of nothing I looked like so much as Brunhilde in the Valkyrie.

The wicker things are perfectly fascinating and it was comical to see the people arriving at the ship this afternoon with every sort of thing in wicker from birds in cages to chairs and sofas. It is a great temptation to buy. Mrs. Potter gave away two or three dollars in pennies to beggars the first day, so to-day she was a little more careful. At the Hotel there was a terrace like the deck of a ship, built up very high between the street and the garden, where we could sit and a fascinating place it was. In the little narrow street the bullock carts slipping along and the strange cries of the drivers and on the other side the tropical garden, and in the distance the great headland at the North and the picturesque fort on the Loo rock, and the sea far below I shall never forget as long as I live, and how we did enjoy the excitement of the landings and the strangeness of everything.

Aboard Ship, Thursday, Feb. 12th, 1903.

I wrote as long as I could last night but couldn't finish. We are now arranging for our tour to Granada. Not all are going—like you they have not courage to endure the fatigue, but after reading the description in Murray's Hand Book I couldn't stay away. Clifford prefers to see more of Gibraltar and go over to Tangier for one day. I shall write you all about it on the ship en route to Algiers. I am in the seventh heaven, if it were not for my hot and disagreeable stateroom. I fear you will not receive my postals from Fun-

MADEIRA, SPAIN AND ALGIERS

chal until after this as there are not many mails from there. We are all wrecks to-day. I must have used muscles that don't often come into play. Perhaps the Alhambra will not be so hard on us. Mrs. Potter and her daughter and the two Crillys will go with us to the Alhambra. I must say good bye as I fear to stay inside too long. It is much cooler and more motion than this morning. We must have passed very near Ceuta, the penal settlement on the African coast. I hope to hear at Genoa that you are all well and not too unhappy, when you think you might have been here instead of ugly Philadelphia.

With love to you all and to those who inquire,

Your aff., M. D. R.

Approaching Gibraltar
Am Bord, Auguste Victoria,
Feb. 12th, 1903.

DEAR FATHER,

We land at Gibraltar early to-morrow morning and Mother goes with Mrs. Potter and her daughter and the Miss Crillys to Granada, while I go to Tangiers with a party of men. We had an ideal time at Madeira which is quite the prettiest place I have ever seen with the exception of Porto Rico. We landed the first day and went up the mountain on a cogwheel road after a ride in a bullock sledge over cobble paved streets worn smooth and shiny. The mountains are very steep and all terraced and bright green with sugar cane and banana trees. After a long wait we had a nice lunch and then visited an old church. We coasted down the mountain 2000 feet on hand sledges. Went to the Casino, which is a garden spot on top of a precipice overlooking the Ocean. We had afternoon tea there and then dined at the hotel St. Clara, going afterwards to the Casino to a ball, where all the Americans played roulette and lost, your son among others. The grounds there are filled with beautiful tropical trees and plants and there were beautiful illuminations. We have had beautiful moonlight nights and uninterrupted good weather for the last

EIGHT JOURNEYS ABROAD

four days. Took twelve photos and hope they will turn out well. Am sure you would have enjoyed the island of Madeira. The second day we wandered around the streets and went to the Casino sailing at five in the afternoon. To-day is Lincoln's birthday and was celebrated this morning with speeches, etc. We hear that there were bad storms just after we left N. Y. and that there was very cold weather. I hope you were not worried about us. I am to present our letters at Gibraltar, as Mother will not have time.

With love J. C. R.

After leaving Gibraltar
Am Bord, Auguste Victoria,
Feb. 16th, 1903.

DEAR FATHER,

Mother and I cannot agree which of us had the better time, she at Granada or I at Tangiers. The latter place has

TANGIERS

remained as yet almost entirely unspoiled by European influences and while disgustingly dirty is most interesting. We had a smooth trip over of four hours and after landing we mounted donkeys and started off sightseeing. Saw the prison,

MADEIRA, SPAIN AND ALGIERS

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TANGIERS FROM THE CITADEL

WATCHING A SNAKE CHARMER, TANGIERS

EIGHT JOURNEYS ABROAD

the markets, the mosque, the citadel and a snake charmer. I bought a silver mounted scimitar dagger and a powder horn, of what looks like rhinoceros horn mounted with brass. Gibraltar was rather disappointing as it is not on the sea as I expected, nor is it the most southern point of Spain. The fortifications of course are wonderful. We spent yesterday at Malaga and enjoyed the Cathedral there. We arrive this afternoon at Algiers, which I am led to understand is a junior little Paris. We both keep well and enjoy the trip. We expect to find some letters at Genoa. Weather keeps fine and clear.

With love, J. C R.

Auguste Victoria

Nearing Algiers, Feb. 16th, 1903.

DEAR FRANK,

I suppose you will find our letters few and far between, but as we have only had two opportunities to post letters you understand how it is. I sent you postal cards from Gibraltar Friday morning when we landed for an hour to see the town, and then started on our trip to the Alhambra. Clifford decided to go with a party to Tangiers and I went with Mrs. and Miss Potter by ferry to Algeciras and then took the train.

The rock of Gibraltar is a wonderful sight and it loomed up higher and higher as we drew away from it by train. We had a most comfortable carriage with all the conveniences and very clean. Beside our party of five the Baroness von Ketteler and her sister from Detroit, McMillan were also in our carriage, they were very interesting people and were very pleasant, though on the ship they seemed to keep entirely by themselves and their surroundings are all very elegant and even their leather cushions were black to harmonize with their mourning.

We at once began to climb into the mountains and the scenery became every moment more impressive, while the fields and valleys were beautifully cultivated, giving an impression of thrift and prosperity. Orchards of olives and

MADEIRA, SPAIN AND ALGIERS

almonds all over the hills and the soil a rich red. The effect of the groves of almond trees in full bloom of pale pink flowers against the bare stony tops of the Sierra Nevadas, and the dark-grey green of the olives made a color picture well worth travelling far to see. I don't think the cherry blossoms in Japan can equal it.

GIBRALTAR

The beggars swarmed about us at every stop and we were soon able to understand what they said. I could very easily pick up Spanish if I could stay here a few weeks. All the women (not ladies) that are in the streets and about the stations wear their hair beautifully coiffed and look very neat; only the Moors that we saw were filthy.

We passed through Ronda, a beautifully-situated place,

EIGHT JOURNEYS ABROAD

and considered the most picturesque in Spain. Undoubtedly on this trip we passed through the most beautiful part of Spain, Andalusia. We also saw San Francisco and Bobadilla; at the latter town I discovered some fine cakes and smelt the good coffee and as we were delayed there Cooks' man decided to treat us all to coffee and tea and we had quite a spree. We got to Granada at about seven o'clock and were taken in carriages up the high hill to the Hotels which are very near the Alhambra, one facing the other.

IN TANGIERS

It was wintry cold and after a great deal of confusion we got our rooms in the Hotel opposite the Washington Irving, but not nearly so comfortable, as it is a sort of annex. There were no fires and we almost froze while eating our dinners, so as it was bright moonlight we took a guide, a handsome young Spaniard with a long cloak, and wandered all about the Alhambra. Ordinary words cannot convey the effect of that view. Far, far below lay the old town of Granada, beyond the Gypsy Hill where they live in houses scooped out of the side of the hill and back at the right,

MADEIRA, SPAIN AND ALGIERS

the Sierra Nevadas covered with snow. We stayed until midnight and then went to our icy cold rooms, but found warming pans, or rather bottles, in the bed. Everything was scrupulously clean, and in the morning they gave us each a soft wicker bag with handle with a lunch for the return journey.

At seven we were called and at eight had breakfast and at nine were off to see the Genaralife Palace and gardens and wonderful indeed were they, the intricate lace-like carving, the delicate columns and arches, against the deep blue sky,

THE ALHAMBRA

were wonderfully beautiful. We walked there and back and then to the Alhambra, quite a climb up hill. Charles the Fifth tore away some of the finest carving and covered up others with plaster ceilings in the taste of that period and now they are taking that away and find the original coloring which they are copying in the restorations.

After we had been taken in groups through all those wonders we were driven through the old part of Granada and out to a suppressed Carthusian monastery where they showed us a chapel constructed of the marbles from the Sierra Nevada of wonderful colorings, pink and coffee color, streaked with white.

EIGHT JOURNEYS ABROAD

It was the most richly-decorated chapel I ever saw, with carved marble and gilded wood carving. The sacristy was a gem with all the doors and chests of drawers a solid mass of inlay work of tortoise shell, ivory and ebony, in Moorish designs. The cathedral was also very impressive but most of all the little narrow streets and the people and the donkeys with their queer saddles.

We had lunch at the Hotel and drove in the carriage into the town. The ship sailed immediately and when I awoke in the morning we were at Malaga. This city, Malaga, presents a beautiful picture from the ship. We went over in small boats at 11, and had an early lunch, drove out to see the new villas and went all over the cathedral, which looms up high and square above the City, and a ruin on the hill, and most of all enjoyed roaming through the streets and seeing the people and trying to talk with them.

We are so impressed in Spain by the number of blind people we see. It seems as if one-fourth of the whole population was blind. We had a delicious lunch at the Hotel de Roma and came aboard at 4 o'clock and sailed at 5. I had reached the limit of my strength and lay in my chair all evening except while at dinner. The weather continues heavenly, like summer in the sun but cool in the shade. I took a slight cold in my bronchi at Granada and my throat ached with fatigue, but I am feeling much better as I get rested.

We land at five o'clock at Algiers and expect to spend the night at the St. George Hotel up on the hill. As we have not yet heard a word from you we are beginning to be anxious for our first letters. With love for you and Sam, and hoping you are both well and happy.

Your aff. wife, M. D. R.

Grand Hotel de l'Oasis, Alger,

Feb. 17th, 1903.

DEAR FRANK,

For fear I will not get time to-morrow I will write a few words to-night. We came off the ship yesterday afternoon to the strains of the Star Spangled Banner, as there were three

MADEIRA, SPAIN AND ALGIERS

of our warships in the harbor, and altho we were told it was of no use to try to get rooms, we were lucky enough to find a big room here on our arrival at the dock in little boats. Clifford concluded to sleep on board ship. Clifford dined with us and then went with Walter Cramp for the evening. We were dead tired and went to bed early, so as to get up at six thirty to make the excursion to Blidah today and to the Gorge of Chiffa.

LANDING AT ALGIERS

Our drive yesterday was up around the fortifications on the heights and down through the Arab quarter, a series of narrow streets crossed by flights of steep steps with houses almost touching and such filth and such picturesqueness it would be hard to find. This morning we started early without Clifford for Blidah by train. The country was a great surprise to me as it might have been New England except that the hedges were cactus and there were orange groves behind the close rows of pine trees, and the swarms of Arabs everywhere. Also we expected warm weather as it was very warm on the ship. Instead of that we were

EIGHT JOURNEYS ABROAD

perished with the cold all day long. I longed for my fur cloak, which I had left on the ship. At Blidah carriages were waiting and we drove through the market place and saw the Arabs in swarms mixed with French soldiers, Chasseurs d'Afrique and Zouaves and saw the fine "pur sang" Arabian horses, belonging to the government and then went to the Hotel d'Orient and in that seemingly far-away Arab town

ALGIERS

had a most delicious lunch. The table was beautiful with plants and moss baskets, Tangerine oranges and mergues, etc. We had fresh green peas, and were presented with a bunch of sweet violets at each plate and at the station an enormous basket of Tangerines was brought out and we were told to take all we wanted.

In spite of the cold weather the trees are leaving out and the roses are blooming and we are eating fresh peas and asparagus.

MADEIRA, SPAIN AND ALGIERS

We had a long cold drive through the magnificent gorge of Chiffa in the mountains back of Algiers, ancient "Mauritania." We saw no monkeys. Mr. Walter Cramp, whom we saw last eve, said there were swarms of them in warmer weather. We got home late and Clifford had left word he had been invited out to dinner, so I shall have to fall back on Cook to see the city of Algiers to-morrow as we must make an early start. We sail at five in the afternoon for Genoa and will probably

BLIDAH

have a rough time of it though it was smoother than the Sound coming here from Malaga. The old Roman walls and the Moorish houses are very interesting. Everything else is as modern as Paris and the contrast is violent. We expect to stay at Nice and be on land four or five days and will write from there.

As I am sitting up now after every one else to write this, you must please forward it to Laura, as it is really impossible for me to write to any one else. With love to you and Sam and all who inquire,

Your aff., M. D. R.

EIGHT JOURNEYS ABROAD

Am Bord, Auguste Victoria,
En route from Algiers, Feb. 19th, 1903.

DEAR FATHER,

To-morrow morning we land at Genoa and take the noon train for Nice. We had cold, cloudy weather which dampened our enthusiasm at Algiers. The place is a modern city and the Arab quarter too civilized. To-day is bright, sunny and smooth, but quite cold. Mother has all her things packed so we can walk ashore. We fully expect to find our first home mail and are looking forward to reading it with a great deal of pleasure. Many people leave the ship at Genoa and some new ones come aboard, so we won't feel so much at home when we return to the ship at Villefranche. The Moltke came in at Algiers the day we left with 450 Cook excursionists. She is much larger than our boat and also more modern. The chief objection to this boat is the stuffiness of the sleeping cabins. Will write from Nice.

With love, J. C. R.

Am Bord, Auguste Victoria,
19th Feb. 1903.

DEAR FRANK,

We spent the day looking about Algiers in the Mosque, churches, &c., and walked through the Arab quarter. It would be hard to imagine the filth and squalor, the streets as wide as our front hall, the shops opening on them without any outlet at the rear and the houses having a small door right on the street. When I happened to see one open I looked in; it looked quite spacious and was whitewashed in blue, and looked clean enough. We came aboard about 4 o'clock—a cold wind blowing. The band played the Star Spangled Banner as we passed our ships the Chicago and Machias, and we were soon out at sea, rolling and pitching. I went to bed, most uncomfortable, expecting to be violently ill, but fortunately went to sleep and when I woke up found there was no motion. I took advantage of the smooth water to go down to my trunks

MADEIRA, SPAIN AND ALGIERS

in the hold and took out some clothes and arranged the small trunk for Nice.

We intend to go right on to Nice, and as I telegraphed from Gibraltar for rooms hope we can get them, but they say Nice is crammed. It is perfectly wonderful how all the places are jam cram full of people. The ship stays at Genoa two days but I have to get to the land as often as possible to get rid of the boat. I believe this is about the worst

BLIDAH

trip we have to take, and it is as smooth as a mill pond. We hear all three ships are to be at Joppa at once and if so we may have to sleep in tents at Jerusalem. I told Cooks' man I would not do it. A lady on board told me that the nearer you went to the Equator the more you wanted your furs, and I have found it true. I needed my heaviest winter clothing and didn't have it. We hope to get our first mail to-morrow and to hear how you all are. Tell Sam to write me once in a while. With much love for you both,

Your aff. M. D. R.

THE MEDITERRANEAN

Hotel des Anglais, Nice,
Feb. 20th, 1903, 10 P. M.

DEAR FRANK,

After a very smooth trip across the Mediterranean we landed this morning in Genoa, saying good bye to almost everyone. Clifford wanted to take a boat called the Cobra which lay just beside the Auguste Victoria, but I wanted to come by train, so we took our things to the station and then drove around Genoa and lunched at the Eden Palace Hotel, high up on one of the hills, with a lovely garden and such cleanliness and quiet. I longed to stay there. Clifford had played bridge with, a Mrs. Brown of Providence and a Mrs. Sewell of Pittsburgh, and Miss Bonsall and her sister, were staying there and Clifford sent them some flowers. Miss Crilly met her friend Miss Wheeler, daughter of General Joe Wheeler, and invited us to the Hotel Savoy to dinner, but we could not accept as we decided to leave on the noon train.

I was fortunate enough to get into the same compartment with Mrs. Marion Story, whose husband is a cousin of Julian Story, a very interesting woman, and her friend, who I think was a Miss Story, but now a Mrs. Macdonald. They were most friendly and said they were sorry they had made my acquaintance so late and hoped they would meet me again. They go to Cannes next week. We had telegraphed here from Gibraltar a week ago for rooms but every one said we would have great difficulty to get in. I wanted to come here because

THE MEDITERRANEAN

it is where Father and I stayed more than thirty years ago. We found the omnibus waiting and they had rooms for us all right, delightfully clean and comfortable at 11 frcs. each, not cheap, but it is the height of the season and carnival time.

There is to be a procession on Sunday afternoon and the battle of flowers on Monday, which we are arranging to see. To-morrow we shall go to Monte Carlo to dine and spend the evening, so we are going to be very gay. We got our first mail this morning at Genoa and glad I was to hear from you

GENOA

all. There seems to be nothing exciting in your life. What a contrast to mine! I was ideally happy going along the Riviera to-day and repeating my experience of many years ago, and all I regret is that you are not here to enjoy it with me. I cannot tell you how I have enjoyed all our land excursions. It is astonishing how much we have seen and accomplished, but it is a perfect whirl. Just think, German all the time on the ship and Portuguese at Madeira, Spanish at Gibraltar and Granada, French at Algiers, Arabic at Blidah, Italian at Genoa and French here, and think of all we have ahead of us. The ship part

EIGHT JOURNEYS ABROAD

is the only trial but most of the people enjoy getting back to it.

It has been very warm all day and the roses are in full bloom everywhere and violets and Narcissus and carnations out of doors. We could see them picking flowers, from the train, and such quantities of orange and lemon trees! It seems strange that the coldest place should have been Africa. Cliff is delighted with this Hotel. I found the letter from Mrs. Elliot asking me to stay with her in Rome; nothing could have been more friendly. The Pembertons from

THE WATER FRONT, NICE

New York are going to make the whole tour and are about the only people I care for, left on board. I am so tired, up at seven this morning and all the excitement of landing and luggage and custom houses, travelling all day and now it is eleven o'clock, so good bye and with much love and hoping you and Sam will not mope. Your aff., M. D. R.

Monte Carlo,

Sunday, Feb. 22nd, 1903.

DEAR FATHER,

I have just finished a light supper after losing last night and to-night together the large sum of \$29, which I put down to profit and loss and experience. We landed at Genoa day

THE MEDITERRANEAN

before yesterday and after a pleasant drive and lunch took a most unpleasant railroad trip of eight hours by which we missed a lot of beautiful scenery, which we could have seen from a large steamer, which makes the same trip. Nice is a very beautiful place, but we came up here for dinner at the Café Ciro last night, returning by the ten o'clock train. To-day we saw the Carnival procession and joined in a confetti fight. Mother was tired and decided to stay at the hotel, so I came up here alone and am returning on the same train as last night. We were much pleased at receiving the home mail. To-morrow we see the flower parade at Nice and sail Tuesday from Villefranche, the next railroad station. Our hotel is exceedingly well run.

With love, J. C. R.

Hotel Gallia, Cannes,
Mon. Feb., 23rd, 1903.

DEAR FRANK,

Clifford and I took seats for the Bataille des Fleurs at Nice this afternoon and found it very beautiful and amusing. I never saw so many flowers in my life, for not only were hundreds of carriages decorated solidly all over with such flowers as violets, white lilacs, daisies, tea roses, pink roses and gilly flowers in pink and white, and yellow daffodils, for which we pay a dollar a dozen, but they had baskets full of bunches of flowers to throw at people. Each side of the street was filled with stands and all the people down in the stands had flowers and pelted each other mercilessly. It was really a unique spectacle. After it was mostly over we took the train for this place and had just time enough before dark to get a glimpse of this place; it is not so large as Nice and has one magnificent view, to the west, of high mountains jutting out into the sea. We saw the Margherita and the Nahma, N. Y. Y. C. in the harbor. This Hotel stands up high on the hill and is modern with steam heat and other American ideas. Our Hotel at Nice is more homelike and the most perfect cooking I ever tasted. We were to have come here yesterday to see the torch-

EIGHT JOURNEYS ABROAD

THE CARNIVAL, NICE

VILLEFRANCHE

THE MEDITERRANEAN

light parade, but were so used up after our Carnival experiences that we rested instead and dined at our Hotel next table but one to the Duc d'Orleans. His wife had the most magnificent jewels I ever saw. I suppose she was dressed for the Veglione (the great Masked Ball). Were we not lucky to arrive here just in time for the Carnival? I don't remember whether I wrote you on Saturday, but I think it was Friday night. We went out to Monte Carlo Saturday afternoon with the young man and his bride that you played cards with at Hot Springs. We saw shoals of people and the gambling and dined at Ciro's, the swellest restaurant. Yesterday we had seats for the Carnival procession and had to wear wire masks and cover our hats and cloaks. It was a great sight; there were big floats much more artistic than anything you ever see at home and there were military bands of only bugles, which played in the most wonderful way, throwing the bugles up in line in turn in a way I never saw. The great square was thronged with people in dominos or fancy costumes of every color and all wore masks and hoods fitting tightly over. There was a continual rain of confetti (balls of lime) and every place was an inch deep with it. We are going to dine here and take the 8.40 train back to Nice. To-morrow we will start immediately after lunch in a carriage with our luggage and drive to Villefranche and get on the ship which will sail at six P. M. for Sicily. This little stay on land is very expensive, but it is the last gaiety we will have. I must go to dinner, so good bye.

With love, M. D. R.

Am Bord, Auguste Victoria,
Villefranche, Feb. 23rd, 1903.

DEAR FATHER,

Yours No. 4 we found aboard today on our return to the ship. Many thanks! Mother has changed to a very nice stateroom but I have decided to stay where I am. Mother and I went to Cannes to dinner last evening. We hope to have smooth sea as it is like glass this afternoon.

With love, J. C. R.

EIGHT JOURNEYS ABROAD

After leaving Villefranche.
Am Bord, Auguste Victoria,
26th Feb. 1903.

DEAR FRANK,

I think I wrote you last from Nice or Cannes. We left there the next day, immediately after lunch, took a carriage and put all our luggage on it. As the last carnival frolic was going on we had to make a detour to avoid it. I shall always remember the trumpet music and the immense crowds all dancing at once in their gay colored dominos. We had a most beautiful ride to Villefranche, but while the warships in the harbor made a beautiful spectacle, I couldn't bear to look at this ship because I never feel the same on it. I needed to get on before the ship started as I wanted to see about my state-room. I could not stand the old one any longer because when it was rough I could not have fresh air. Now I have taken one on the next deck above and it is much quieter and I can have my port hole open all the time.

I had a pain in my head yesterday, but spent all day on deck and in the afternoon we passed close to Ischia and then by Capri. It was hazy and the sunset was a wonderful rosy glow which threw out the outlines of Capri so that it was a thing of beauty to remember forever. They did not tell us that we would pass near Stromboli at midnight but those who were up at that time saw it in eruption. We were up early this morning and ready to get off at Syracuse, in little boats as usual. I wonder how many little boats I have been in since Feb. 3rd? Syracuse from the ship looked like the pictures in the Bible, of Jerusalem, dead grey stone and square outlines; as we landed we found a lovely walk of green trees, spring bloom and stone seats. There we hired a carriage and took the Murray program for one day in Syracuse, beginning with a drive of five miles out into a cultivated country with beautiful groves of orange trees to the great fortress of Euryalus built 800 B. C.

There we met four Germans, one of them an old Professor, and they all spoke more or less Italian and as

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the guide spoke only Italian it was very nice to be with them. The walls were of great blocks of stone of Cyclopean proportions and the whole fort of immense size with battlements where men on horseback could go about and great passages through the rock. The whole population in time of siege would recede from one wall to another until finally they

ENTRANCE TO THE AMPHITHEATRE, SYRACUSE

were gathered into the Fortress itself. The palace of Dionysius was above all in solid stone. The view of Mt. Aetna from here was colossal. It seemed to hang in the clouds. From there we came back to the Greek theatre. Just as I happened to look up I saw May Reeves standing in the door! I thought I was dreaming and I jumped up and sure enough it was she, with her uncle and Miss Tyson. They had arrived at Syracuse from Girgenti and saw our ship in the harbor and sent out an

EIGHT JOURNEYS ABROAD

invitation to dine with them at the Villa Politi, but we didn't get it, and so they came on board.

We sail at midnight and it is now about eleven, and they are just gone. I must finish so as to post this to-morrow morning at Malta. The Greek theatre was a magnificent ruin, an out of door theatre with seats cut out of solid rock and

EAR OF DIONYSIUS, SYRACUSE

immense. More interesting to me were the quarries and the Ear of Dionysius, about which I have read but never expected to see. It is cut out of solid rock and way up in the top is a little opening where Dionysius is supposed to have sat to listen to the talk of his victims in the prison below. The slightest sound can be heard perfectly in every part; the pictures give you no idea of it. A church near by was most interesting, as the oldest Christian church in Syracuse and has

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incorporated an old Greek temple. In the crypt is where St. Paul preached three days and it is so intensely old and all of solid rock one cannot but be immensely impressed. Then we went into the catacombs, which are finer than those in Rome. It was first a place of burial and the tombs are thick and close, solid stone coffins and later were places of refuge. The first Bishop was martyred in the chapel where St. Paul preached. I think it would be interesting for you to borrow some guide books and read up, as we go along. We enjoyed buying bunches of fresh lemons and eating them, they are so much riper than those we get.

We had a very bad lunch in the Grand Hotel and so after seeing the Cathedral (which is built around a magnificent temple in whose walls the great fluted columns with Doric tops still stand out) and the Fountain of Arethusa we concluded not to dine in the town but to go out on the ship. The Reeves are going on to Palermo, I believe, and up to Rome, and may possibly join this ship at Genoa and go home on it. Here at eleven I am writing and yet we are due at Malta early in the morning and I must get up early and be sightseeing all day. So good night. Clifford said he wrote you. Tell Sam he might write. I got your first letter to-day at Syracuse, so the other three arrived days ago.

With love for you both.

Aff'ly,

M. D. R.

Malta, 27th Feb. 1903.

DEAR FRANK,

We got off this morning at Malta, where there is a fine harbor, and where the same oriental effect continues as at Syracuse. It is one series of yellow stone walls, one above another, up to the tops of the different hills and islands. We had taken Cook tickets and found a long string of carriages awaiting us, and we were taken a long six mile drive to the Citto Vecchio, on top of a high hill, inclosed in fortified walls with a moat. The views were magnificent, and the oldest church in the town had a crypt connecting with the catacombs, where St. Paul once stayed, and of course that made it interest-

EIGHT JOURNEYS ABROAD

ing. The main streets and the Governor's Palace and Armory and the great church of St. John are inside of two walls and two moats. I forgot to say that we visited the Governor's summer palace in the country, walking through the Public Gardens and as we were going out the Governor, Lord Grenfell, passed us in a fine turnout and his uniform looked more like that of a German officer than an Englishman.

The women wear a sort of calash on the head, a wired arrangement which is a combination of mantle and bonnet and is very picturesque—they, the women, are dark and pale, with straight features. All the shops are like in Algiers, sort of caves, that is, all the light

MALTA FROM THE SEA

comes from the front and you look in and see a large dark room with beds and chests of drawers and the poorer people seem to cook and keep house on the pavement. They are dirty and terrible beggars. We were taken to an Italian restaurant, where it was impossible to eat the food, so after we had driven round the town and seen the gorgeous view from the highest point where there was a garden, our party, some Pawtucket and New York people, went to an English tea house and had tea and hot muffins and enjoyed them largely.

The streets are so picturesque, frequently so steep as to be all steps, looking down one saw the sea and harbor at the end, with always the contrast between the stone and

THE MEDITERRANEAN

the blue. One never sees anything but stone, not a vestige of wood. When we came out on the ship at six we found the Promenade deck crowded with merchants who had come out from the town. They will sell things for almost any price rather than take them away. I got a piece of Maltese lace as a souvenir. Mr. Pemberton took me to see his rooms. On account of his wife being a poor sailor and not strong he had a large room at the back of the ship on the Promenade deck partitioned off with temporary partitions and had bells put

MALTA

in and they have their own steward and a brass bed, and he also stipulated that the band should not play at that end. I have slept so much better since I changed my stateroom and am sure it was wise.

It is great fun getting off on land, but two hard days in succession are almost too fatiguing. To-morrow I must manage to pack my trunk for Athens for day after to-morrow we land at Nauplia. Fortunately I have taken Cook tickets only for the Railway trip to Athens and propose to manage alone

EIGHT JOURNEYS ABROAD

at Athens, as in a city like that we can get along better. I think we did much more at Syracuse by ourselves than today. Still there are times when you need Cook, for special trains, &c. I am so tired I must stop. I am only happy on shore. I wish I could write better letters, but I have to write most of them when either very tired or sea sick.

With much love, and hoping you are both well,

Your aff., M. D. R.

P. S. I must add a few words this morning to tell you of the wonderful weather. Altho we are crossing the Adriatic and might expect a counter current the sea is like glass. I thought we must be at anchor until I looked out of the port hole. We have not had a single day of rain since arriving at Madeira. Mr. Pemberton says every day that it is a wonderful voyage. I could not wear a wrap yesterday at Malta and have all my summer clothing on. I cannot get over my regret that you did not come. It is one continuous spree. Our train leaves Nauplia for Argos and Mycenæ at 8.35 tomorrow and we come back to the steamer at Kalamaki.

After Villefranche.

Am Bord, Auguste Victoria,

Feb. 28th, 1903.

DEAR FATHER,

We certainly have been lucky in having good weather, but in spite of that fact I have a bad cold. We left Villefranche Tuesday afternoon after a beautiful drive from Nice and landed at Syracuse which was most interesting. In the morning we got a good carriage and pair of horses and with the Pierces went out to the fort and palace of Dionysius the Tyrant. It was a beautiful Springlike drive. Then we visited his prison called his ear. He sat in the upper end and the slightest whisper from the wretches below he could hear. We visited the remains of the Greek theatre, the Roman Amphitheatre and the old Christian church, where Paul preached

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for three days, and the catacombs. After a poor lunch we went around the city and saw the Cathedral, which has built in its walls the columns of the ancient Temple of Minerva. Malta is a very fine harbor and is very thickly populated.

Hope you and Sam are having a good time.

With love, J. C. R.

Am Bord, Auguste Victoria, March 1, 1903.

DEAR FRANK,

The first day of Spring and although there was snow on the mountains it was as warm as May. It has been a very amusing and interesting day. We made an early start to take

TYRINS, GREECE

the 8.35 train at Nauplia. The scene was beautiful as we rowed in little boats from the ship to land. High snow mountains in the distance and a clear crisp atmosphere, and a very precipitous rock, an Acropolis, immediately behind the town, which serves as a general prison for all Greece. The buglers were blowing the Assembly call and it was very still on the water. We were only a short time in the train when we got

EIGHT JOURNEYS ABROAD

out and walked up to the Acropolis at Tyryns where the great Cyclopean walls were built two thousand years before Christ. It was the birth place of Hercules and near by he slew the Hydra-headed Snake. At Tyryns the walls are of unhewn stones of prodigious size and the many passage ways were vaulted by approaching the horizontal rows of stones a little nearer to each other until they met at the top making a high pointed arch. All this was destroyed 446 Before Christ.

The whole country is desolate looking but very beautiful. There were many flocks of sheep and the shepherds with their

THE TEMPLE OF JUPITER, ATHENS

short white ruffled skirts and peculiar woolen coats all helped to make a memorable day. We next stopped at Mycenæ, which was Agamemnon's city and a great and rich city. Now there exists only what Dr. Schlieman has excavated, namely the palace of Agamemnon, on the top of a very high hill, which we reached by open carriages and funny painted carts, the drivers in all sorts of costumes. There, after seeing more cyclopean walls, but this time of hewn stones and the treasure vaults, where Dr. Schlieman found 25,000 dollars worth of treasure, which we will see in Athens, we had our lunch. The

THE MEDITERRANEAN

view and the air were glorious. We had been given boxes of lunch from the ship and a number of the stewards were sent along with napkins and glasses. I took my tea basket and made tea on the historic place and we had wine and mineral water and sandwiches and hard boiled eggs and plenty of oranges. It was delightful! A little distance from there on our return we saw the most wonderful of all, the tomb of Agamemnon, a circular vault coming to a sharp point 60 feet high and made of colossal stones, without anything to hold them together. There was a square entrance, with one enor-

THE TEMPLE OF THESEUS, ATHENS

mous stone across which is large beyond belief. On our way back to Kalamaki we came over a high pass and in one town saw peasants in costume dancing and old Corinth (the Acropolis) up on the hill and then new Corinth and along the bay, where Paul must often have been during his 18 months in Corinth, then came the Isthmus and the new canal, which gives the effect of being sliced right down through yellow rock and is very strange. I am so dead tired I must stop, so good bye, with much love. Your aff., M. D. R.

EIGHT JOURNEYS ABROAD

Hotel Grande Bretagne, Athenes.

Tues., March 3rd, 1903.

DEAR FATHER,

To-day is rainy but we spent nevertheless the morning at the Acropolis. At two o'clock we start again and go to the museums. In a drive yesterday afternoon I saw the University buildings, which are of white marble and carvings covered with gold sheets. The whole is in the best Greek style and very beautiful. The hotel is good. It looks now as if we would not be allowed to go to Damascus as there is cholera there and the ship would be quarantined; if it breaks out at Jerusalem we will go to Alexandria and have time to go up the Nile. I hope you and Sam are well and having a good time

With love, J. C. R.

From Greece—aboard Auguste Victoria.

March 4th, 1903.

DEAR FRANK,

I wonder if you remember that to-morrow is the thirtieth anniversary of our wedding day. I think it is the first time we have been separated at that date. I hope it will find you well. We have just sailed from the Piræus and it is blowing up cold and getting rough, so I may not be able to do much writing. We left Kalamaki Monday morning early and took the train for Corinth and went in chariots (the real name for the two-wheeled carts they use), to old Corinth, where there are some beautiful ruins, and then we took donkeys, mules and horses to go up the Acropolis, which is 1700 ft. above and has the finest view in Greece. I struck a mule that turned out to be lame and developed a great desire to get rid of me, so that before we got to the top I jumped off in a great fright when he turned on the edge of a fearful precipice and gave a snort of fright or something else. I had a long climb to the top and then went all the way back to old Corinth on foot and it is the hardest jaunt I ever undertook. We got into a car with Mrs. S and Miss S and Mr. and Mrs. F, all very nice

THE MEDITERRANEAN

intelligent people, and we had great fun. We started in the chariots with a man in full Greek costume playing on a pipe, which sounded exactly like a bag pipe. The atmosphere was perfect and it was a joy to live, the sky and sea as blue as a sapphire and when the women got on the donkeys astride it was a sight to see. We got into Athens just before dark and were glad to find a beautiful hotel with a nice large reading and writing room and a fire. Clifford had sent our letters and cards to the Jacksons* who were living in the Hotel and they asked us to dine with them the next evening.

The next day, yesterday, we had our first rain, spring showers, and we took a carriage and went first to the Acropolis in the rain and it was very beautiful even then, and explored the Museum. In the afternoon it cleared and we visited all the ruins and ended at the Acropolis again and had a fairly good view and the last thing stopped at the Stadium, where they have the Olympic games. A millionaire gave the money to put new white marble seats over the old ones and as it holds 50,000 people you can imagine the size of it, the shape is that of an ellipse. In the National Museum we found the treasures Dr. Schlieman had found at Mycenæ and enjoyed them doubly. When I got back I found an enormous bunch of double violets from Mrs. Jackson, which I carried to the dinner and found the captain of our ship was the other guest. I think I must stop as it is getting very rough.

Thursday. Mother is not feeling well and asks me to finish, so it can be posted when we arrive at 5 P. M. Smoother now and Mother feels better. We probably cannot land till 9 to-morrow morning. Expect to find mail. We shall probably live on the boat and not stay at the Hotel ashore as they say the town is very dirty. Cold and rainy this morning. Have passed the Dardanelles and are in the sea of Marmora.

With love, J. C. R.

* Mr. Jackson was the American Minister to Greece.

CONSTANTINOPLE, THE HOLY LAND AND EGYPT

Pera-Palace, Constantinople.

March 7, 1903.

DEAR FRANK,

I came out from dinner very tired after a hard day's work in a cold misty rain and stopped to talk with Mr. and Mrs. Fowler of New York, perfectly charming people, who know Alex. van Rensselaer and loads of Philadelphians we know, and now it is very late for me to write any detailed account of what we have seen in the last two days, in spite of weather. We arrived before Constantinople in a howling wind and cold rain at five o'clock. Fowlers got off, but Clifford persuaded me to stay on the boat and altho we had taken Cook for two days, we did not come to the Hotel until last evening. To our delight we found it heated by steam heat, as we were chilled through from riding about in carriages all day. It was too bad to have two days of bad weather as we have not been able to see an outline and this place needs sunlight and color to bring out its beauties. We first drove for an hour through the worst filth I ever saw, regular bogs of mud and sewage sometimes a foot deep, up to the Yildiz Kiosk to see the Sultan go to church, and it was a great sight. Cliff and Mrs. E, Miss S., a Swedish man and myself, and we three women were permitted to cling to an iron railing on top of a stone walk right among the soldiers who lined every approach to the Mosque. There we saw everything, the most gorgeous military and

CONSTANTINOPLE, THE HOLY LAND AND EGYPT

civil uniforms and thousands of soldiers. The Fowlers had applied to our minister and were on the Sultan's terrace, but they had to give up their umbrellas and were pushed about. After two lines of officials from the Palace had passed into the Mosque there was a hush and the Sultan's carriage appeared, a sort of victoria, then all the soldiers crouched down and motioned us to do the same and they seemed to cross themselves, and then I heard a queer quavering voice way up somewhere and looking up saw the Muezzin on the Minaret and he was calling to prayer, and then they all gave a great shout three times and the Sultan drove rapidly by into the Mosque. I got a good look at him. The trumpet music was fine before all this and we admired the appearance of the troops. They are big men and strange to say, not many are dark. The horses are fine, also, and well cared for. All animals here look well cared for and the Turks seem to be much more gentle and kind towards them than the Greeks or Spaniards and Italians, but it is impossible to describe the general dilapidation. I think that after the Turks came in here, when they conquered Constantine, that they settled down amid the ruins and have never repaved anything since. The ordinary streets here are worse than the worst roads around St. Louis after a thaw, and there is no drainage and they throw all refuse into the streets, and leave the dogs to clean it up at night; as a consequence the dogs fight and bark all night long. I have bought some good photos, which will give you an idea of the place. Last eve there was a dance after the dinner was over, and I danced. We have done a lot to-day, three mosques and the white palace along the Bosphorus and the Museum and Treasury and went into the Bazaars (10 miles of streets covered). Everywhere we go the streets and squares are filled with sheep (much larger and finer looking than ours) even the steps of the mosques are covered with them, and on Monday they will be slaughtered and every person in Constantinople will have meat to eat. The Sultan begins it at

EIGHT JOURNEYS ABROAD

5 A. M., and as far as I can learn the slaughtering is done in the street and it will be a dreadful sight. We are going on board Sunday night as if it is fair the ship will sail up the Bosphorus to the Black Sea at 9 A. M. and returning leaves here at noon. I am going with the Fowlers to the American College for Girls in Scutari tomorrow forenoon for service and at 7 P. M. the mosques are all to be illuminated.

With love to all, M. D. R

Pera-Palace, Constantinople,
March 7th, 1903.

DEAR FATHER

We arrived here on the afternoon of day before yesterday in a hard rain with a very cold wind blowing and so did not

YILDİZ KIOSK. THE ARRIVAL OF THE SULTAN

land till the next day. The weather has remained just as bad, but we have spent the two days ashore notwithstanding.

CONSTANTINOPLE, THE HOLY LAND AND EGYPT

The first morning we saw the Sultan on his way to mosque with a lot of soldiers all armed with out of date rifles. In the afternoon saw a mosque which was once the oldest Christian church. This morning we went to two mosques, large ones, and the Sultan's treasury, which I thought very interesting. There was a throne of gold set with pearls, rubies and emeralds. After lunch we went to the last Sultan's palace on the Bosphorus. A beautiful building with a beautiful view, but ruined by bad interior decorations and furniture. Then another mosque and the bazaars. To-morrow, Sunday, Mother is going with Mr. and Mrs. Fowler of N. Y. to some Presbyterian school and I am going to the bazaars, meeting Mother at lunch. In the evening the mosques are to be illuminated as the Turkish Easter is at hand and we wish to go to a mosque at night. We go aboard again late to-morrow night and sail up the Bosphorus and back Monday morning and sail at noon for Beyrout the port of Baalbec and Damascus.

With love to you and Sam.

CLIFF.

Constantinople, Aboard Auguste Victoria.

8th March, 1903.

DEAR FRANK,

When we came on board ship at six o'clock we found your seventh letter and are glad that you are going out a little. This morning, Sunday, Mr. and Mrs. Fowler and myself went over to Scutari to the American college, as Miss Patrick had written asking me to come and the Fowlers had letters to her. The road was so fearful I expected to end my life then and there, but we arrived safely and they seemed much pleased to see us, showed us the college and then we attended service. After lunch we went to some of the shops, but they were mostly closed as they were preparing for the Feast of Beiram, and as we came out to the ship the cannons were booming the opening of the Feast. Tomorrow morning at 5

EIGHT JOURNEYS ABROAD

they slaughter the sheep. The streets have been full of them for days and the rich are supposed to give them to the poor. The Sultan has bought two thousand to present to the poor. I wouldn't have been in the city to-morrow morning for anything; the streets will be a terrible sight. We met hundreds with sheep on their backs with their forelegs around their necks and looking so pathetic. We also went to-day into the place where the Sultan buys his Loukoum or "Turkish Delight." They had big wood fires in the dark back of the shop and were stirring big cauldrons, but it was cleanly enough and lots of French and Germans came in to buy candy. When we were at the Treasury yesterday we were treated by the Sultan's orders to Rose conserve and coffee. To-day the Sultan sent on board this ship a giant bouquet of camellias and azaleas to the ladies and some "loukoum" and it was passed round at dinner.

Coming out to-night the outlines of the mosques were beautiful, although there were still the dark heavy clouds. It was gay at dinner to-night, every one seemed to be glad to get away from Constantinople's dirt and Turks. To-morrow at ten we start for the Black Sea and then returning sail for Beyrout at one o'clock. Mr. M. thinks I will have brain fever; I work so hard between seeing, reading up and writing. There was a nurse, who had been with Weir Mitchell and had met Joe, at the College at Scutari and that is how they happened to write to me. I hope all understand that until I can stop long enough somewhere I cannot write more than I do. I am now writing in a small room with Mrs. E. singing *La Tosca*, and lots of people talking. The decks are covered with rugs and things for sale, and it is very cold so we are glad to stay in and keep warm.

I am so tired and must go to bed. So hoping you are all well and happy, and with love to all the family and friends.

Your aff., M. D. R.

CONSTANTINOPLE, THE HOLY LAND AND EGYPT

On Board after leaving Constantinople.

March 11th, 1903.

DEAR FRANK AND SAM,

We came out from Constantinople Monday at one o'clock after a pleasant but very cold run up through the Bosphorus. The German Ambassador and his wife, Baron Marshall von Bieberstein, or something like that, were on board for the trip, but no one met them but the German officers. She was a perfect beauty. That evening at dinner we had quite a surprise—first large bouquets were passed around that the Sultan had sent on board and then each lady was presented with a box of sweets and each man with a box of cigarettes. The Sultan only does this for the passengers of the *Auguste Victoria* and yet they say that from the moment we landed we were shadowed constantly by detectives, though we were not conscious of it, and I imagine we all spoke as freely as we chose of the dreadful state of affairs. I remember saying in a photograph shop that if I were the Sultan I would sell the magnificent throne that was stolen from Persia and clean and pave the streets. However I was not put in prison for it.

Last evening at dinner five people had birthday parties and champagne. Mine comes tomorrow, March 12th (my 57th), and a young Swede has his to-day. At last the weather is fine—it is sunny and very warm, but they tell us to prepare for cold at Damascus as the Lebanon Mts. are covered with snow. We are sitting on deck without wraps just as we would be in the house and are seeing the West coast of Cyprus now at 3 P. M. In the night we passed the island of Rhodes and the night before when we came out of the Dardanelles we were close to the plains of Troy. It is hard to realize where we are. We land at Beyrout early to-morrow morning and take an early and special train to Baalbec, where we spend the first night and then on to Damascus. I will write you from there. I don't know whether I wrote you that the Sultan did not have the Treasury opened for any of the steamers but the

EIGHT JOURNEYS ABROAD

Auguste Victoria, and after we had seen it we were served with coffee and rose conserve by his orders.

I regret every day, more, that you didn't come along. You would have found agreeable companions among the men, especially Mr. Fowler. He and his wife and Mrs. Stryker and a Miss Stevenson, Clifford and myself have arranged with Cook to be together on this trip and Jerusalem. I am fortunate in feeling better than I have at all and feel so rested to-day after two good nights on the ship. It seems so strange that you have not yet had a line from us and I can imagine the time seems long. Probably I shall find letters at Beyrout to-morrow morning saying you have our first letters. I have written constantly so you must get letters very frequently.

Hoping you are all well,

Your aff., M. D. R.

Damascus Palace Hotel, Damascus.

March 13th, 1903

DEAR FRANK,

Here we are in a Damascus Hotel, separated from some of our party, as they were sent to Cooks' Hotel and we came here. Mr. and Mrs. Fowler and I are in a corridor with oil lamps for light; we have had our Turkish coffee and will go to bed early as we are tired after a hard day's trip. I wonder if I wrote you that on Sunday last we three went to Scutari to service at the Woman's College, which is the counterpart of the Roberts College in Constantinople. Miss Patrick was delighted to see us and gave us tea and home sponge cake and after having us shown all over the College took us to church, where she gave a very good discourse to the pupils in English and wore her cap and gown. They wanted us to stay to dinner, but we could not spare the time.

It was very rough yesterday, Thursday morning, as we anchored at Beyrout and the getting into the small boats was most amusing and exciting. One man got one leg into the water as he was awkward about getting

CONSTANTINOPLE, THE HOLY LAND AND EGYPT

in. You would be surprised to see how skillfully I get in and out and I really enjoy it. This time as the little boat came up on a wave a big Arab seized me around the waist and plumped me into the boat before I could utter a word of protest. It was so rough that some people were actively seasick before getting to the shore. A Cooks' party is always rushing to get ahead and so we made a dash for the train and made ourselves comfortable. Cook divided us into two sec-

THE TRAIN TO DAMASCUS

tions, Section 1 was to go to Baalbec and Section 2 direct to Damascus. The train was of 1st class carriages and most comfortable and part of the way is rack and pinion and very well built. We began to climb the Lebanon Mountains at once and never in my life have I seen such a view as unfolded before us. The earth was crimson and all shades of purplish pink, and the blue Mediterranean back of it and the grey and yellow rock of the mountains made a color effect in landscape I shall never forget. I have seen colored views of Syria, which I

EIGHT JOURNEYS ABROAD

supposed were quite unnatural, but now I know they are true to life.

Also we saw our first camel trains, and the Arab head dress. The men wear a wrapper-like gown and belt and a large handkerchief held on the head by two big black cords, taking the place of a fez—a most picturesque head dress and just like the Bible pictures

BEYROUT, THE PORT OF DAMASCUS

Here we see the people seated along the rivers and others about sitting on the house-tops and looking afar off. The villages are all built one story high, with stone or adobe blocks and have flat roofs, some with grass and as the train goes by we see a man standing on his roof looking off, always in blue and red gowns or wide Bagdad stripes.

We climbed to the highest part of the Lebanon Mts. and up into the snow region, where we found it bitter cold and descending came in view of the most fertile plain

CONSTANTINOPLE, THE HOLY LAND AND EGYPT

in Syria with the Anti-Lebanon Mts. on the further side and Mt. Hermon covered with snow, a magnificent spectacle. We lunched at Rayak, not too well, and then took a branch road across the plain and up the hills again, arriving at Baalbec at 4.30 P. M. We went out at once, after getting our rooms, as it was very clear and sunny, and went all over the ruins of the Temple of Jupiter and of the Sun, and were overwhelmed with the colossal grandeur of it all,

THE TEMPLE OF THE SUN, BAALBEC

beside which the ruins even of Athens seem tame. There were the largest Cyclopean or early Greek stones we have seen yet and in the quarry nearby was a block cut partly out 68 feet long by 13 feet thick, and square. Imagine all that, with a background of snow mountains and a clear luminous atmosphere at sunset when there was a yellow light on the great columns. It was quite easy to imagine how the great temple of Jupiter looked by considering the work of the Arabs who filled up the great portals of the front portico with stone to serve as a fortification, as now existent and putting up the

EIGHT JOURNEYS ABROAD

columns in their places which are now strewn around in every direction and the statues in their niches and the exquisite carvings on the pediments and the lintels and around the great doors and then thinking if you stood at the front portico and looked through the three great courts with water in a basin in each with marble enclosure carved exquisitely and surrounded by the great roofed porticos where the most florid carving decorated the capitals of the columns and the roofs and lintels and all on a gigantic plan, the human mind almost fails to comprehend it.

The moonlight was glorious that night and Mr. Fowler and Clifford went out to view the temples again and drifted into an Arab café where they got most delicious coffee. Clifford was really enthusiastic about Baalbec and was up and out early this morning to see it again. It was too bitter cold for us women to go out last night and too difficult walking also. The Hotel is Cooks' and all of stone and built so differently from any we have. It was so high we went up two flights to get to the second floor and where most of the space was occupied by an open room with the bedrooms opening into it and down stairs the tables were spread in the same open space. It was my birthday and Mr. Fowler insisted upon having champagne and we had one candle in an empty champagne bottle for decoration and had lots of fun and then sat in Mrs. F's room and selected photos from a sample book.

Some of the rooms had little stoves, but mine had none and you can't imagine the cold, with stone floors. Fortunately I had my hot water bag and so was able to have my bed warm. I was going to have a brazier in the room, when Clifford protested and said it was dangerous. It proved a lucky thing I did not as 22 people were asphyxiated in the night, so much so they fell unconscious on the floor, men as well as women. However they recovered quickly. One woman shrieked fearfully. Mr. Fowler heard the screams and half awake thought they were

CONSTANTINOPLE, THE HOLY LAND AND EGYPT

murdering the Christians again as in 1860. The silence in such a place is most impressive and I enjoyed it. This morning we had a long wait at the station as our train was delayed because the Governor of the Province was on it, and the whole town turned out. Veiled Moslem women and men in the most picturesque costumes and women carrying children astride the shoulder and all reminding one of the Bible pictures. Our ride from the lunch place Rayak, where Noah is reputed to be buried, was through wonderful mountain gorges and as we got near here we saw great orchards of fruit trees and rushing brooks and gardens. Of course the trees are only just budding out and it is a pity it is not three weeks later. The life in the streets here is most interesting and quite different from anything we have seen. Crowds watched us buy our photographs and followed us along the street and the women stood still to look at us. I must cut this short as I must get up at seven in order to be ready for Cook at nine, so with much love, and hoping to hear from you soon,

Your aff.,

M. D. R.

Damascus Palace Hotel, Damascus.

15th March, 1903.

DEAR FRANK,

Our second day and I take a few minutes after lunch and before going out to write you. We spent yesterday under Cooks' tuition going about in carriages seeing the sights, the grand Mosque, the tomb of Saladin and the window where St. Paul was let down from the house on the wall and the home of Ananias and Judas and Naaman. There are few things to see, apart from the life in the streets, and in the Bazaars, which are merely covered streets. Yesterday was the last feast day and the streets were crowded with people and carriages and camels and donkeys, and it is a constant panorama—Persians, Syrians, Turks, Arabs, &c., in their different costumes.

EIGHT JOURNEYS ABROAD

The Bavada river rushes through and they make a great fuss over it, but it is not much as a river. The beauty of Damascus lies in its position in a fertile plain with the most beautiful mountains as a frame. We went up on the terrace (house top) last eve and the panorama was glorious. The exquisite purplish tints of the Mountains and the warm écru of the houses and walls, with cypress trees and minarets

A GATE IN DAMASCUS

relieving the monotony of color, apricot and other fruit trees in full bloom and the evergreen, orange and lemon trees and down under a canopy the faithful saying their prayers, and camels going by, and donkeys, and now and then a dervish with high stove pipe hat without a brim.

Yesterday we were taken to see a Jewish house and then a Christian one. Both were entered by very small doors in a common wall from a street not over 15 feet wide, first came a

CONSTANTINOPLE, THE HOLY LAND AND EGYPT

large court yard paved with marble inlaid pavement with orange and lemon trees; from that we entered a very fine hall with fountain at one end, magnificently carved marble, and the other half raised about 2 feet above and intended to be covered with rugs and used as a summer room. The walls were all marble, carved in some places into trees and leaves fully 18 inches deep. I don't suppose there is anything in New York to compare with it in costliness. On going out in the street we met a Jewish procession carrying an infant. Two young girls were dressed like bridesmaids and a very gorgeous cloth was thrown over the infant who was carried on a cushion.

The Christian house was roomy but had none of the elegance of the other. To-day we went first to the English church where there were a few of our ship's party and then we went through the Bazaars. There is a man named Asfar and we call him "so far and no farther," where we found some attractive things. The crowds follow us and look at us in astonishment and we have a hard time to avoid camels and donkeys and carriages. We were so tired when we got through bargaining that we went to a café beside a rushing stream and had coffee, while Clifford, with a fez on, smoked the long water pipe of the country and watched the long processions of people returning evidently from the country. We have had a very amusing day and will never forget it. How I wish you could have seen it all. There are more men in our Ship's company who are older than you, than there are younger. We get no rest from now to Cairo and rather dread the discomforts of Jerusalem—we have only two short nights on board ship, one to Jaffa and another to Cairo. It is a strange sight to see the women in their black costumes and veils, squatting along the edge of the rivers. I must go to bed as we must rise at six. We are going to the housetop to see the city by moonlight en route to bed. Goodbye and with love to all and remembrances to the girls in the house.

Aff'ly, M. D. R.

EIGHT JOURNEYS ABROAD

Damascus Palace Hotel, Damascus.

15th March, 1903.

DEAR FATHER,

We have been with the Fowlers all the time and they are very nice indeed. Mr. F. reminds me very forcibly of Mr. Godfrey. He and I, at Baalbec, went out at night and visited an Arab coffee house and had coffee with about 40 villainous looking Arabs. To-day we each puffed a nargileh at a coffee house here. At Baalbec the ruins were splendid and far out-classed those at Athens. We all wish we had three or four days to rest in aboard ship but, alas, we only reach it to-morrow night at Beyrout to leave it the next morning at Jaffa for Jerusalem. Then again we have no time for rest between Jerusalem and Cairo. We are all pretty well sunburned, as the country here is high and dry like Colorado with strong sunlight and a reflected glare from the yellow sand. The mountains are bare of trees and resemble strongly certain parts of the foothills of the Rockies. We hope to find lots of mail at Cairo when we get there.

With love,

J. C. R.

Grand New Hotel, Jerusalem.

March 21st, 1903.

DEAR FRANK,

Each day I expected to write you at least a few words, but I have worked so hard that I hardly had sense enough to get to bed. This is our last day here as to-morrow we take the train at seven o'clock for Joppa. We have just had tea in the drawing room, when the German General I wrote you about as being on the *Auguste Victoria* with a number of officers of the *Garde du Corps*, Berlin, came in. I had not been introduced before and I was glad to meet him—of course asked him first if he knew Gen. von Camerer, and of course he did, and then I asked about the Adelmanns and he said, "You know Heinrich?"—and he was so surprised and he knows all our friends and the von Wellwarths, that Clifford and I visited

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near Hohenstadt, are his relations. I hope now we may meet Count Linar and Baron Wangenheim, who are his friends. He knows Baron von Brüsselle at Schaubeck, also.

This is the second week of hard work. As we left the ship Tuesday morning we formed a party of eight so we could have a guide to ourselves, and we just filled

ON THE WAY TO JERUSALEM

two carriages. Mr. and Mrs. Fowler, Mrs. Ervin and Miss Smith, Mrs. Stryker and Miss Stevenson, beside Clifford and myself. The water was very smooth at Joppa, a very unusual thing, and we made the landing without the least trouble. We had such fun at Beyrout where it was quite rough, when Mr. Fowler, who is a very big man, and myself were lifted bodily by the boatmen

EIGHT JOURNEYS ABROAD

and put into the boat. Joppa was as filthy as every other city under Turkish dominion, but interesting and we were surprised with a good American "toot" from the Baldwin locomotive. We crossed the Plain of Sharon and were interested in the mud villages, where each house had an enclosing wall of the same material and the roofs were of turf so the effect was as if the town had grown and not been made. While these must be very uncomfortable they are most picturesque; soon after we began to climb the hills of Judea and four hours brought us to Jerusalem. Our first sight was the Tower of

VIEW OF JOPPA

David, from which he saw Bethsheba, the wife of his General, and is now a fortress occupied by Turkish soldiers and has a moat all around.

We came up to the Joppa Gate and into this Hotel just inside the Gate. This fortress was David's palace and on the top of Mt. Zion. The city seems to consist of hills and valleys and the Temple was on Mt. Moriah. After lunch we started right off to the "Holy Sepulchre." This consists of a group of churches, the Greek Catholic, Roman, Armenian, Coptic and Abyssinian, around the spot where tradition says Christ was buried. At first one is so

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overwhelmed with the feeling of seeing the actual spot of Christ's sufferings and burial that one longs to join the throngs of pilgrims from every nation who are prostrating themselves before the "Stone of Unction" and kissing it. To-day we went to see the Greek Patriarch come in a triumphal procession to the Greek church and it was a magnificent sight. We

THE GATE, JOPPA

went in a high gallery where there were lots of women of all nationalities. The floor of the church was thronged and the priests and the patriarch were magnificent with solitaire jewels, the latter blessed the people like the Pope.

The second morning we drove out to Bethlehem, where things are more unchanged than in Jerusalem. In the church of the Nativity they show a manger as the one where Christ was

EIGHT JOURNEYS ABROAD

born. The city walls dating from the eighth century are so picturesque. The country is very picturesque and lovely with wild flowers, some of which I have bought seeds of and hope to raise them at Jamestown, and the walled roads climb up and down and wind around the hills. We love this place and feel sorry to go, as we would like to drive about the outlying

A STREET IN JERUSALEM

country at our leisure. That afternoon we went to see the Mosque of Omar, on the site of Solomon's Temple through which the top of Mt. Moriah pierces. This rock, which is protected by a railing, is where Abraham is supposed to have offered Isaac in sacrifice and is very sacred to Jews and Christians. On the ruins of the temple was a Roman temple. One wishes it

CONSTANTINOPLE, THE HOLY LAND AND EGYPT

could all be excavated in the hope of seeing how it all used to be. I cannot possibly describe all the things we have seen and wish you would borrow a Syria and Palestine Murray and read about it. We drove afterwards to the Mt. of Olives, but it began to rain and we had no view.

The next day we started in three carriages for a two-days' excursion to Jericho, the Dead Sea and the Jordan; we were accompanied by a wicked-looking Bedouin on horseback with a gun slung over his shoulder and a sword by his side and looking exactly like one of Schreyer's pictures, and he turned out to be an ex-brigand now employed in recent years as guard by the Government. He escorted us all the way to the Dead Sea and back and Cook had to pay him two francs for each person. Our drivers were also armed but our worst dangers I should say were from the road itself. Before the German Emperor came here it was only possible to make the trip on horseback and it is as bad as possible. We found quite a decent Hotel at Jericho passing on the way a monastery on the spot where Elijah was fed by the ravens and the hill where Christ fasted for forty days and was tempted of the Devil, and Mt. Nebo in the distance, where Moses first saw the Promised Land, and the wilderness full of pelicans. Old Jericho was called the City of Palms and now there is not one to be seen. A dreadfully dangerous ride brought us to the Dead Sea, and Clifford took a swim but it stung his eyes badly. Sodom and Gomorrah are supposed to have been on the site of the Dead Sea and nothing grows and not a bird or a fish. I was terribly frightened at the bad roads and the fording of streams. It was a very sharp transition of climate from the cold of Jerusalem to the heat of Jericho. We went down 3500 feet and it was so warm that we sat out without wraps all evening. I forgot to say we came back from the Dead Sea to the Jordan, which is only a creek, and were shown the spot where Christ was baptized and we filled our cans with Jordan water. That night we slept warm for the first time on land since Nice and started back early the next morning and visited Bethany

EIGHT JOURNEYS ABROAD

and saw the house of Mary and Martha. We also had a cold lunch at the Apostles Fountain, in the tent which Cook arranged for the German Emperor. I must stop now to pack and get ready to arise at five o'clock to-morrow. I feel I am just beginning to comprehend Jerusalem and now must go away. With much love to all and hoping you do not find my letters a bore.

Your aff.,

M. D. R.

We all feel we must take the first day in Cairo to rest, as we only spend the night on the ship and get off Monday morning at Alexandria.

Grand New Hotel, Jerusalem.

March 21st, 1903.

DEAR FATHER,

The things that strike me most here are the filth and the tawdriness of the decorations in the churches. The country is very much like the west. In the valley of the Dead Sea near Jericho this is particularly so. There are sand buttes and arroyos backed by treeless mountains. The churches have taken every chance to impress the poor and point out the very spots where Christ stood, etc., even which hill he was crucified on is in doubt. Mother met a General von Roeder to-night who is on our ship, who knows the Adelmanns well and I expect to meet him to-morrow. We have only six days in Cairo and Mother is dead tired yet she talks of spending her nights on sleeping cars to see the Temple of Karnac. I hope she will change her mind. We expect lots of mail at Cairo. With love to Aunt Fanny and Uncle Joe.

Your aff. son,

J. C. R.

Shepherd's Hotel, Cairo.

March 24th, 1903.

DEAR FRANK,

This is just to let you know that we arrived safely yesterday noon and have rooms looking over a beautiful garden with palms and are getting rested from our severe Jerusalem trip. The Fowlers and ourselves did not take Cook as we were too tired. With love to you all,

Your aff.,

M. D. R.

CONSTANTINOPLE, THE HOLY LAND AND EGYPT

P.S. This hotel is the funniest combination of Paris and Saratoga. There is a terrace between the door and street where you sit and see all Cairo go by. We arrived at noon and have done nothing but attend to different wants and getting rested. We go this morning to the Pyramids. It is fearfully expensive as we have a dragoman and have to pay all his expenses as well. I had two letters from Countess Adelmann—says she will not take a refusal to visit there. I don't see how it is possible. I met Gen. von Roeder and he knows Graf Adelmann well.

Shepherd's Hotel, Cairo.

March 26th, 1903.

DEAR FRANK,

Almost our whole ship's party has been obliged to rest here or at least take it easy, as our two-weeks' steady travel-

THE GARDEN'S OF SHEPHEARDS HOTEL, CAIRO

ling in Syria had completely used us up. We are so happy and comfortable here and would like to stay and not move on.

EIGHT JOURNEYS ABROAD

This Hotel is nearly perfect, and we have two single rooms looking out on a beautiful garden with flowers and palm trees, so that we have perfect quiet and yet at the front of the Hotel is the busiest street in Cairo and we sit out on the Terrace and have 5 o'clock tea and see every one and the merchants crying their wares and the syces running in front of the carriages and every kind of equipage, so it is most amusing. The first day we drove out to the Pyramids and rode on donkeys around them and the Sphinx, but I was so timid I have had

CAIRO

to give up an excursion to-day where I would have had to ride a donkey five hours, and I am resting to-day. Yesterday Clifford and I went alone to the citadel and some mosques and the Tombs of the Mamelukes. As elsewhere in the Arab quarter filth and misery reign supreme. The people are too lazy to wash their faces and the flies around the eyes of the young children are a disgusting sight.

Elias came yesterday with his own carriage and took us to the great Museum and to the Bazaars, and I met Brugsch Bey at the Museum. The Fowlers had a letter to Chaka Bey, who has charge of the Railways and between

CONSTANTINOPLE, THE HOLY LAND AND EGYPT

the two we are invited to go to a swell wedding this evening. We are to stop at the Elias house en route. Out at the Pyramids I meant to mention the Mena Hotel, a most beautiful hotel, with every comfort, on the very edge of the Desert. Many people spend the winter there for lung and bronchial troubles. Some of our party start

THE TRIP TO THE PYRAMIDS

to-night on a trip up the Nile on dahabeahs, go with the Cook party to Luxor. We leave here to-morrow and take the night train to Luxor, spending two days only there and coming back Sunday night straight to Alexandria and go on the ship by noon. There are many tempting things to buy but I am afraid my money will not hold out, so I have to turn away. The Fowlers buy very lavishly. We are quite

EIGHT JOURNEYS ABROAD

excited about going to the wedding. Last night the gardens of this hotel were illuminated and throngs of people threw paper confetti and after there was a ball. It seemed a pity

THE SPHINX

M. D. R. tying her shoes

to spoil the clean grass and gravel and this morning they took up wagon loads of it. Elias wanted to know all about you. He has grown so stout I would not have known him—he seems to have the same old friendly feeling. I fear he expected me to buy valuable things at the Bazaars, but I didn't do it all the same.

CONSTANTINOPLE, THE HOLY LAND AND EGYPT

Mrs. Fowler thinks the front street here a combination of Paris and Saratoga and I think not unlike. The food is delicious and it would be a delightful place to stay. Mr. Fowler is planning to come directly here another year and spend a month on a dahabeah on the Nile. I cannot imagine anything more restful and they say one has every comfort and even luxury. I had to let the last of our Syrian trip go without a description, but I look back on it all with delight. Jerusalem in the olden times must have been a dream of beauty, but now the unspeakable Turk has made it look like every place where he rules, a wreck of the past. The Turks never repair anything. We enjoy the uniforms of the English officers, many of them staying here. Mr. Fowler sang all the way from the Jordan—"Jordan am a hard road to trabble." He is very funny. With much love to you.

Your aff.,

M. D. R.

Shepherd's Hotel, Cairo,

March 27th, 1903.

DEAR FATHER,

We both like Cairo ever so much and I for one am sorry to leave it for Luxor, where we go to-night. Edward Elias has been most kind and has given me a beautiful scarab. Last night we visited his wife and went on with him afterwards to a Mohammedan wedding of very rich people. Mother and Mrs. Fowler saw a lot but Mr. F. and I cooled our heels in a tent and waited. Lost my Panama hat out of the window of an express train and can't forgive myself. To-day is hot and therefore pleasant as we really have been cold here. The hotel is fine and very expensive. With love and hoping to see you soon.

J. C. R.

The Luxor Hotel, Luxor.

March 28th, 1903.

DEAR FRANK,

We took the train last night and had a dusty ride here, where there is summer heat and flies intolerable. Fortu-

EIGHT JOURNEYS ABROAD

nately I wore a thin summer dress from Cairo and we got fly switches, and then started for the Temple of Karnak, where the French government is now excavating. There were troops of natives heaving and hauling and an overseer with an ugly whip, so I imagine things are going on very much as they did when the Jews had to work for Pharaoh. Even with so many magnificent papyrus and lotus columns in place and the hieroglyphics as distinct as when they were made it is

KARNAK

necessary to use one's imagination. The sacred lake is now a dirty pond, but one can see the remains of walls and columns and broken statues, which in ancient times were all about the lake and the avenues of sphinxes, 500 on each side, from the temple to the Nile and another at right angles with another sort of sphinxes with ram's heads. Where they intersect were four obelisks, one has fallen and they are trying to raise it. All this was buried deep in rubbish and one wonders how such enormous columns and walls were ever overthrown.

All the Cooks' people were away at the tombs of the Kings

CONSTANTINOPLE, THE HOLY LAND AND EGYPT

THE AVENUE OF SPHINXES

EIGHT JOURNEYS ABROAD

at Thebes, so I took a good nap after lunch and then we went to the Temple of Luxor, very near the Hotel, and also near the Nile. This has also been excavated and a Mosque still remains, built over one side. The English consul had a house on top of one of the pylons, now they are going to clear away the native huts and move the mosque so the rubbish will not

THE RIDE TO THE TOMBS OF THE KINGS, FROM LUXOR

collect again. Here were two great halls, one of papyrus columns, big flutings, and the other of the lotus columns with flaring capitals and magnificent statues, colossal size, standing between the columns and some colossal seated figures in front of the gate on each side. After buying myself photos I sat down to watch the sunset with some of the ship's party. This was at last the Egypt of my dreams. All the dirt and

CONSTANTINOPLE, THE HOLY LAND AND EGYPT

flies disappeared and the sun left a red glow which made the hills beyond the Nile (the Lybian Hills) stand out sharply and then all was reflected in the water. The boats moored thickly at the banks with their curved masts made a wonderful picture and the women going down with their empty water vases poised on their heads and returning with them erect and full, all these moving between us and this red glow, made it worth while to take the journey. The flies, heat and dust are the other side of the picture. The misery of the people cannot be described—they get almost nothing to eat. To-morrow we cross the river to Thebes and the Tombs of the Kings and the sitting Colossi. I am going in a chair as I am too afraid of donkeys. Goodbye, with love.

Aff.,

M. D. R.

We take the train to-morrow night direct to Alexandria.

ITALY

Am Bord, Auguste Victoria,
March 29th, 1903.

DEAR FRANK,

Mr. Fowler to-day said I had better come home with him on this same ship May 8th. When we got to Alexandria all those of the ship's party who did not go to Luxor were there. This evening at dinner every lady was presented with a small bonbon box in solid silver as a souvenir of this cruise, and the men had leather memorandum books. They certainly try to please. We are fortunate still in weather, as there is almost no motion. Now we have three nights and two days, this being Monday evening, and we land at Palermo Thursday morning and spend Friday at Messina and Taormina, then on to Naples, where I will have to pack the things for Clifford to take home. Enough for to-night. I will leave it open until we get to Palermo.

Thursday, April 2nd.

We are just returned from our trip through Messina to Taormina and are in raptures. Can you imagine a sea and coast like the Riviera, but magnified and isolated and a town perched up on a peak and a village of all stone and stucco and a wonderful old monastery with a terraced garden hanging hundreds of feet over the sea, with Mt. Aetna rising behind it? The Monastery is the Hotel de St. Domenica

ITALY

where we had lunch and I didn't imagine that there was anything on this earth so beautiful. There was not a blot or an ugliness to mar it. The color of the water could only be compared to gems and all the buildings and walls were yellowish and pinkish white plaster overhung with wistaria, red and

ISOLA E CAPO S. LEO, TAORMINA

white geraniums and yellow and white daisies, the kind we pay a dollar a dozen for, a perfect walled road took us to the top. We were a Cooks' party but Cliff and I and the Fowlers kept together. The whole town of Messina was out to see us go and come. There were whole rows of columbaria and Roman walls in this high village and a very fine Greek theatre. I shall bring the pictures but the color you can never imagine.

EIGHT JOURNEYS ABROAD

IN THE CONVENT HOTEL, TAORMINA, SICILY

THE GREEK THEATRE, TAORMINA

ITALY

We hope to see Stromboli about 10 to-night in eruption. Only a little smoke came from Mt. Aetna. Tomorrow we land at Palermo, spend the day and then reach Naples Saturday morning.

We see something of the German general who knows the Adelmanss. We are going to stay on the ship until it leaves Naples. I suppose you will feel badly that I don't come back with Clifford, but I feel that I am here and cannot be sure of getting here again and it will be only three weeks from the time Clifford arrives that I shall also arrive. I am so tired I must not write any more, so good bye,

Your aff.,

M. D. R.

Auguste Victoria (Naples).

April 6th, 1903.

DEAR FRANK,

I expect to go to Sorrento by the way of Pompeii this afternoon and have my luggage all ready to leave the ship. We went to the Opera last night to hear La Tosca and the house is beautiful and the performance very enjoyable. We had lunch at the fine new hotel Bertolini, nearby, with a gorgeous view. Clifford went up Vesuvius with some other people.

I shall be home just three weeks after Clifford and I haven't courage to face the 14 days on the ship and I need a complete rest on land before undertaking it. I will write immediately on my arrival at Rome where I expect to spend two weeks.

With much love to you and Sam.

Your aff.,

M. D. R.

Rome, Saturday, April 11th, 1903.

DEAR FRANK,

I arrived here on Thursday evening having left Naples at 2.57 that afternoon, Mrs. Elliot waiting for me. There was a strike among the cab men so we had some trouble to get my luggage to the house. Mrs. Elliot has a very nice apartment in the new part of Rome, on high ground near the Palace of

EIGHT JOURNEYS ABROAD

Queen Margherita. Directly behind the house is the best preserved part of the old Aurelian wall and I look at it at night in the moonlight before I go to bed, it is so picturesque. The Fowlers went to the Grand Hotel. It was difficult to get rooms in Rome just at this season. We shall probably go to Paris together ten days from now. We went down to the ship after all lunching together last Wednesday in Naples and said goodbye to every one but did not stay until the ship sailed. Clifford was delighted to go, but I imagine he was very seasick, as there was a fearful storm that night. Our Hotel was just back of the Promenade, with sea wall and the surf struck with such force that it shook my bed. I was really frightened and thought they were earthquake shocks.

I had a good rest yesterday morning and unpacked my things. Then in the afternoon went out with Mrs. Elliot and had tea at a pretty tea room on the Corso, a sort of charity run by some Roman Countesses. After that we stopped at Santa Maria Sopra Minerva and at the Pantheon. At the latter we saw the tombs of Victor Emmanuel and Umberto and many officers and soldiers were clustered about them and there were lots of floral tributes. From there we arrived at St. Peter's at six o'clock to hear the Miserere sung by the Sistine Choir (the Pope's Angels they are called) without organ, it being Good Friday. The music was of the highest order and perfectly sung by beautiful voices. The church was very full in the front half and quantities of officers. To-day we are going to the Villa Medici and to call at the Hotel Royal and perhaps walk in the Borghese gardens, which are just across the street from here. To-morrow morning we get up very early and go to St. Peter's at 8 o'clock to hear the Easter mass. We take camp stools to rest on and I don't know how long we shall be there. In the afternoon we drive on the Pincian Hill, hoping to see the King and Queen and Queen Margherita. Lunch is ready so good bye with love.

Your aff.,

M. D. R.

ITALY

Rome, April 12th, 1903.

DEAR CLIFFORD,

I was glad to get your letter from Genoa. We had a frightful storm in Naples that night. My bed shook and quivered and it seems there were earthquake shocks in Sicily that night. The Potters invited me to go to the races to-morrow and to dine with them Wednesday evening at their hotel. With love to your Father and Sam, and hoping you had an agreeable voyage home and got through the custom house all right.

Your aff.,

M. D. R.

Rome, April 17th, 1903.

DEAR FRANK,

How the time flies and where it goes I cannot imagine. In a few days Clifford will be at home. I have been sight-seeing in Rome, going over some of the old ground and trying to recall the past. It has been quite cold here, but yesterday and day before were fine. We took advantage of the fine weather to go to Tivoli Wednesday and had a perfect day. The villa d'Este was most beautiful with its wonderful cypress trees and gardens and fountains. We had lunch, which we took with us, in a beautiful court on a great marble table, with such a view of Rome as I could never describe. We also saw all the cascades and went to the very lowest part of the wonderful rocky basins where the Anio rushes through. Then we went to Hadrian's villa, a very large ruin and home by the trolley.

Sunday being Easter we went to St. Peter's and were lucky enough to get seats in one of the tribunes. Cardinal Rampolla officiated and it was the greatest mummary I ever saw, and not at all the magnificent spectacle I saw at Christmas time many years ago. In the afternoon we drove first in the Borghese gardens, so lovely, and then on the Pincian. In the latter you could not call it driving, as we were at a stand-still most of the time, the crowd was so tremendous. We dined at the Grand Hotel in the evening, as that is where one

EIGHT JOURNEYS ABROAD

must go to see the fashionable world. We drove out the Via Appia Nuova, and across the Campania and the views of the Sabine hills and Frascati were most lovely. Wednesday morning was the rag fair, which takes place once a week and all the world was there, and it was great fun. In the evening I dined at the Hotel Royal and made an engagement to drive today to the Villa Doria-Pamfili. Unfortunately it was a very bad day and we went instead to the Barberini Palace and to Castellani's. The latter, the jeweller, was there in his store and he said the one who came to Philadelphia was the antiquarian. When I asked him about Mme. Castellani he said he did not know her, she had never been presented to him.

From there we met the Elliots at the Baths of Diocletian near the Grand Hotel to visit the studio of Mr. Ezekiel, it being his reception day. His studio is one of the sights of Rome and the approach up an incline with trellis of wistaria and roses in full bloom and walls of antique marble and busts, leads to a big room under the old Roman arches which he has made by putting in a floor, at the proper height. We saw a model of the monument of Thomas Jefferson which he has just put up at Louisville and a bust of Anthony Drexel, which he is working at for a gigantic statue, an excellent likeness. I called at the embassy one day and left my letter and received a card the next day for the Wednesday reception. Mrs. Elliot and I went and were amazed at the magnificence of the home, such a palace, with old glorious gardens right in the heart of Rome and such decorations and tapestries and pictures. One room was in white velvet. I also presented the letter to Mrs. Haseltine, which Mrs. Smith gave me and was invited to lunch yesterday. I found another palace, very old, and full of art treasures, and we had lunch informally in a small room. Mrs. H. made herself very agreeable. I met the Fowlers to-day and they are going on to Paris to-morrow and will get me a room at the Hotel Perouse, near the Columbia, where they are going to stay. I did not present my letter to Lanciani, and am sorry as the Fowlers said he was delightful.

ITALY

Last night Mrs. Elliot and I went to the Opera at the Costanzi Theatre to see a new opera "Germania" which had one good singer, a splendid orchestra and wonderful scenery. Very few people in the house as the King and Queen don't go. I had a nice letter from Mrs. Hazard, saying she expected some New York people to be staying with her the last of April, but that if they didn't come she wanted me to stay there, but in any case to come to some nearby hotel where she would be in touch with me.

I got the rosaries blessed by the Pope, which I bought at the Holy Sepulchre in Jerusalem and at Bethlehem.

I shall be with you again before you know where you are. So good bye with much love.

Your aff.,

M. D. R.

Rome, April 21st, 1903.

DEAR FRANK, CLIFF AND SAM,

I am leaving here to-morrow night alone, in a through train to Paris, arriving Thursday night. I should have to wait until the first of next week to have company only as far as Florence. I am going to the Hotel La Perouse, near the Arc de Triomphe, where the Fowlers are. The Potters took me for a lovely drive to the Villa Doria-Pamfili on Monte Janiculum passing Tasso's oak and the church where he is buried. The mountains in the distance are thickly covered with snow, and they say it has snowed in Paris. It has been very cold here and they say they have never known such cold. The Elliots have been more than kind and I have enjoyed my stay very much. It is a sort of picnic all the time. They have an excellent cook and we revel in fresh peas and asparagus. I miss Clifford very much and don't like the idea of being alone. I shall write again as soon as I get to Paris.

With much love,

Your aff.,

M. D. R.

FRANCE

Paris, Wed., April 29th, 1903.

DEAR FRANK AND ALL,

Sunday night. Mr. Fowler sent us word that as it was rainy and dull he wanted me to go out to dinner with them so we went to the Tour d'Argent and he enjoyed it very much. Monday he met Mrs. Fowler and myself and we were to go to a little place to lunch so as not to come all the way back here, but he insisted upon going to Durand's. We had coffee and it upset me so I did not go to Mrs. Hazard's in the evening. Yesterday when I got back at five I found a formal invitation from the F's to dine at Paillard's with them and no Jersey business. It was very gay and we brought home souvenir fans. Mrs. Spencer Biddle called at once, that is, Monday.

I went late this afternoon to call on the Rochambeaus and found the old Marquise at home, and she seemed really pleased to see me, kissed me at least ten times and has asked me there to dinner. She called in the youngest son, Guy, a tall, fine-looking fellow, who had to go back to-night to his work in some school. As I was sitting down stairs here in the hotel they were talking over the phone, the Duc de Luynes, "attendra la Princesse de Pless," au cercle du Rue Royal; high sounding names are they not?

They are making great preparations for King Edward, decorating the streets, &c., and everything will be closed Friday and Saturday on his account.

With much love,

Your aff.,

M. D. R.

FRANCE

Paris, Sunday, May 3rd, 1903.

DEAR FRANK,

Since I wrote you on Wednesday I have been very busy going about shopping and sightseeing and having a good time. Thursday eve. we went over to the Café Foyot in the Rue de Tournon, a real old fashioned French café, and went afterwards to the Concert Rouge that Mrs. Sims told me about, and where you hear excellent music and people take ices and drinks and smoke. Friday I tried to make a return to the Fowlers and took them to Café Durand for dinner and to the Opera. King Edward arrived Friday and the streets were all illuminated and it was worth seeing. He went to the Opera Saturday night, but no one could buy seats as it was only by invitation. The Opera was full, however, all the boxes occupied, but the performance of Tannhauser was very ordinary. I did not care to stand hours in the street to see the King so I have not seen him at all. Yesterday the Fowlers and I went to the Salon (the Split) and found better pictures on the whole than at the old salon. Mr. F. made an offer for two pictures, one by Harrison and the other by Courtois and we came up to the cake shop on the corner of Ave. Victor Hugo and Rue Presbourg and had tea and strawberries and delicious cakes. The people were crowding in after coming from the races and it was very gay. I don't remember if I wrote you I went to see the Marquise de Rochambeau and she was so glad to see me. She called yesterday and left a note asking me to dinner on Wednesday. I got back just in time to go with the Fowlers to dine at Noel and Peters and had a fine dinner. To-day we went to the Madeleine and St. Roch and lunched at Viau's, and have dined here at the hotel. They leave to-morrow morning for London and will have a special compartment in the train and on the boat. I sail Friday and this is my last letter, so good bye and hoping to see you in New York, with much love.

Your aff.,

M. D. R.

THE JOURNEYS OF 1906

THE JOURNEYS OF 1906

After the long excursion of 1903 the "Wanderlust" returned and the following years were filled with studies of new scenes and historic places to be visited.

With her niece as companion and with a desire to give her the benefits of travel, Mrs. Rosengarten sailed from New York, aboard the Steamship Celtic February 13th, 1906, visiting Fayal and the Azores, thence to Gibraltar, Naples, Sorrento, Pompeii, Amalfi, La Cava and Ravello, "a spot like Heaven!" A visit to Taormina, Paestum Salerno, Messina, Palermo, Syracuse, Naples and to Capri, Anacapri and Rome for Easter week was also made.

Then began the long thought of tour to the Hill Towns of Italy—Orvieto, Bracciano, Villa Lante, Viterbo, Forter-
ezzo, Montefiascone, Spoleto, Assisi, Foligno and Spello, Perugia, Siena, Trevi, Florence, Fiesole, Venice, Verona and over the Brenner, through the Tyrol on to Munich. Thence to Augsburg and Ulm, to Sigmaringen for a visit to the Count and Countess Adelmann, to Zurich, Hohentviel, Rhine Falls at Schaffhausen, thence to Paris, to Dover, Canterbury and London, sailing for New York on May 21st from Dover.

F. H. R.

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EN ROUTE

Feb. 13th, 1906.
Aboard S. S. "Celtic."
Leaving New York.

DEAR FRANK,

When you were so far away as to be indistinct, we found Mr. and Mrs. Fowler and proceeded to hunt up our deck chairs. It does seem as if this separation were unnecessary and that you would have enjoyed immensely the whole trip. Pierpont Morgan came out on deck. We could see you distinctly until we were going quite fast and then we ran to the other side when the ship turned.

We got in here just in time for the people are now crowding. The steam toot was tremendous; and did you hear the bugle? We are starving, but there is no prospect of lunch that I can see. The lunch bugle has just sounded, so I now hope we may get something. With much love for you all, and greetings to all the family. Affectionately yours, M. D. R.

P. S.—My next letter will tell you all about the voyage and will be posted at Gibraltar and will probably be almost three weeks from now in getting to you.

Monday, Feb. 19th, 1906, 6.30 P. M.
Aboard S. S. "Celtic."

DEAR FRANK AND BOYS,

Having been driven in from deck by showers I have time to write awhile, the first sitting for dinner being in progress and we do not dine until 7.15. Laura has complained of the

EIGHT JOURNEYS ABROAD

ocean that she might as well be sailing on the Potomac, for until noon today there has been absolutely no motion, but while we were at lunch the ocean became covered with white caps and the ship began to roll. Fortunately none of us feel the slightest inclination toward seasickness as no doubt we have become used to the ship in these two smooth days. I have not got up early in the mornings, but once up have spent the day until bedtime on deck.

Mr. Morgan plays bridge the entire day in his parlor and is only seen at lunch and dinner. I occasionally talk with the Canadian ladies and Miss Hallowell, but am generally asleep in my chair beside Mrs. Fowler. Laura is radiantly happy and is hoping it will be very rough.

We had a terrible shock the first night when we found the wine pantry and the place where they wash the knives was up against the wall of our stateroom, and we only slept from 11.30 to 4.30, when the noise began again. I went to the purser who said there was only one stateroom on the ship and that an inside one on the lowest deck, but said he would see that the noise diminished. It was much better last night and we had a good sleep.

To-night it is so rough they must close the portholes and I fear it will be stuffy. I wish for you every day—am sure you would have been comfortable. We are one deck too low down for comfort. I said today that you would have made the acquaintance of all the men in the smoking room and Mr. Fowler said you had a very winning personality.

Mrs. F. thinks he is weakening over the four-days' trip to Alexandria, so they may change and go with us to Sicily. I do hope so. I shall go to Cooks' at once on arriving at Naples and arrange a tour down the Italian coast to Reggio and Sicily and back by steamer from Palermo to Naples.

The food is excellent and very daintily served, and we have stuffed Hamburg grapes as the Fowlers had so many baskets of fruit. I also was surprised to find in my cabin a big box of Maron candy from Mrs. Jordan, which caused me much pleasure as well as surprise.

EN ROUTE

Thursday, Feb. 22nd, 1906.

Although there is a howling roaring storm outside the ship is as steady as a house, and no one shows the slightest symptom of illness. This weather is a great disappointment to all, as we arrive at Fayal tomorrow early and if it is rough and stormy we cannot land in little boats. They do not usually land here but Mr. Pierpont Morgan fortunately wished it. We were to spend the day there and spend Saturday at Ponta Delgada, which would bring us to Gibraltar on Tuesday and Naples Friday morning.

Laura is as happy as possible and perfectly well. Tell Sam to read the "Conquest of Canaan," by Booth Tarkington. It is full of law and will interest him.

Mr. Smith, Commodore of the New York Yacht Club, sits at the next table with a big family, and I never saw such a lot of things as he has with him; sent Mr. Fowler last night corn on the ear and champagne. Their table is covered with flowers, fresh every day and every sort of fruit and candy. We dipped into Mrs. Jordan's box the first time last night.

Pierpont Morgan it seems expected to take his son and family with him, but they were prevented by sickness, and he invited the Hollands. I suppose the only way is to take your own party with you. Some people dress a great deal. The Vanderbilts, mother and daughter, the plainest possible.

If we land at Fayal we will post some cards but I shall send this from Gibraltar as you will get it sooner. There doesn't seem to be any one for us to cling to, so I suppose we shall go our own way and perhaps meet more interesting strangers.

Fayal, Friday, Feb. 23rd, 1906.

Well, to-day the sun rose and dispersed the clouds and we had a fine view of the islands, the Azores, and although the water was far from smooth, we got into the small boats and went ashore.

Mr. Fowler was much upset by hearing of the death of Mr. McCall of the New York Life Insurance Co., and was also

EIGHT JOURNEYS ABROAD

afraid of the getting into the small boats in such rough weather, so did not go. We certainly went up and down and Laura enjoyed it hugely.

It is not as beautiful as Madeira but still is beautiful. We walked along the first main street past the old Fortress where soldiers were standing on guard and past a little park, with magnolia trees, geraniums and roses in full bloom. I never saw greater cleanliness, houses and streets immaculate. The women wear cloaks not unlike our Shakers with enormous

THE HARBOR AT FAYAL

hoods wired to hold them out. There were no horses, only mules, donkeys and oxen. The drays have wicker tops and solid wooden wheels.

The church was up high above the street and only interesting for its lining of blue and white tiles forming large sacred pictures. We had lunch at the Fayal Hotel where they did not speak a word of anything but Portuguese. The bread, coffee and oranges were delicious and with an omelette made a very good lunch. Miss Hallowell told us they had gone at once to the Dabney House, built in 1810 by Mr. Dabney and occupied by several generations of Dabneys, whom she knew

EN ROUTE

very well. Mr. and Mrs. Wood live there at present and showed them all over the house and grounds, where there are still furnishings belonging to the Dabneys.

Of course I knew nothing of this place, but it seems Mr. Morgan had been here when he was 14 years old and it was to please him the ship stopped to-day.

After our lunch we took a carriage and drove up and back on the mountain where we had a superb view. A man stopped

MOUNTAINS BACK OF PAYAL

the carriage as we turned and said in English, "Will you not come in and look at my place? I think you would like to see oranges and lemons growing and maybe to take a photograph of it." So we went in and he had a nice square house of stone and plaster and with shutters and a big farm and a small grove of oranges, lemons and bananas enclosed in a bamboo hedge. He insisted upon cutting off great branches of each and of roses and orange blossoms, so we drove back laden with good things and very tired.

We had a very hard time getting on the ship, the boat

EIGHT JOURNEYS ABROAD

tossed up and down so far and we are tired and going to bed early, as to-morrow we land at Ponta Delgada, where there is to be a flower festival. Mr. Fowler sends greetings to you and says he is sorry he could not land with us. Mrs. Vanderbilt and her daughter went on shore and lunched at the Hotel, altho some people preferred to come back to the ship. Good night, I will write again to-morrow night.

En route to Gibraltar
Monday, Feb. 26th, 1906.

Our day at Ponta Delgada was a great success although it was so very rough that the officers said at first no women would be allowed to land. Mr. Fowler was dead against it as the waves came way up over the landing of the ladder and the boats would go up and down ten feet. But Mr. Morgan went off and then a lot of women and Laura begged to go, so finally after I had seen the Misses Hallowell start we decided to go. My heart was really in my mouth when I waited for the boat to come up at the critical moment for jumping. I obeyed the sailor and when he said go I went, sprawling into the boat, then I turned to see Laura execute a flying leap. When the sailor told her to go the boat went down suddenly, but she jumped in a long jump and landed on a fat man who caught her. I have never been in a small boat (20 ft.) in such waves, but the boats ride the waves wonderfully and the only danger was in getting off and on.

We felt quite lost without the Fowlers, as we had been the last to land—every one was away, so we went into Cooks' office to leave our wraps, but found the only man who spoke English was gone, so I asked for the best hotel to lunch in and the Portuguese at the Bank said across the street. Going over we found the smells and filth made that impossible, so, as I noticed two men nearby, who looked like gentlemen, I asked them in French if they could tell me of a place where we could lunch comfortably and they very politely directed me to Hotel Bruno, up the hill, and got a man to conduct us there.

EN ROUTE

I noticed six girls who have been with Miss Vanderbilt at times and they were surrounded by a lot of tough-looking people, so I went over to them and said I had learned of a place to lunch and if they chose they could come with me, so they did come and when we got up there we found the party including Mr. Ward of New York, head of Cable Co., and a Mr. Hosmer of Montreal, who had been brought off by a young Englishman, cable manager at Ponta Delgada. We waited on a balcony with a beautiful view of the shore and a lovely garden with frisia growing in full bloom.

When the lunch was ready for these people they took Laura and myself in and the other girls had a side table. Mr. King of Baltimore was also of the party, a man Mr. Fowler says brought up the Baltimore and Ohio R. R. when low down. He was so polite and insisted upon getting a carriage for me to go to the "Battle of Flowers." In this way we went in procession with them, the young Englishman managing everything and went into the Parade. There were many fine vehicles, beautifully decorated. One in yellow and green had the horse painted yellow. The elite of the place was out in full force and many handsome men and women. From the first moment we were pelted with flowers, calla lilies, camellias, such as we pay a half dollar apiece for, bunches of frisia, acacia, &c., till our carriage was full.

I forgot to say that one of those girls who turned out to be Miss Fish, daughter of Hamilton Fish, came in our carriage, and she and Laura were wild with excitement and pelted back with all their might. Mr. Morgan was in an ordinary carriage in the Parade. We went round and round a park the size of an ordinary city block. People also threw flowers from balconies on all sides. I was constantly hit on the head, but it was great fun.

They didn't want to come away, but I thought an hour was enough and wanted to follow Mr. King. When we came to the landing Miss Fish said I want to pay a third of the carriage and I said wait until later as I didn't know how much it would be.

EIGHT JOURNEYS ABROAD

That evening Mr. Meyer of New York, a big blond man, asked me to play "bridge." I think it was to please Mr. Fowler as he and his wife have been playing with Senator and Mrs. Ingalls. So he and I and Miss Ingalls played and I came out ahead. A Mr. Thomson of Baltimore, who looks like Pickwick, took his place at the other table. He said he knew all about the Rosengartens and asked me if I were Harry's wife. This Mr. Thomson has white hair and a bright red face and a beaming countenance.

Last night the stars and groups of small stars were wonderful. You could not imagine anything more impressive than the great smoke stacks at night and the immensity of this ship as one walks on the great upper deck at night. It seems so strange not to have been any more seasick than when on land. Of course I wish you were all here to enjoy it with me. Commodore Smith of the N. Y. Yacht Club asked Laura to go with them on a tour of inspection of kitchens, pantries, &c., &c.

We land to-morrow in Gibraltar and must post these letters to-night as a ship is leaving for New York, at once, so you will get this as soon as possible. We are glad of a chance to get on land for no matter how good a ship is the land is better. Some people get off here to make a tour through Spain. People tell me it would be necessary for women alone to have a courier so I have given it up, but it is a great temptation.

Hoping you are all well and that nothing startling has happened since our departure, with much love for all of you, and greetings to the girls.

Yours affectionately, M. D. R.

Mr. Fowler takes the best of care of us and I think my companionship has meant something to Mrs. Fowler. We shall miss each other as they will go to Cairo. He has a pass on all the Egyptian railways and is going to Assouan by rail. I have no doubt we shall fall in with some one on our way to Sicily.

EN ROUTE

After Gibraltar, S. S. Celtic.
Ash Wednesday, Feb. 28th, 1906.

DEAR FRANK,

We arrived yesterday at Gibraltar and posted our letters as a ship was just about to leave for New York.

We got off early and went first to the fortifications and were conducted by a soldier as far as outsiders are allowed to go, and had a fine view. The coloring was exquisite, water and sky a deep blue and the mountains purple. Some went over to Algeciras to lunch and see the room where the Commission sits on the Morocco treaty. Mr. Morgan was lunched by Andrew D. White but I didn't think it was worth while to go over there on an uncertainty.

We drove all through the Alameda, or public park, and the flowers were beautiful. The deciduous trees are only now leafing out. We found we were near the home of Lewis Neilson's cousins so stopped to call and found Mrs. Oman at home. She seemed very glad to see us and showed us the house and garden, which are perched on the steep hillside, the garden in terraces higher than the house. They had a magnificent Bougainvillea vine with stem about 8 inches thick. The fig trees were only coming out and she told us they had so many figs they gave them to any one who asked. They had a magnificent view out over the water from house and garden. She was the only one at home, her sister and daughter having gone into the town. She invited us very cordially to stay to lunch, but as we had promised to lunch at the Hotel we declined and the ship sailing at 4 P. M. we could not go for tea.

It being Shrove Tuesday, by afternoon the streets were full of people in mask and every one was throwing paper confetti and squirting rose water. No one missed us and we were well peppered. The Arab market was very interesting, full of Arabs and you can imagine Laura's delight. Mr. Thomson from Baltimore bought her an orange basket filled with mandarins and walnuts and dates. In the evening Mrs. Lathrop,

EIGHT JOURNEYS ABROAD

who is a sister of Thomas Nelson Page, showed us some lace she had bought and I was sorry I had not got some doilies to go with my Maltese centre piece, but it was too late.

I have wondered who Mrs. Lathrop was and she turned out to be a person Mrs. Fowler was to be sure to meet. Tonight is the usual concert for the Seamen's Home. Laura has been busy selling programs and has done well. Mr. Hollins gave her £1 for 4 programs. I have not dressed and may not go down, but will give her money to put in the contribution plate.

They got rid of many tons of freight at Gibraltar, meat and sacks of grain and the ship is rolling more than it did, also 47 people and their baggage were taken off. A gale was blowing there which we did not feel in the town, but made a very rough trip in the tender going and coming. We are very tired of the ship, Mrs. F. and I, but Laura and most of the men say they don't want to get off and would like to go on for another two weeks.

We are meeting lots of ships now and we passed near the Deutschland and communicated by wireless but did not see her. To-morrow we will pack and get our fees ready. We have decided to go to the Grand Hotel at Naples and I shall write to the Palace Hotel, Rome, for prices.

Care has flown away and I find myself thinking of you all without association with dates or engagements. I suppose we cannot hope for a letter for a week or so. Every day I wish you were along and am sure you would have enjoyed it so far.

With much love.

Your aff.,

M. D. R.

ITALY

Grand Hotel, Naples,
Friday, March 2nd, 6 P. M., 1906.

DEAR FRANK AND ALL,

I suppose we are lucky to have a room at all, but you can imagine disappointment on arriving at this Hotel at 5.30 to be told we could not have a room before 8 P. M., and 17 francs at that. Naples is crowded now and we found it cloudy when we got up this A. M., so that the view of the Bay was not what I remember. Vesuvius was obscured by a heavy cloud, but we hope for better things to-morrow.

Every one says there never was such an experience as our landing today. It took $4\frac{1}{2}$ hours to get the luggage out from the ship. It was raining most of the time and as we were not thinking of rain we had packed our rain coats and rubbers away and we had to go out in the rain to hunt our trunks, which were dumped out on the stone dock. All the men were so kind but I managed by myself, going through thousands of pieces of baggage until ours were all found. We were terribly tired of the ship and poor Mrs. Fowler looks with dread on the approaching trip to Alexandria.

Even in the rain the streets were beautiful and filled with flowers, the big stiff bouquets of camellias and violets I remember so well from my first visit. This hotel is superb, kept by Germans and very expensive. We sat down in a glass-

EIGHT JOURNEYS ABROAD

roofed palm garden to have tea and I confess to being more exhausted than I ever was in my life. Laura almost went to sleep sitting up, but the tea revived us and whom should I see but Mrs. Coles, with her husband and daughter. They are going to-night by steamer to Palermo. It may be their room we are waiting for.

At the last moment Mrs. Fowler met Mrs. Lathrop of Chicago, whom she wanted to meet,—she is the sister of Thos. Nelson Page, and I found that she and the McBirneys were the party the Houghtelings were coming with. Also another lady I have admired and had exchanged greetings with, turns out to be Mrs. Stewart Brown of Pittsburgh, the people Mrs. Wister told me to be sure to meet.

I shall go to Turner's to-morrow but can scarcely hope to have letters. The Hambourg has not yet arrived. The Biddles must be worn out, as their ship is not steady like the Celtic. I must go to dinner and will finish this to-morrow. I will try to write later.

Naples, Sunday, March 4th, 1906.

DEAR FRANK,

After all I did not get the letter off so will continue. The first night I sat down to dinner next to the Admiral Jewells and we had the nicest talk. They were here only for the night and went to Rome in the early morning. Then at lunch Mr. Stewart Brown of Pittsburgh, Mrs. Dr. Fox's brother, introduced himself and while we were talking who should appear but General and Mrs. Patterson of Albany, and the daughters. I went over to speak to them and they were most cordial, said they had come on the Hambourg with the Drexel Biddles who had told them we were here and they were hoping to meet me.

We arranged to go to the Opera last night. Othello was given and we got a box. When we returned we had a great surprise in seeing a great stream of red lava on the side of Vesuvius—they said it is 150 ft. wide; the effect is wonderful and uncanny.

ITALY

After two days of warm rain we woke up this A. M. to find it crystal clear and cold as Greenland, so at last Laura has seen the beauties of the Bay of Naples. It was beautiful beyond words, marred only by a very strong cold wind. We went today to the Cathedral and after up to Hotel Bertolini for lunch. To get to this Hotel you go through a long tunnel and then go up in a Lift and there are terraces with tables to sit out of doors to see the wonderful view. We now are expecting to start on Tuesday, lunch at Pompeii and drive from there to Sorrento to spend the night.

I am taking Cooks' tickets to save trouble and there is no time limit, *i. e.*, we can stay as long as we please in any one place. The Hallowells have gone this eve by boat to Palermo. I wouldn't have done it for a kingdom—the water is in a perfect fury.

We never want for attention. Gen. Patterson introduced a Mr. Lard from Albany, who is also going to Sicily. We have our steamer trunks ready to go to Paris by slow freight and will leave our two large trunks here and take only small luggage to Sicily. They ask \$40 a day for automobiles here—it has become a very extravagant place, and the streets are full of magnificent autos and women wear fine jewels, indicating plenty of money. With much love for you all, and always wishing you were here, where you would have every comfort and enjoy the society of lots of nice men.

Most affectionately,

M. D. R.

Imperial Hotel, Sorrento,
Tues., March 6th, 1906.

DEAR FRANK,

I wonder if you remembered that yesterday was our 33rd wedding anniversary and missed me a little! I am in a continual state of disappointment that you are not with us. Yesterday was the most perfect day imaginable. Blue sky and sea and warm and the views showed up to perfection.

EIGHT JOURNEYS ABROAD

As I had to spend the morning at Cooks' getting my tickets for Sicily, and doing a little shopping, I felt we must accomplish something in the afternoon, so I got a good comfortable carriage at the Hotel and started for the Virgil side of Naples, Pozzuoli, Cape Misenæ and Baiæ. When I was here three years ago they told me the antique grotto at Posilipo was closed, but we drove through it, turning to the left from the new grotto and finding all my old memories revived. It is

GROTTO OF POSILIPO, NAPLES

much higher and narrower than the new one and very impressive. Beyond it you see real Italian life, *i. e.*, people living, moving and having their being in the street, along with pigs, donkeys and chickens.

We went up to Solfatara and saw the sand boiling and the steam was pouring out of innumerable crevices. The town of Pozzuoli, with its old port of Caligula, and its villas of Cicero and Sallust, &c., &c., and interesting Roman remains,

ITALY

gateways, walls, &c., is delightful—such air, and the delicious spring smell is in everything, wild sweet alyssum, yellow and pink daisies, thyme and lots of sweet flowers. We drove on to Baiæ and past the Lucrene Lake to Lake Avernus, with all its legends and went into the grotto of the Cumæan Sybil, which is now full of water, and the men carried us across on their backs.

Part of the original frescoes and mosaics remain and there are wonderfully large Roman bricks in the walls. We had not

SORRENTO

time to go to the hot baths of the Roman Emperors, where the water is heated by the volcano, but took a drink of Falernian wine, which must have been better in Horace's time. We sat awhile with Gen. Patterson and family, before going to pack, and found they were also coming to Pompeii to-day. I got to bed very late as I had to go through the ordeal of packing some small pieces to take with us and leaving the larger trunks at Naples and did not sleep well, so to-night I am very tired and going to bed early.

EIGHT JOURNEYS ABROAD

We started for the station this morning at what seemed a long time before, and it is well we did, as our horse fell and we had to wait while they unharnessed it and got him on his feet. He was not properly shod and slipped all the time. We were pursued by boys offering us enormous bunches of violets and camellias for 1 franc, and finally got to the station late and had an exciting time getting the baggage weighed and put on the train.

The Pattersons did not come until a later train, but we met at lunch. Laura went in to Pompeii with some people we knew. A man in the party read the Latin inscriptions very easily and made it thus more interesting. I did not go as I have been twice and was very tired, but we started off in a little carriage immediately after lunch for Sorrento and words fail me to describe the beauty of this coast in the afternoon lights of such a perfect day as this has been.

I fortunately had telegraphed for rooms for the people after us were turned away. We have an enormous room on the sea side of the house, perched directly over the water at the top of a high cliff. The pink lights on the snow mountains and the blue of sky and water, you must imagine.

The Tarantella is now being danced down stairs and Laura is seeing it, sitting with the Stewart Browns of Pittsburgh. If it is very smooth to-morrow I shall be tempted to go over to Capri as it can be very disagreeable when rough and thus it will not have to be missed in case the weather is not propitious on our return from Sicily. The Pattersons go to Rome on their return from Pæstum.

I had a very nice letter from Mrs. Fowler; they did not get into the Grand Hotel at Rome, but into the Excelsior. She said she missed me all the time and was always expecting to meet me. I certainly miss her very much. I think I must spend a few days at Taormina to rest, as we led rather a strenuous life at Naples.

ITALY

Amalfi, March 7th, 1906.

DEAR FRANK,

I take this up at bedtime, having spent an hour playing bridge with Gen. Patterson's wife and daughter and another lady and then going out to see the view by full moon. I finished writing last night at bedtime. We walked around the town all morning and then started in a nice double carriage for this place. I expected the drive to be beautiful, but it was more than I imagined and to think that in addition to the beauty man has done nothing to disfigure it, as in our country.

HOTEL DES CAPUCHINES, AMALFI

We have had absolutely perfect weather, so you can imagine the sunset lights on the wonderful mountains and the sea. It is impossible to describe it and no picture I have ever seen can do justice to it. I have noticed the change in type of features in the people since leaving Naples. They are beginning to look like the Sicilians, darker and thinner and paler than the Neapolitans, who are of a more robust type.

We found ourselves put out on the main street and we had to climb up 270 steps. There were chairs, but I preferred to climb, but it was pretty hard, only at every moment I had to

EIGHT JOURNEYS ABROAD

stop to look; everything white plaster and showing off the greenery to the greatest advantage. When I got to the top I found Gen. Patterson. His family had gone to Ravello for the afternoon but got back at dinner time and we sat next to them at dinner and on the other side a Mr. and Mrs. Van Anden of New York, friends of theirs.

They go on to Sorrento and we take in Ravello as a sort of side trip to La Cava and Pæstum. The next two days will be hard, as we have to take a midnight train from La Cava to Messina after a hard trip to Pæstum. We hope to spend three days at least at Taormina—it seems necessary after a few days of travel to rest.

La Cava, Friday, March 9th.

After our long trip from Amalfi by the way of Ravello I was too tired to write last night, as we had to get up early to

RAVELLO

make the trip to Pæstum. We preferred to do the two without returning to Amalfi for lunch, which would have meant climbing up those awful stairs again only for lunch, so we took our luggage and climbed a high hill to Ravello for lunch.

ITALY

If ever there was a spot like heaven it is Ravello! The view was just as beautiful as Amalfi and we found a perfect Hotel, Pension, where the food was perfection and where the most perfect cleanliness prevailed. The dining and bed rooms opened on a terrace garden where daffodils, frisia and oranges and lemons were everywhere, and such a view. I cannot imagine a more ideal place for tired nerves and absolute comfort.

The object of this drive is to see the wonderful mosaic pulpit with supporting columns resting on lions, also the palace of the Rufalo family, which has been built around an ancient Moorish palace and has a wonderful terrace and view and gardens. I hope sometime to go there and stay awhile. It is also the only reasonable place I have seen.

Taormina, March 11, 1906.

DEAR FRANK,

I left La Cava night before last and posted a letter without signing it, but I knew it would be two days before I could write again. We are still without any letters from you and hope each day to get some, as I telegraphed to Turner in Naples to send any letters that he might have received to Taormina.

I think I wrote you about Ravello and La Cava and meeting the Pattersons at Amalfi and Van Andens from Brooklyn, and our game of bridge at Amalfi. I felt rather alone when we drove all the morning from Amalfi, but the next day we took the early train from La Cava to Pæstum. The first people we met were a Mr. and Mrs. Brown from Worcester and she was a Miss Hacker and stays with her aunt Mrs. Charles Hacker, across the square from us. Mr. Brown was great fun and he and Laura cracked jokes and made fun about "pastum" and "postum", so we had a delightful day.

It took us nearly three hours to get to Pæstum, then we walked through an ancient gate of the Siren and there were the temples on the plain between mountains and sea, the

EIGHT JOURNEYS ABROAD

most complete, the temple of Neptune, is almost perfect, with inner and outer rows of columns, Doric, the earliest Greek, tapering very much to the top. They were once covered with stucco and painted. I liked the smallest of all the best, Temple of Ceres or Apollo, as it stood a little higher and one front was very fine. The third was a basilica; the effect is very fine as you see the blue sea from one side, as a background, and the mountains from the other. We had taken

AT PÆSTUM

our lunch from La Cava in white bags and had a picnic on the altar of the Basilica and we all became very friendly. The Browns came the next night from Naples to Palermo and we took the night train from La Cava by Salerno to Messina.

After six hours in train to Pæstum you can imagine we did not look forward with much eagerness to an all-night ride, but I was determined not to go back to Naples to start. So we went off alone with Cook tickets and in the dark, leaving a very jolly crowd at the table d'hôte. Much to our amusement we were the only passengers on the old fashioned Ameri-

ITALY

can sleeping car and had an Italian porter who spoke English and gave us our coffee and tea in the morning before we got to the boat.

I was rather alarmed at the situation, realizing that we were completely at the mercy of the porter, but I put all my valuables in the bed with me, so I would be disturbed by any effort on his part to find them. I did not sleep much, but looked out of the window, trying to see Calabria. Some one

HOTEL TIMEO, TAORMINA

said there was nothing to be seen, but I found splendid mountain scenery, the railroad high above the coast.

At 8.30 we got out a little north of Reggio and went across to Messina, a very pleasant ride of twenty minutes across the straits. The Palermo car is put on the boat and goes right on to Palermo. We asked the porter if the train usually goes with so few. He said the nights the fast express leaves Naples at 11 every one goes on that.

We preferred leaving La Cava at 8.33, rather than at one in the morning. It was so warm we sat on the upper deck without extra wraps, like an ordinary summer day at James-

EIGHT JOURNEYS ABROAD

town. The drive up to Taormina from the railway was very warm and we found people wearing linen dresses and straw hats. At the Timeo hotel we had to take an unattractive room to sleep in last night but to-day moved in to a room next to it with two balconies looking out on the sea and Mt. Ætna. I am saturated with the beauty, it is on all sides. This hotel has gardens on three stories and terraces with columns, roses in profusion, gilly flowers, mignonette, orange blossoms, acacia

SOLFATARA, NEAR NAPLES

and dozens of other flowers growing in great flaring earthen pots along the edge of the terraces with orange trees and palms, and we sit out without wraps and have to seek the shade, the sun is so hot.

Mt. Ætna was wonderful this morning—there was a line of light at the foot of the snow which gave it the effect of floating in the air. I got up late this A. M. and spent the rest of the morning moving.

At four o'clock I thought we would go to the Wood's studio, where George and Susie spoke of going and to whom a

ITALY

number of people had told me to be sure to pay a visit. Mr. Wood opened the door and I told him I had come on the strength of mutual friends. He made us most welcome. Louise Wood then introduced herself, so I felt quite at home. A Miss Kimball sang delightfully, with a very cultivated voice, and Admiral Bleeker did some stunts with a marionette. We met a very handsome young Italian who reminded me of Clifford.

The rooms were full of interesting things and flowers and out of the side towards the sea a beautiful terrace of white

FROM THE GREEK THEATRE, TAORMINA

cement with seats all around it, and such a view! Yesterday we went over to the Domenico convent hotel to see about rooms, not being sure we would stay here and found and saw the Coles. They thought the sleeping car trip down here terrible—they came the night we arrived at Naples. I am now torn by a desire to go up to Mola, which looks about a mile up in the air from here; there is a village there, but it doesn't look humanly possible to get there. Even a donkey can go only two-thirds of the way.

I wish you could see us here and how perfectly beautiful and comfortable it is and altho we see snow on *Ætna*, we are

EIGHT JOURNEYS ABROAD

warm as a fine September day, without a cold wind, and yet the air is very invigorating. I felt as if we must have a rest here after so much travel and so we will not leave for Syracuse before Friday. I wanted to make a pension arrangement for a week here, but they would not do it.

By this time you must have got our Azores letters and the long wait is over, but we are still without news of you. I do hope you are all well and my only regret is that you are not with us.

With much love to all of you and to our intimate friends.

Affectionately, M. D. R.

Taormina, March 11th, 1906.

DEAR UNCLE FRANK,

Just a line or two to tell you we are getting along splendidly and only spending a few centesemi per day (?). This is Auntie's 60th birthday but as I didn't know in time to give her "twenty-one" slaps this morning, I feel it my duty to tell some good jokes on her.

If you had stood with me in the grotto of the Cumæan Sybil on one side of the River Styx and watched Aunt Mary cross over to the other side on the back of a small skinny Italian, you would have appreciated how perfectly ludicrous it was, as the Italian gentlemen and I who stood on the banks and watched did. It was killing. No one could thoroughly realize how funny it was unless they had seen it, too, as writing about it isn't at all easy.

It was dark in the cave except for a torch and all that could be seen of Auntie was a pair of feet sticking straight out back, but you could hear her more plainly. Now, of course, the man on the banks got the same lovely view of me, but I don't tell about that part.

I notice in Auntie's letter that she refers to valuables in the sleeping car. Never shall I forget that experience. I had just gotten out of my clothes and was settling down to sleep when Auntie called to me in a hoarse whisper. I looked out

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and Auntie with her head enclosed by curtains said in the most awe-inspiring tones, "Laura, where are your valuables?" Scared, I turned purple! Her tone implied cutthroats, brigands and murderers of all sorts.

Well, my words of wisdom have come to an end. This doesn't sound a bit funny to read but Auntie and I have had many a good laugh over these different things.

Sicily is ideal—there can't be anything more beautiful. And this hotel is very good, too.

Give my love to Sam and Clifford and keep lots for yourself
Aff., LAURA CLIFFORD.

Grand Hotel Villa Politi,
Siracusa, March 17th, 1906.

DEAR FRANK,

We were so disappointed to leave Taormina without getting any mail, a month to-day since we left and we have not had one letter! We now hope they will meet us at Palermo. Taormina proved delightful. We had a very comfortable room with two balconies, on the sunny side and the food was excellent. Miss Wood was very nice—entertained us at tea. The Misses Trowbridge, who came over on the ship, and their aunt, were very friendly and we played bridge one night. They were only there two days and then came on here. We enjoyed our rest of six days and came here yesterday, leaving at eleven and arriving here at a little after two.

This hotel is quite a little distance out of the town and over wonderful quarries, with beautiful flower gardens on top and also way down inside where orange trees seem to have no trouble in growing. We met such a funny woman in the train. I thought she was English but she turned out to be an American, a Bostonian, who lives in Rome, an amusing character named Miss Carey. We had our lunch together and the time passed quickly.

No one we know is here and we go on to-morrow to Girgenti, where we shall be very uncomfortable but must see

EIGHT JOURNEYS ABROAD

the temples. We went yesterday to see the Greek Theatre, Roman Amphitheatre and the church where St. Paul spent three days on his way to Rome. The perfect weather still continues, but the dust is very disagreeable. The almond trees are in full leaf, the blossoms being over, and are of a lovely tender green; the olive trees are images of distress, so old and twisted are they.

On the way here near Aci Castello we saw the great lava beds from Mt. Ætna, a most curious formation, and the Fara-

THE CATHEDRAL, SYRACUSE

glioni, the great rocks thrown by Polyphemus, a Cyclops, after Hercules.

The little insects which frequent this part of the world are giving Laura a great deal of trouble, and me a little, but that little is too much.

This afternoon we drove out to Fort Euryalus, where the Athenians were defeated in their attack on the Syracusans. Clifford will remember it and the remains, the walls Dionysius built, but he did not see this hotel which is charming. The dining room is new and all in white plaster with fine

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Corinthian columns, much more beautiful than the Bellevue-Stratford room, and lovely flowers on the tables, music playing outside in the garden, where I should think it was rather cold.

I think I shall send a cable from Palermo, if I don't get any letters there, because I left exact directions with Turner how to send our mail. I am wondering if we will have a good night to cross to Naples, they tell awful tales about the crossing in moderately good weather even. I don't think I would have courage to go on a bad night. We expect to be back in Naples by the night of the 24th of March and will go the next day to Rome. It seems a long time since I saw you all. With much love and wishing for you all the time.

Your affectionate, M. D. R.

Grand Hotel Des Palmes, Palermo,
March 21st, 1906.

DEAR FRANK,

I did not write you from Girgenti as we stayed not quite 24 hours, finding the hotel very dirty, food bad and service worse, although we were carried in a fine automobile from the station to the hotel. We made the acquaintance of the people who I supposed were the Boston Higginsons and we noticed at Taormina. They felt like ourselves, that the dirt was unbearable and we all came on here in the 2 o'clock train arriving at 7.30 in time for dinner.

We went out by nine o'clock that morning at Girgenti to see the temples and were much more impressed by them than those at Pæstum. The present town of Girgenti, the old Agrigentum of the Romans is where the Acropolis was and is very high and looks as if it had grown there, so admirably does it tone in with the grey of the mountains. Almost half way down to the sea and on high plateaus are the temples, first of Juno, with only a few columns standing, then Concordia, almost complete, except that all decorations of stucco and carving have disappeared with time. Then Jupiter, wrecked

EIGHT JOURNEYS ABROAD

by an earthquake and colossal. The great columns appeared to me as large or larger than the largest Egyptian ones and there were giant caryatides upholding the pediment all the way around the inside, as large as the giant recumbent Rameses.

It must have been something too wonderful for the modern mind to comprehend. There are excursions to Segesta and Salinuntum or some such name, where there are colossal

THE CATHEDRAL OF PALERMO

ruins, but I imagine the dirt and discomfort would be too great for us. We were glad to get into a comfortable hotel again.

In the morning visited the cathedral and the royal palace, where the wonderful Capella Palatina is, completely lined with mosaic and a roof of Moorish carving. In the afternoon we took a carriage for the whole afternoon to go to Monreale. On the way out numerous automobiles passed us at frightful speed, and at the bottom of the ascent to the monastery we were informed that carriages could go no farther as there was to be a trial race.

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We found the Higginsons with their lady friend and a Mr. Cramer who crossed on the Celtic with us, in the same fix; as the dust was frightful we decided to go on in the trolley, which we did very comfortably and saw the church and cloisters at our ease. I suppose nothing exists elsewhere to be compared to the mosaics of the church and the columns of the cloisters.

On our way back we stopped at the Villa Tasca and saw an ideal garden of very rare trees with a little temple having a most beautiful view of the mountains back of the city. We met the Spencer Biddles also at the cathedral, who are staying at the Villa Hygeia, about two miles out on the shore the other side of the city. This hotel has a beautiful large garden which keeps the rooms quiet and although it is a very noisy city we hear none of it.

To-night we go on an Italian steamer to Naples and will go at once across to Capri for over one night and then another night in Naples and the next day to Rome, making us arrive in Rome March 24th. Not a line have we had and our disappointment was great, for we cannot understand what it means. Perhaps now we will find something in Naples at Turner's. We must get off, so I will finish this in Capri.

Capri, Thurs. eve., March 22, 1906.

Here we are in Capri and very tired. We got on a boat of the Italian line at 7.33, for Naples, having partaken of an early dinner and had a talk with Mr. Higginson and Mr. Cramer. Fortunately the weather was quiet and it had tried to rain but there was a good deal of motion soon after we started and we feared we were going to be ill, so went quickly to tea. I had had to pay 17 frcs. extra to keep the stateroom to ourselves as there was a third berth. We prevented disagreeable consequences by retiring early and had a very comfortable night and were dressed at seven when the boat landed. A man called out Capri and I said yes and in a minute our

EIGHT JOURNEYS ABROAD

luggage was in a small boat and in five more we were on the Capri boat which we were told would go at 8, but it went over to St. Lucia and filled up and left at 9.

We stopped at Sorrento and a lot of people came on and then to Capri. The weather was not perfectly clear but still very beautiful, and we were glad to get into this clean beautiful Hotel Luisisana. We had to wait until after lunch for a

CAPRI

room and we were very tired. There has been a furious east wind all day and we felt it colder than Sicily, but we went for a little walk. After we got into our room and had our things put in, we drove up to Anacapri and called on Mrs. Bodine, and I have no words to tell you about the villa where she lives. A doctor owns it and has built it on old Roman foundation walls. Then there was an old church, which he turned into a sort of tea and smoking room, and has the choir stalls. The garden and the pergola and the corridors of white with openings marked by twisted columns which he had found right in the ground, and Amphoræ, pieces of marbles out of which he made floors.

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Nothing I can say can give you any idea of the wonderful beauty of this villa and garden and the views. This man also owns the Barbarossa castle, some distance above it and an old Roman tower. He has built into the walls bits of carving and inscriptions. The furniture is perfect and you would think it impossible to be comfortable in a house all white tiles and white marble, but a few stoves seemed to furnish all necessary heat. Mrs. B. offered us tea and her young son and

AT CAPRI

daughter came in. The son just Laura's age and the daughter older.

We arranged to drive up in the morning and climb up to Barbarossa castle, but I think I shall back out and rest here. We had the young people to lunch and although it was blowing hard came away in the afternoon boat. I was dreadfully ill and went right to bed. We go on to Rome tomorrow afternoon. With much love for all of you and still hoping to get letters (to-day 23rd).

Your aff., M. D. R.

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Savoy Hotel, Rome,
Sunday, March 25th, 1906.

DEAR FRANK,

Here we are in Rome, but not settled. I posted my last letter on our arrival at Naples. I have not yet got over that dreadful trip from Capri, day before yesterday. I thought I should die but Laura was not sick at all. Fortunately there were nice people on deck, she could stay with them. I was obliged to retire in disgrace. Glad indeed was I to get into a comfortable room and bed for I was wet to the skin where the water had burst through a partly open window in the cabin, all over me. A good night's rest enabled me to go out yesterday morning to the Bankers.

There we found Clifford's and Fanny's letters, the others having been sent to Palermo to care of Cook, but as Cook had no office in Palermo I did not get them and have now written to the Post Office there to send them here. We had a weary ride from Naples here, going to the station an hour before the train was to start and having a perfect fight to get a seat in a first-class carriage.

When we arrived at Rome at 9 p. m. there was no omnibus of the Palace Hotel, which I had written and telegraphed to, and when I got there in a carriage they said they hadn't a vacant room, but would get one in the next hotel. We had a good supper there and came up to this hotel until Tuesday, when we can have a room and bath at 20 frs. a day. The room we have here is on the 6th floor and the elevator will only take passengers up and not down and we have to walk down every time and also there is a noisy trolley in front.

I went over to the Palace this morning to make sure of a room and saw the one we can have Tuesday. Rome is perfectly full, 500 hotels and pensions jammed and it is almost impossible to get shelter. After we said good-bye to the Warrens we took a cab and went to the Pantheon, Ara Coeli and the Capitol. In between it hailed and rained and sun shone, but it is distinctly cold. We went to the Excelsior to

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5 o'clock tea as Mrs. W. said it was the thing to do and I had to warm up. It was a great sight. An enormous room filled with small tables set out with flowers, lovely china and cakes of all kinds, and fine music and people very much dressed.

Rome, March 26th, 1906.

DEAR FRANK,

We found a letter from you to-day at Lebasti's the first one. We went about in that neighborhood for awhile and after lunch went to the Borghese gallery and the garden. After, I went to call at the Edwards' and sent in the letter—only he was at home, Mrs. E. and daughter being out. The entrance is through a garden and the parlor was a very handsome room with beautiful furniture but not palatial.

Now as to the going home I have special reasons for not going home on the Celtic, which you will appreciate when I tell you. I cannot think you mean for me to come so soon as May 4th, for it means giving up Paris and London. I expected to leave here April 4th and it will take at least 10 days to make any kind of a trip through the Hill cities to Florence, then a week there and on to Venice, 17 days and it will take some days to get to Paris.

We are still here as the Palace Hotel now says they will take us in Wednesday. Rome is discouraging. It is impossible to get any idea of it in one visit. Hoping you are all well and you will be generous and not insist on my coming so soon.

Affectionately yours, M. D. R.

Palace Hotel,
Rome, April 1st, 1906.

DEAR FRANK AND BOYS,

It is so very cold here just now it is hard to think it can be April 1st. After summer weather in Sicily we have struck a cold wave which is pervading all Europe and we find riding about in the little open carriages cold work and think we are

EIGHT JOURNEYS ABROAD

fortunate to be in this comfortable hotel where we have steam heat in our room.

We are delighted to get a batch of letters from the three of you. Yours were of a more cheerful tone than the first ones.

I think I posted my last letter on Tuesday last, while at the Savoy. That night the Browns from Worcester (she was Miss Hacker) and we spent the evening together very agreeably. Wednesday morning we went to the Rag Fair in the

"CAMPO DI FIORI," ROME

"Campo di Fiori" and found the sun very hot, went to a lecture by Prof. Reynault at the Palatine Hill, where we tramped around with him for two hours, learning much more than would have been possible any other way, and having fine views of the seven hills.

We arranged to go the next day to St. Paul's out on the Appian and Ostensian ways, to spend the day, but unfortunately it rained and it was called off. It gave us an early start and we took advantage of it to spend a long morning at the Vatican. It is quite wonderful what we have seen in a

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week, and as Laura did not seem to get too tired we have kept right on and have seen all the great galleries and some of the Palaces and all the ruins, except outside.

I fear we cannot go to Tivoli if we leave on Thursday, but unless this cold spell comes to an end it would not be wise to go. Yesterday morning we went to the Colonna, Corsini and Rospigliosi Palaces, lunched at the Tea rooms in Piazza di Spagni, did a little shopping and came back here in time to dress and go to the Edwards' Tea, which they left a card for.

FOUNTAIN OF TREVI, ROME

Laura met a Miss Conrad from Washington and then we went to the table and had a cup of chocolate. I was glad to see how they entertain here.

We see a great deal of the Jewells and last night went to the Coliseum together to see it illuminated with Bengal lights, and found it a very impressive sight and there was a very fine band playing. I would rather see it however by the full moon.

The Jewells have invited us to go with them to tea at the Excelsior and we will go. It is quite a function—one sees

EIGHT JOURNEYS ABROAD

everybody. Mr. Lanciani wrote a very nice note saying his Father and Mother were in Naples and would be sorry to miss us. The Jewells leave here Thursday for Naples and sail home a week from Friday. Laura seems to be in fine condition and enjoys the food so much and sleeps well.

Of course while we have worked hard in the day times we have had no excitement at night, spending our evenings quietly in the Hotel. Rome is much changed even since three years. They have made a tunnel under the Quirinal to avoid a long detour, and it is lined with shining white tiles. The ruins are not as picturesque as formerly, as they are propping them up with new masonry and picking out ferns and growth of any kind. They are now going to pull down a convent on top of the Palatine and some beautiful trees, to dig out the palace of Augustus.

We have not seen any of the Royal family—they say the young king and queen are not popular because they behave too well and do not cause any scandal—they are bourgeois. They went to see Buffalo Bill and got so excited they stood up and screamed at one part of the performance. We were sorry we did not know of a gala performance at the Opera, with king and queen present, last Tuesday night.

The streets are full of splendid autos, all with limousine bodies. I am envious all the time.

I am writing to a hotel in Florence recommended by the Jewells, and where the Caseys are staying—Anglo-American. People think we were very smart to get in here.

I have not got Countess Adelman's letter—had planned to go by Munich via Botzen and Innsbruck from Venice, but shall wait to get your letters at Florence or Venice in answer to my question before.

I must post this to-night. My best love to all of you and hoping you are all well and will write often.

Affly.,

M. D. R.

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Palace Hotel, Rome,
April 3rd, 1906.

DEAR FRANK,

Your 8th and 9th letters came yesterday and we found them on our return from a hard day's sightseeing. We spent the morning at St. Peter's going around it carefully from end to end and into the Sacristy, where we saw wonderful embroideries and all the silver gilt candlesticks, &c., wrought by Benvenuto Cellini and used only on high holidays, also the fragments of Malazzo di Fiorli's frescoes from the ancient basilica underneath.

In the afternoon we started out again and went to the Coliseum, roaming through the great arches at the back where

THE APPIAN WAY, ROME

one gets a more adequate idea of its size than from the centre, then to the Baths of Titus and the golden house of Nero, the former on top of the latter, and then to San Clement's which is considered to give one the best idea of the early Christian church. I thought it just like a Jewish synagogue, with a marble fence around a middle place with beautiful pierced places (screens) in marble and lots of old mosaic. The reading desks were of plain marble supported by columns and as Jewish as possible.

EIGHT JOURNEYS ABROAD

We then bought a few more photographs and I got you some gloves and then we came home. To-day we made the excursion called "a day with St. Paul," which means you go out on the Appian way, &c., with a Prof. who lectures. A landau came for us at ten and we have just got home at five. We began with the English cemetery, which is very much changed since I saw it before, the ilexes have grown tremendously and there are some beautiful monuments, that of Story to his wife, his last work. Next came the tomb of Caius Cestius like the Pyramids but smaller, and the Aurelian wall, then a long drive to the Basilica of St. Paul, which it will take still 20 more years to finish. They are now working on the front, adding a court and porch like the old basilicas. It is a gorgeous building with five aisles, 4 rows of pillars and the whole lined with precious marbles from all parts of the world. There are altars of Malachites mounted in ormulu and the canopy over the tomb of St. Paul has columns with bases of lapis lazuli and portraits in mosaic of all the Popes.

The archæologists all agree that there is no doubt about Paul's presence in Rome and his death and burial here, but they say there is absolutely no evidence of Peter ever having been in Rome.

We went afterwards through a part of the catacombs of Domitilla, which are the most interesting of all and have not been tampered with. We saw long passages of tombs that have never yet been opened and all date from the first to the fifth centuries. The frescoes in the little chapels are quite fresh. We ate lunch, which we took with us, at the entrance of the catacombs, then drove out the Appian way to the 5th milestone having a wonderful view of the Alban Hills and the Sabine Mts., the latter covered with snow and very cold.

I was glad Laura could get such a view with the aqueducts in the foreground. Turning we came back by many tombs and columbraria and the tomb of Cecilia Metella and the Circus Maxentius, through the San Sebastian gate and the baths of Caracalla, &c. A church called San Sebastian has

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a very fine reclining marble statue of him with the arrows sticking in his flesh and is said to look like the saint when they found his body in the catacombs.

Prof. Tani said he was present when they found the body of a rabbi in the Jewish catacomb. He said it was in a perfect state of preservation with long flowing beard and magnificent vestments and fingers covered with rings. The next day some of them went out to take notes and to examine more carefully and there was nothing but a few ashes, some larger bones and the rings and ornaments. That is why there is so little to carry away from the catacombs.

We have planned to leave Thursday morning for Viterbo. Cook could give me no help in planning a trip and told me to buy my tickets from place to place, so I am going off in the dark. The proper way to make this trip is in an automobile, as the distances are short and it would be possible to visit two places in a day, arriving at a third for the night.

I forgot to say that when the landau came for us an Englishman and his wife were in it and they proved to be very agreeable companions, altho we did not learn who they were. We are going to-night to hear "Rheingold, l'oro di Reno," its first presentation here, and to-morrow we pack in the morning and will go out in the afternoon.

Rome, April 5th.

DEAR FRANK,

I expected to have been in Orvieto to-night but I felt on Tuesday night that I was not in a condition to go to such a place. I made up my mind to go through a cure yesterday instead and leave Saturday, thereby losing two days from the Hill towns.

Mrs. Jewell came in last eve. to say good bye, as they left for Naples this A. M. and said the Admiral thought I did not realize what discomfort I might have in trying to go to the smaller places by train. I feared I might have one of my

EIGHT JOURNEYS ABROAD

sharp attacks in some small place where I could not get a Doctor, so I will now start off feeling a little safer.

We enjoyed our night at the Opera. The audience was very enthusiastic and the Theatre very large and imposing. Many officers in full uniform and the boxes full of well dressed people, made a fine sight. The Rheingold was magnificently staged, but it was too funny in Italian. They sang it in perfect time all the way through, which is very different from the German way we are used to. The Loki or Loge was the only one who had an adequate idea of his part and he really acted and sang delightfully, but the German Opera is evidently the thing here, although it was presented for the first time. I saw very fine jewels and magnificent Opera wraps, carriages with men in strange liveries, very ornate.

This afternoon Laura went over to the Savoy immediately after lunch to see what the Browns were going to do, and they took her with them to San Lorenzo outside the walls, where Pius 9th is buried and to some other churches. They went entirely in trolleys.

While she was out I got up to do some packing and I had a great surprise when Dorothy Joline walked in. She is looking very well. I am sorry not to have known before so we could have gone about together. She is en route to Naples. To-morrow morning I finish packing and send my trunks to Florence during the day and we leave at ten the next morning, arriving at Viterbo, an old Etruscan town, and have lunch and stay all afternoon, leaving at 7 for Orvieto, reaching there 10.30. I have engaged a room at the small hotel Anglo-American in Florence for the 15th. The Jewells recommended it and the Caseys are staying there.

It does not seem as if we could give up Paris and London. I have not yet got Countess Adelmann's letter, but will write her from Florence that we will have to go straight through from Venice to Innsbruck and Paris, without seeing them. Laura may never get over here again and I may not either and the crossing the ocean is a serious thing, so that when we are

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here we ought to carry out our plan. I will see what can be done in Florence. I know I have duties and I came away purposely to get rid of them for three months.

My love to all. I shall expect to hear from you about our return. With much love.

Affly, M. D. R.

Orvieto, April 8th, 1906.

DEAR FRANK,

I hardly know how to begin, there is so much to tell. Yesterday morning we got up early and went to the Station armed with all the necessary information about getting to Viterbo and Orvieto. At the station they told us the train did not start until a half hour later than we expected. After a long wait the ticket office opened and they informed me that I couldn't get tickets there, that I must go clear across the city to Trastevere. You can imagine my anger and disgust. Fortunately the porter who accompanies the omnibus felt he ought to see us through and drove us over in the omnibus to the station at Trastevere, where we found we had missed the first train but fortunately there was another. I had feared my trip was spoiled, but it only made us late for lunch at Viterbo.

What a beautiful ride we had across the Campagna, with the snow Mts. in the distance! Climbing up the Cimian hills we found we had left the South behind. There were more deciduous trees and no more oranges, lemons and pines. The grass was full of beautiful flowers of every color, white, pink and yellow, and the views most beautiful. As we came to Bracciano I could hardly make up my mind to pass by on account of the great castle of the Orsini covering the top of the hill, a mighty fortress looking down on the Lake of Bracciano, but on account of the limited time I am obliged to scurry through these wonderful places and only hope sometime I can go through here in an automobile.

The next stop was Caprainca, near which is a less ancient castle of the Colonna, at Capraola. We crossed the range of

EIGHT JOURNEYS ABROAD

hills and then came down on the great Etrurian plain on which is Viterbo, still five or six hundred feet above the sea. We got out at the Porta Romana and were instantly impressed with the immense age of everything. Drove to the Grand Hotel and had lunch and found the padrone a most intelligent man, well informed about the antiquities of Viterbo. He told the coachman where to take us and we saw most interesting things before driving out to the Villa Lante at Bagnaja.

VITERBO

The Municipio had a beautiful court on a high bluff overlooking the ancient walls and surrounding country, it was lined with Etruscan sarcophagi, where the statue of the person lies on the side with head raised wearing a turban and holding a saucer in the hand. It gives one a peculiar feeling to see all these people gazing at one in such a sidewise manner. We then went to the ancient palace of the Popes, quite a ruin with a wide flight of steps and beautiful windows with pointed arches and twisted columns and at the side the unroofed room where Pope John 22nd was killed by the ceiling falling on him.

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On the other side of the little piazza were ruined palaces with beautiful architectural details now crumbling away and abodes of the poorest. We drove through the Santa Pellegrina quarter, which must have been occupied by the very rich centuries ago, so massive, built of great stones without mortar, magnificent doorways and outside staircases, now it seems to be given up to the poor and dirty and the smells were indescribable.

A drive of half an hour brought us to a bridge over a great ravine and mediæval round towers forming the angle of the town wall reaching way down into the valley, and there, as everywhere, the background of blue hills and such a blue I have never seen before, only in the pictures of Perugino and the painters of his time. As we came out of the hotel at our right was the old town wall and a gate with three arches, the middle one higher than the sides and through that gate the blue hills and pink sky.

Between six and seven when we went to the station the effect was exactly what I have seen in the mediæval frescoes. They painted what they saw. The Villa Lante is located on the slope of the hills back of Bagnaja and the principal street of the town, which is filthy, but full of beautiful fountains leads up to the main entrance. There were great sweeps of park back of the twin houses which constitute the villa, with most gorgeous trees, sycamores, and a tree I do not know but seems like a cross between a beech and an oak. A beautiful parasol pine hung over one corner and wonderful fountains with very ancient looking balustrades and statues and basins or troughs, flow down the centre from far back to the very gate, near which a fountain of four figures life-size bronze held up the Delle Rovere coat of arms. We saw one of the family crossing the Park and I have since learned it was Miss Allen of St. Louis, who married the Duke di Lante, but I had forgotten about it.

We came back to the hotel and had tea and saw two English women who seemed the only foreigners there, though the

EIGHT JOURNEYS ABROAD

proprietor said there had been five American automobiles there at lunch time. We did not meet them so they must have gone on.

The train leaving Viterbo at 7.15 got us here (Orvieto) at 10 o'clock at night, making one change and the Porter of this Hotel was waiting for us and we got into a Funicular Railway

CITY GATE, ORVIETO

with our bags. The omnibus was waiting at the top and brought us quickly here. The room we were shown into was like an ice house and we had a great time getting a fire and having the beds warmed. The man brought in the most remarkable wooden frames into which they put earthenware dishes full of live coals and put the whole apparatus into the bed. Anyway the beds were clean and we slept well and this morning the sun was bright and warm. After breakfast I

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went at once to the Cathedral and found it had not been over-estimated. In the first place the location is so wonderful, on the highest part of this already tremendously high town, outlined against the mountains with the valley of the Paglia between. The whole front is of white marble and gold mosaic, the glitter of which almost blinds one in the sunlight. One would never tire of looking at it but I cannot give a detailed description of it, so lace-like is the carving.

THE CATHEDRAL AT ORVIETO

I went inside and found a service going on with a bishop seated on a throne and excellent music, Gregorian, I think, but I could not stay long as I wanted to see the celebrated frescoes in the side chapel of Luca Signorelli. I sat down with an English lady and enjoyed them thoroughly; a young priest pointed out many interesting details and showed us the miraculous madonnas which we had to climb up behind the altar to see. It proved to be an ancient Byzantine picture of madonna and child, each with gold crowns and not often shown. This priest seemed to enjoy all the wonderful small

EIGHT JOURNEYS ABROAD

details of these frescoes and showed me some water color copies he had made of some of the medallions. I got one, as I thought them beautiful and was glad to have such an interesting remembrance of these Signorelli frescoes.

He, the priest, said he had sold some in London and that Canova had come here to study them for his own work. This afternoon we took a carriage and drove to the Fortezza, a part of the walls with great towers. I don't know how to give you an impression of the height of this place; it is fearful to look down over the parapets, there is a lovely garden now in the midst of this fortress where one gets the finest views.

Further on was the well of San Patrizio, built by one of the Popes to provide water in time of siege, 61 and over metres deep and two staircases wind around it. Donkeys go up and down with water barrels and it is terribly cold and dark. The water they say is excellent.

The next sight was the Etruscan Necropolis, further on and down outside and under the city walls. A girl showed us the tombs and told us how her father had discovered them when he dug a trench to plant some trees. Then the government has excavated three streets of them. They are of large blocks of brown tufa set without cement and were square on top outside but pointed inside like the cyclopean arches. There were round ornamental stones on top and some of the entrances had three doors of solid stone. There are stone benches on two sides and on these they found bones and pottery and metal implements, as they were fitted out for traveling into the unknown world. The bodies were laid on their sides. I think them among the most impressive things I have ever seen,—25 centuries since they were sealed up and no one can read the inscriptions cut in the stone of the lintel. Scholars come all the time to look at them. I am sending you a postal card with them on which gives you an idea.

When we came back to the house it was still early and we decided to walk up to the cathedral to see the sunset light on

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the façade. Going inside we listened to the Vesper service and a sermon in good Italian. As the sunlight faded the candle light threw strange shadows in the church, and the choir being filled with priests and acolytes the effect was very impressive. Those things you must see to realize. We think of going out to see the effect of the full moon on it now.

I forgot to tell you about the delicious wines we are having in this locality. They are celebrated, particularly that of Montefiascone, which we saw perched on a very high hill beyond the Etrurian plain, as we came on from Viterbo last night. It is called Est, Est, Est, because an old Bishop Fugger, who was very fond of wine, when he was travelling through this country was preceded by a valet who when he liked the wine would write on the wall Est, and the bishop only stopped where he saw the wine. When the valet came to Montefiascone he found the wine so good he wrote Est, Est, Est, and the bishop drank so much he died that night. I like the wine so much I would also like to drink as much as I please, but must refrain. It is always drunk fresh and they say the Est, Est, Est should never be taken down from its hill.

We leave here to-morrow for Spoleto and Foligno, going back as far as Orte to connect with that R. R. Viterbo was a more beautiful city than Orvieto but Orvieto is more wonderfully located.

I am so dead tired I must stop. We hope Laura's pictures will turn out well, so you will then see what we have seen.

With much love for you all and looking forward to letters in Florence.

Your aff., M. D. R.

Spoleto, April 9th, 1906.

DEAR FRANK,

Such a day as we have had. We left Orvieto this morning by the Funicular and heard the news of the eruption of Vesuvius on our way down. It is most startling. I only hope the Jewells have got through all right. The papers say there were three earthquakes in Naples night before last and the

EIGHT JOURNEYS ABROAD

observatory on Vesuvius and the railroad also gone and one town of 10,000 people entirely destroyed. What dreadful tragedies! Yet I would have liked to be there. I felt when in Naples that Vesuvius was strange, with white snow all over the top and the red streaks of lava flowing down.

SPOLETO

SPOLETO

We got out at Orte and had time to get a very bad lunch, then took the train coming from Rome and went to Spoleto. Two Americans were in the carriage and we became quite well acquainted.

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Strange to say I did not know the name of the Hotel here but the description in "Hill Towns" enabled me to get there, viz, an ancient palace and the entrance under a garden. We found two English women here and have had great fun with them at dinner being joined by a German man. One officer was in the room and he went into fits of laughter. The waiter came up to us with a great air and tried to tell us that Laura's hot water bottle was leaking and did we want "a priest" to warm the beds. We couldn't understand a word so the whole room tried to explain and finally we discovered the things I

SPELLO

have described, that they put into the beds to warm them are called "pretre."

We took a carriage and drove all about and to the churches outside, one of them being a perfect Roman temple preserved by being built up as a church. The views were too beautiful as we drove out of the town on different sides and I wish you could be here to see for yourself. The hotel had been the palace of a cardinal and had enormous rooms, but without fires, so we were not too comfortable. But oh how I have en-

EIGHT JOURNEYS ABROAD

joyed the mediæval buildings, Etruscan and Roman walls and the narrow dark streets and gardens on tops of walls!

In the Municipio of Spoleto we saw some fine old paintings [by Lo Spagna and in the cellar the floors of a whole Roman house of which the walls are gone, beautiful complete mosaic floors, better than any in Rome. Another interesting thing was the Pelasgic foundations of a part of the city walls,

FOLIGNO

a beautiful bridge crosses the Paglia on many arches and at one end outside of the city gate was a flat quay. The driver told us to see a Roman bridge underneath. One of the guards at the gate then lifted an iron trap door on the piazza and we descended a long stone staircase and he turned on electric light and there were the great arches of a Roman bridge, entirely below the upper street.

We liked our driver and horse so much that we yielded to his demand that we drive with him the next day to Assisi instead of taking the train. So we arranged to stop at Foligno and Spello on the way and were up and off the next morning at eight o'clock and off in the lovely early lights finding the

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weather perfect. The little horse got over the ground wonderfully and after one stop at a little Roman temple near a fountain called Clitumnus we drove up to the Hotel Poste and had something to eat, it being eleven when we finished.

I wrote to Countess Adelmann and hope to get a letter at Florence. With much love to you all,

Your aff., M. D. R.

Perugia, April 12th, 1906.

DEAR FRANK,

We have finally decided to give up Cortona, as it would mean spending the night there and we feel time is getting so

ROMAN TEMPLE, PERUGIA

short we must get to Siena to-morrow night. We look forward to spending Easter there where we will be able to hear a fine service.

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This afternoon after posting our letters home we went out in a carriage to San Pietro, quite a distance away, where all the pictures and choir stalls of Raphael remain in place, except the greatest of all, the Assumption by Perugino, which Napoleon carried away with him.

Siena, April 14th, 1906.

DEAR FRANK,

Yesterday we spent en route, arriving here at ten o'clock almost an hour late. I hated to leave beautiful Perugia on such a perfect morning but all good things must come to an end.

Our first change of cars was at Terontola. I noticed an attractive German American lady getting into the Florentine train with her maid but after the train had left was surprised to see her husband wandering around the Station as if looking for some one. At first I thought that he must be going elsewhere and thought no more about it, but as he seemed to still be hunting I asked him if he was looking for the lady that was with him in the train and he said yes. I said I saw her go away on that last train. He clapped his hands to his head and said My God this is terrible!

He fairly shook with excitement and mopped his head and didn't seem to know what to do, so I told him he had better telegraph but he couldn't speak a word of Italian. I said I will tell the Capo Stazione and then came the task of finding a place to which he was going with his Milan tickets, where he could send her word to get off. I had a hard time to get him to understand but finally he telegraphed to Arezzo to the officials there to put the lady off at Arezzo and I hope found her soon after.

We had heard her call him Ludwig and he looked like Admiral Selfridge; he was very grateful to me. Laura has had lots of fun over Ludwig and the meeting at Arezzo.

Our train came along and we went to Chiusi in a half hour. Then came the excitement of finding out when the train for Siena would come along, and if there was a late one which

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would enable us to spend some hours at Chiusi, which was high up on its hill. Fortunately there was no hurry as the first train was not due for an hour or so and we had a very comfortable lunch and decided to wait over for the 6 P. M. train. We took a little carriage and were soon climbing up the usual long hill, zig-zag fashion, and saw an interesting Etruscan museum and then went off into the country to see some Etruscan tombs, not like those we saw at Orvieto—but with flat roofs with curious arrangement of stones like a log cabin quilt, and with frescoes of red figures on white background, and in perfect preservation, subject athletic games, chariot races, &c., &c.

It then began to rain heavily and we went over a terrible road on the edge of precipices so I was thankful when it was over and we were back at the station, where we packed a good lunch of wine and bread, cakes and oranges, in a six-cent basket to take with us on the train, being the only food we would get. The air was so sweet with all the fresh green smells and the grass full of little English daisies and violets that it was delightful to drive along looking at constantly changing views of the mountains.

We passed Trevi, on top of its cone-shaped grey and forbidding hill. The wonder is that people were ever able to exist on such heights. From Foligno it was only three miles to Spello and when we got there the driver told us it was too steep for a carriage and so we started on foot through the unchanged Roman gate, with the statues still on the front and went up steep perfectly paved stone streets to two churches, where we saw pictures by Pinturicchio and a beautiful Renaissance façade. A Madonna by Lo Spagna was in a side chapel. The pictures by Pinturicchio are his finest works and line the sides of a chapel in Santa Maria Maggiore. I think I shall never forget the Christ in the Temple among the Doctors.

After seeing these Laura gave out and I went on alone through another Roman arch up to the very top, through dark narrow arched streets, till I came out on a little Piazza

EIGHT JOURNEYS ABROAD

with a view of the whole Umbrian plain and Assisi in the distance and even Perugia and Spoleto far to the south.

I forgot one of the sights of Spoleto, viz, the Porta della Fuga, where Hannibal was put to flight by the Spoletoans. I keep thinking back of the beauty of Spoleto. Soon we were approaching Assisi far up on the mountain at the right with the long row of arches supporting what was the Franciscan convent, but now a boys' school. Instead of turning up towards it we went to the left where the great church (with dome almost like St. Peter's) of "degli Angeli," looms up in the plain. This is the church built over the little house 'Porginneula' where St. Francis started his life with a few companions and worked a great reform which brought Christianity into the lives of the people when it had become a meaningless myth with them, consisting of church pageants entirely in the hands of the priests.

Entering we saw the little stone house which they have covered over with a sort of chapel with a fresco by Overbeck in the middle of the great church. At one side we saw the little garden of thornless roses which never grow higher than 2 ft. and bloom in May. They had just leafed out. I have brought some leaves for Annie and the others, picked from these plants. Finally we turned towards Assisi, which looked so far away up the Mountain and finally got there about 2 P. M.

How our little horse had been able to go all that distance without showing any traces of fatigue I cannot understand. We had not yet got over the fatigue of climbing Spello and now we had Assisi to do, beginning with the great church of San Francesco, first the lower church with great low arches covered with the great works of Giotto and Cimabue. Such wealth of great art can scarcely be digested, it is so overwhelming, such delicious coloring and wonderful religious sentiment.

Down below this lower church is the crypt, where St. Francis lies in a stone coffin in a shrine, and then there is the

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upper church high up above and opening on another Piazza, for Assisi is all up and down. To me it all resolves itself into the lower church with its wide heavy and low arches and wonderful frescoes.

In the meantime as we found we would have to leave at 4.50 by train for Perugia or stay over night at Assisi, we decided to drive on to Perugia at 5 P. M. We still had the Duomo and the Roman temple and Santa Chiava to see and it seemed as if we walked and climbed miles up steep grass-grown streets for at last when we had got through and came down to the lowest level, which was hundreds of feet up above the valley, we were able to do nothing but get a cup of tea at the Giotto.* The Roman temple was almost perfect and is the one Goethe preferred to see rather than San Francesco.

I was so sorry not to go to the Brufani Hotel here (Siena), as it is right over the parapet and has a wonderful view and is kept by an English woman, but I had foolishly telegraphed to the Palace Hotel and so had to come here. Our ride was most restful and most beautiful and we found Perugia more attractive than any other place. I dislike the idea of leaving it and hope I may come back sometime.

In the morning we rested, being too tired to go out, but in the afternoon we took a little carriage and drove around within the walls, seeing the different gates, Roman and Etruscan, and visited the Etruscan Museum at the old University. At five we went to the Brufani Hotel at one side of the Public Park, both occupying the spot where the Baglionis and other great families had their castles, fought it out and then the victorious Pope Paul 3rd (Farnese) overcame them and built a great fortress over all this high part and imprisoned and tortured the Perugians until now the monument in the Piazza in front of this Hotel gives glory to Victor Emmanuel who delivered them from the rule of the Popes.

I sat out in the Park gazing at the wonderful sunset lighting up Assisi and Spello and Foligno and coming back leaned

* What energy for a woman of 60!

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over the Parapet to see the Porta Marcia, the Etruscan gate, imbedded into the present bastion, which descends to the winding street. It still has statues in its niches, for it was spared by both nobles and popes.

This morning we went up to the Piazza Municipio, where we had to climb to the 4th story to see the museum, with Peruginos and Pinturicchios and San Georgios and Bonfigli, not so very different from one another but all beautiful. Then in the next building, right on the ground floor of the old Col-

COLLEGIO DEL CAMBIO, PERUGIA

legio del Cambio, which I suppose was an Exchange, were two rooms, the first entirely wood carving, seats like in the choirs of churches, and the second a judicial seat and bench of the money changers carved up to the ceiling, the rest of it covered with Perugino's greatest frescoes, which Napoleon was not able to carry away. You cannot imagine anything more beautiful and mediæval.

The piazza at the side of the Municipio contains a beautiful carved fountain, one story of marble and one of bronze. That side of the Municipio has a fine outside staircase and

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immense griffins, the symbol of Perugia, standing out from the wall and from there a narrow dark street pitches down between high dark houses to a little Piazza with fine view, which is upheld by Etruscan walls, which curve out to the right and left.

We were lucky to enter the Cathedral this morning just as they finished a high mass in full pontificals, and then a procession went through the church (music fine) and disappeared. They then dismantled the high altar and shortly after I saw a dozen old men in a sort of linen wrappers take their seats in the middle of the church and the Bishop, after much dressing in purple and aprons, proceeded to wash and kiss the feet of the twelve and put something around their necks. In the meantime the chanting was very fine. We are hurrying to post these letters so they will get the ship at Cherbourg on Saturday.

We expect to get to Florence on the 17th and hope to find letters there as it will have been 11 days since we left Rome and letters. What a pity you cannot all be with us to see these beautiful things and it is perfectly comfortable.

We hoped to see those Americans we met in the train yesterday at tea, but did not see them. They live in Rome and came up here for a short time. If it does not rain in the morning we shall drive to San Gimignano, which is 7 miles from its railway station and then be left at the station Poggibonsi in time for the 4 P. M. for Florence, where I suppose we shall be for a week.

The whole population here is out in the Park (the Lizza) from six to seven, and it is quite amusing from our windows to see them. I get a little homesick when I see American young men, but it will soon be all over and I shall be at home again. We look forward to letters tomorrow evening and hope for only good news after a wait of ten days. With much love to you all and hoping you are having lovely warm weather like this.

Most affectionately,

M. D. R.

EIGHT JOURNEYS ABROAD

Grand Hotel Royal, Siena,
April 15th, 1906.

Easter Sunday made us imagine what you were all doing at home. We were rather disappointed at the service in the Cathedral, as the music was not particularly impressive. The church itself is superb, all black, white and red marble and magnificently carved inlaid floors, a wonderful pulpit by Pisano. The Piccolomini chapel is a work of art, all exqui-

MONTE OLIVETO, SIENA

sitely carved marble and near it opens the library of the Cathedral in which are the best works of Pinturicchio illustrating the life of Pius II.

After lunch we drove to a neighboring castello belonging to a Count Caimoli called "Belcaro" and has a wall with path all round and is a fortified place. It dates from the 15th century and has one or two good frescoes on the ceilings. The trees were most beautiful and reaching up to the top of the

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walls are kept trimmed so the effect from the outside is an enormously high hedge. Inside is a modern country house.

We then drove on the way home to a suppressed convent, which had been bought by a family and used as their home, of course they use only one side and around the small court. Back in the large Court or cloisters, with the antique well, is a chapel with very good pictures, which were all bought at the same time and probably didn't cost very much.

The Lizza is the fashionable garden of Siena and is back of our hotel. The bastions of the Fort Santa Barbara are also used as a promenade, so we went at six expecting to hear the band play as usual on Sunday. There were throngs of people but no band. The weather is delightful and I hope will last to get us to Florence. We are getting up early to drive to Monte Oliveto so goodbye for to-night. I am very tired.

Siena, Monday eve., April 16th.

A lovely ride to Monte Oliveto, a great monastery situated in the midst of chalk hills with winding roads bordered by tall cypresses. It is pathetic to see the great place with only four Benedictine monks left in charge. The walls of the larger court are lined with frescoes by Sodoma; subjects the life of St. Benedict.

We thought when some automobiles passed us that we should have company there but they had all passed on by the old road to Rome and we picniced alone, with a very old peasant and some dogs. We were most of the time on very high ground so the views were fine and very distant. As we went by the Roman road we used the Porta Romana, a very interesting double gate of mediæval times.

A big auto arrived at the Hotel just as we were coming in and a quite young American couple got out of it. We are curious to know who they are, the young man is very handsome and very tall. So many of the people here are in their own autos. What a delightful way to travel through the dust.

As usual bright sunshine and very warm. We have had

EIGHT JOURNEYS ABROAD

our windows wide open all day and it is as warm as a May day. The rains were sadly needed to lay the dust which had become very trying. Everywhere we meet automobiles.

I hope to arrange to go to Monte Oliveto in one on Monday. We did not hurry out today but when we were quite ready went out on foot up the main Corso which has many interesting mediaeval palaces on little piazzas and finally

SIENA

came to a flight of steps leading down to the great Piazza where is the centre of life here, and renamed as everything in Italy is, "Piazza Vittorio Emmanuele." Here is the famous "Palazzo Pubblico" which has always been the seat of Government and has fine old halls with great frescoes and carved seats in the Council Hall of Siena. It is a Gothic building with a fine tower at one end and called the Maugia and

a beautiful chapel in the form of a loggia. In the place is a lovely fountain by Della Quercia from 1409. They have removed the original to the Cathedral Museum and the present one is only a copy. Also the pictures have been removed from the Cathedral to this same Museum, which we shall see to-morrow.

We shall attend the Easter service there and see the Library which is filled with Pinturicchio's finest frescoes. In the Academia delle Belle Arte is a whole history of Italian Painting, or rather Sienese, beginning with the earliest Byzantine Madonnas and Altar pieces and ending with Sodoma. Here was his great "Descent from the Cross," a wonderful picture, and when you think that he died at 24, it is too wonderful to believe. His other greatest picture the "Adoration of the Magi" is in the church of San Agostino. I write these things out in order to recapitulate and settle in my own mind where I have seen these pictures for it is certainly confusing.

The Cathedral is a wonder, on one side two stories high, the lower story being the former Baptistery, with a magnificent Gothic front. You climb up an enormous flight of steps to the left of this and come out on a great Piazza, where to the right is the Façade of the Cathedral, also Gothic, but with the three gables filled in with Venetian Mosaic and great arches go off to the left, which are all that was left of a nave once planned to make the present cathedral only the transept.

I cannot think Siena as beautiful as Perugia, as the country around is not nearly so lovely, and there are no dark Etruscan walls or gateways, and seems modern with only mediæval attractions. It will seem strange to get back to modern pictures. I have learned to care very much for the ancient stiff Byzantine altar pieces with their gold halos and gold backgrounds and soft colorings. I will write again about what we see tomorrow. You can read the description of Monte Oliveto in Bourget's "Mr. Saint," which I have somewhere.

EIGHT JOURNEYS ABROAD

Anglo-American Hotel, Florence,
April 18th, 1906.

DEAR FRANK,

You can't imagine how surprised the Caseys were when we walked into the dining room last night, and we were glad to be with friends again. I sent you a postal from San Gimignano, where we spent three hours seeing the Cathedral and Palazzo Publico and Podesta. What was more interesting

SAN GIMIGNANO

were the old palaces of families now come to an end. The highest nobility were entitled to two towers, the lesser to only one. The towers are enormous square ones built very high and no windows until at least the 3rd story, a queer idea of comfort to only begin to live above the third floor. Even the picture galleries in this part of the country are on the 3rd or 4th floor.

This hotel is small and full of very nice Americans and

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English. It has a palm garden which is really the only place they have to sit in the evenings and it is quite gay after dinner.

I had written some time ago to both White Star Line and Hamburg-American and found letters here last night, which were not satisfactory, so went at once to the offices this morning and cannot get anything but inside staterooms before May 24th. I am telegraphing so as to do the very best.

I was so glad to get all your letters and it seems to me you are very gay, going to so many dinners with bridge, &c. I am delighted that you are being invited so much. I hoped one of your last letters might be an answer to mine in Rome, but it was not.

Of course at Paris it may be possible a stateroom would be given up on some of the ships. Countess Adelmann wrote that they would be angry if we did not stop and said to come by Innsbruck and Munich, where Mechtilde is. I don't see how we can spare the time but might give up two days. We shall stay here a week—have been in the Uffizi all afternoon.

With much love to all of you, and looking forward to seeing you all soon.

Your aff., M. D. R.

Anglo-American Hotel, Florence,
Thurs. April 19th, 1906.

DEAR F,

After going through the Uffizi gallery yesterday afternoon Laura and I spent the morning in our rooms, as we were absolutely too tired to look at anything, and it was pouring rain. While I lay in bed Mary Macauley came and I had her come up. She looked very well and stylish, said they are quite gay here and have taken an apartment here and do not expect to go to America this summer. They have asked us to come in for tea Sunday afternoon.

Florence is lovely—the old Ponte Vecchio is so picturesque and I remember it well. I also remembered the Hotel where Father and I stayed on the Lung Arno. Every one says it is

EIGHT JOURNEYS ABROAD

utterly impossible to see Florence in a week, but I think we can get a very good idea of it.

I hope to-morrow to leave my card at Countess di Calry's. I got a few large photographs to-day—they are so beautiful and here they have wonderful gilt frames for them which set them off perfectly, but the difficulty is to get them home. That reminds me—we have just heard of the dreadful earthquake in San Francisco and I am very anxious to know how the Watsons have escaped. They say Mt. Ætna is getting ready to do something. Tell Clifford we were way up at Orvieto when the eruption of Vesuvius occurred. I should have liked to see it after the danger was over but I think when the people didn't know whether they could get out of Naples alive it must have been far from pleasant. They say you could see nothing on account of the ashes falling everywhere.

Of course we are not gay but we enjoy seeing things and travelling. Countess Adelmann says you will not mind our taking time to stop there, and I suppose we must. I am waiting to hear from the Hamburg-American about a stateroom.

With much love.

Your aff., M. D. R.

Anglo-American Hotel, Florence,
April 21st, 1906.

DEAR CLIFFORD & SAM,

We have had such a beautiful drive to Fiesole this afternoon. Being unusually tired we didn't feel like sightseeing and found a Mrs. Kelly and her young daughter, whom Laura met at York Harbor and who crossed on the Celtic with us, willing to share the carriage with us.

The trees are all out and there was a continuous hedge of rose bushes in full bloom, also the Wistaria in bloom. It was so warm that after looking at the Roman theatre and baths we went to the Hotel Aurora, which has a magnificent view over Florence and had tea out of doors and found it as warm as a summer day.

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A very slight tremor was felt here this morning. I noticed my bed move with a quick shake, but never thought of its being an earthquake until I heard other people talking about it. There is great excitement and interest in the San Francisco disaster. Some people here in this Hotel have lost whole blocks of buildings and for all they know are ruined. It seems impossible to get any positive news about the disaster.

I wish you could see the superb automobiles here, so big

THE ROMAN THEATRE AT FIESOLE, NEAR FLORENCE

and fine. People arrive daily at the hotels by dozens in their own automobiles. We are sure of a stateroom on the Amerika May 25th, but have not been able to get anything earlier. As soon as I get to Paris I will try to get something that may be given up, but I am hoping your Father will not insist upon our giving up London, as it is we would only have a few days there.

My plan now is to go to Venice 25th making a week here, leaving Venice 29th for Innsbruck, where we would spend the night, and go on to either Munich or Lake Constance, getting

EIGHT JOURNEYS ABROAD

to Sigmaringen the next day and, after two days' visit there, straight through to Paris by night. That brings us up to May 4th or 5th.

To-day we went to the old Bargello, ancient Palace of the Podesta, which has a beautiful court with outside staircase, which you have often seen pictures of, full of interesting things. Florence is very attractive and bright. The jewelry shops are fascinating on the Ponte Vecchio and in the late afternoon the bridge and views over the river, the crowds of gaily dressed people, make it a most interesting sight.

With much love.

Your aff. mother, M. D. R.

Florence, April 24th, 1906.

DEAR FRANK,

I can take only a moment from my packing to tell you I am leaving to-morrow morning for Venice—bought our tickets all the way to Paris, by Verona, Brenner Pass to Botzen, Innsbruck, Munich, Lindau and Sigmaringen, Schaffhausen, Zurich and Basle to Paris.

I bought a piece of jewelry here and thought I might want to use my American Express checks in Germany. I think I will take a piece of Venetian glass to Countess Adelmann.

With much love.

Your aff., M. D. R.

Hotel Royal Danieli, Venice,
April 26th, 1906.

DEAR FRANK AND BOYS,

Yesterday morning we left Florence with rain threatening and cold. We took a rather slow train in order to arrive by 7.10 instead of 10 at night. Mrs. Kelly and her daughter went with us to Fiesole Saturday afternoon, a most perfect day, and we had lovely views, everything so beautifully green and the purple wistaria in great clusters over the villas.

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Our ride over the Apennines was most interesting, we counted 45 tunnels and many viaducts, and it was quite beautiful. I gave up stopping at Bologna as it was so rainy and it would have made such a very long day. As it was our train was late and it was after eight when we arrived, but not raining.

Venice is just as surprisingly beautiful as ever and crowded with people. We enjoyed waiting in the gondola while they got our baggage—everything was an entrancing picture.

DOOR OF ST. MARK'S, VENICE

They had a room ready at the Danieli and we bounced into a lot of people very much dressed up and listening to music, and as soon as possible got a bite to eat and we went out to the Piazza thinking that as it was St. Mark's day there would be music, but found only a crowd of people.

The Campanile is not built up and there is only an ugly wooden fence around the spot. This morning we started out on foot and went into the Doges' palace and it took us two hours to see it. By giving Mrs. Merrick's name at a lace

EIGHT JOURNEYS ABROAD

store they took off ten per cent. so I availed myself of it and got a piece of rose point I have long wanted.

I cannot imagine anything more beautiful than Venice—it is entrancing. Laura is crazy over it, thinking it more wonderful than she even expected. We went to the St. Maria della Salute* and to the Frari to see Canova's tomb and the great Titian Madonna enthroned. The Frari was full of scaf-

THE BRONZE HORSES, ST. MARK'S

foldings and workmen and the pictures were taken into a neighboring church, which we had to hunt up. I did not remember the great beauty of this church, both exterior and interior. It dates from the 11th century and the carvings in tombs, pulpits and screens are exquisite.

We have gazed at St. Mark's from the outside with wonder and amazement and to-morrow will enter and if the day proves

*Destroyed in 1916 by German aeroplanes.

ITALY

pleasant will go to the Lido in a steamboat. The latter are everywhere, and I must say interfere with the gondolas and the beauty of the water-way. The private gondolas are fascinating with their flags and queer uniforms of gondoliers, which match the colors shown on the great poles in front of the palaces. This afternoon we saw Don Carlos and his wife in a steam gondola, with Spanish flag flying. They have a palace here. It seems to be the thing to have a home in Venice.

How I wish you could all be here to enjoy this place. Laura thinks this the best of all and that each place is more wonderful than the last. When we came out from dinner we sat in a square hall which has two or three galleries above all around and there was a very good company of musicians stationed in the second gallery above—some of them men, and women also sang very well, so it was quite a concert. It is blowing a gale outside and doesn't look as if we would get to the Lido to-morrow.

Venice, April 28th, 1906.

DEAR F,

When I went to notify the Concierge that I was going to take the 8.20 train for Munich to-morrow he asked me if I had engaged seats and I said no. I didn't know that one bought seats in this country. He said they were engaged weeks before so he has telegraphed in great haste to see what can be done and thinks I may perhaps get something at Verona, where we stay an hour. I can only hope if I cannot get on the train to-morrow that perhaps I may be accommodated Monday.

I can't believe so many people can be going to Munich at this season. At last the sun shines and we have been in a gondola to Murano to see the glass blowers and the Museum. The Venezia and Murano company sent us in their gondola. The view of the Alps was entrancing, covered with snow. I heard an English lady say they had just had snow in Staffordshire. We think of going out to the Lido this afternoon.

EIGHT JOURNEYS ABROAD

· Last night there were plenty of middies in the Hotel as the warship Drake was in with Prince Louis of Battenberg, who went to the Hotel de l'Europe where our friends the Kellys are. The launches made a great noise early this morning gathering them up as the ship sailed away early.

· We shall get no letters now until Paris, unless you by chance have written to the Adelmans. Hoping for good luck at Verona, with much love to all.

Affly., M. D. R.

The treasures of St. Mark's are inexhaustible and it is undoubtedly the most wonderful, beautiful and interesting (architecturally and historically) church in the world. There are two wonderful twisted translucent alabaster columns said to be from the Temple of Solomon. The great "Pala d'Oro" an altarfront never exposed except at Easter and to strangers for money. Enameled figures in gold and silver and a mass of enormous gems of all kinds except diamonds. There must be millions of money in it. Then there is a great slab of granite from Mt. Tabor and the most ancient carved pulpits, colored marbles, and it looks more like a Jewish synagogue than a church.

GERMANY

Sigmaringen, May 2nd, 1906.

DEAR FRANK,

I hardly know how to begin, having let two days go by without writing. We left Venice on the 29th, a beautiful summer morning, but on our arrival at Verona, when I went immediately to the Wagons-Lits I was told that the through train to Munich was full, not a seat to be had, that he had a telegram from Milan to that effect.

Well! I said there are other trains and I want to go on one of them, as I must be in Munich that night. He then informed me there was no other train, only a slow train at 6 P. M. which would get to Munich the next forenoon. Of course I wanted to cross the Brenner Pass in the daytime so Laura could see the Alps, so I told the man I intended to go on that train and he must find a way; that they should feel obliged to take us when we had telegraphed two days before, &c.

I stuck right by him until he said my only chance was that there would be some people from the Hotels coming and he could put on another car. Finally other people did come, but they didn't all want to go as far as Munich, but you can imagine my relief when he said he would put on the extra car and gave me my tickets for \$9 (45 lire) extra! When it came we went immediately to lunch and then were prepared to enjoy the scenery which was magnificent. At Botzen we got out and bought the best cakes you can imagine and had tea at five in our compartment.

EIGHT JOURNEYS ABROAD

The snow was far down the Mts., and when we got to Brenner-Bad the snow was to be seen far below. On our arrival at Munich Mechtilde's husband met us in uniform and escorted us to the Hotel, where we froze in a big cold room all night without heat. In the morning Mechtilde came and said her mother-in-law was coming at once and wanted us for lunch. I had accepted the night before to Baron von Soden, but found I should go by the one o'clock fast train to

HOUSE OF PEERS, MUNICH

Sigmaringen, otherwise we would have to go by a slow train arriving at Sigmaringen at midnight.

There was to be a grand affair in the House of Peers at ten o'clock to which they were going and wished us to go with them. It was the introduction of the son of Prince Karl Theodore to the Peers on taking his seat in the House.

The royal party came in carriages and we went up to (it is snowing hard as I write) the third floor and entered a small gallery at the end of the great hall. About twenty or twenty-five ladies were seated in it, and before the elder Baroness sat down she spoke and shook hands with two ladies at our right

GERMANY

and told me it was Princess Karl Theodore, a beautiful woman and mother of the young Prince to be presented.

I wish I could describe the uniforms and orders. The Regent is 88, too old to be present, but his son and all the young Princes were there and the Ministers and the Peers. The President and two others sat at a high desk and one below at a table. The two marched down the aisle and all the others rose and the young Prince Franz Josef appeared between them in cavalry officer's uniform with helmet and plume.

The oath was read to him and he held up his right hand

BURG ADELMANNSFELDEN, ELWANGEN, WURTEMBERG

and said "Ich schwore," then he brought his heels together and bowed to the President, then to the Ministers, then to the Peers and went and took the seat next to his Father. The latter I was most interested to see as he is the great oculist and does a great amount of good. The Princess helps him in his work and reads to the blind people during their recovery. She is a grandmother but looked very young.

Baron von Soden is also a Peer of the Realm, which is the reason we sat in the gallery with Royalty.

Count Adelmann was very much amused at our having only two hours in Munich and getting in with Princes and Princesses.

EIGHT JOURNEYS ABROAD

My tickets from Cook in Venice sent us by Lindau and I found I had to come by Augsburg and Ulm, so I went to Cook and he said they would redeem the unused tickets in London. We came in a fast train arriving at 4.45—found Count and Countess Adelmann waiting for us in the station and Widman to attend to the luggage.

CASTLE HOHENZOLLERN, SIGMARINGEN

The trees are only budding out and it is wintry cold, but the air is very bracing. Mechtilde and her husband saw us off at Munich and gave us each bunches of roses.

It seemed very natural to be walking up through the Park and garden with the Adelmanns and everything was as familiar as possible. They have made many little improvements, high wainscoting through the whole hall, modern plumbing equipment, Persian rug in my bedroom, &c., but most of all, every brass thing and all the pewter mugs and steins were polished like silver and the floors thoroughly waxed.

They were very much pleased with the piece of Venetian glass I brought her and Count Adelmann said I had excellent taste. I gave him a photograph of a Botticelli from Florence which also pleased him. General von Camerer came in the afternoon and stayed just 24 hours. We all had great fun.

GERMANY

Count Adelmann is very droll. I seem to understand German better than I used and Laura got along famously, especially with Count Adelmann. The second evening Count and Countess Bruhl came to supper. She was a Quadt, sister of Count Quadt, who came to Washington, very high rank but very shy and simple—you probably remember him.

The next day they sent their open high carriage to take us driving. It snowed hard four times and after we had started, but we put up our umbrellas and were rewarded with occasional views and it cleared entirely when we got back to Inzigkofen. I missed the poor Prince.* I doubt if Count Adelmann is as happy as in his lifetime. The castle is finished outside and we saw some of the new part. The young Prince stays in Berlin where he has a military position. It is a most beautiful castle and a joy forever architecturally.

Baur-au-Lac, Zurich, 6 P. M.,

Thurs. May 3rd.

We left Sigmaringen this morning at nine and changed at Immendingen and then got the finest sleeping car through

RIVER ALONGSIDE HOTEL BAUER AU LAC, ZURICH

* The Prince Leopold of Sigmaringen who gave us a dinner in 1897. He died in Berlin, having gone to the Crown Prince's wedding.

EIGHT JOURNEYS ABROAD

train from Berlin I have ever seen. Compartments perfectly ventilated and every detail perfectly carried out. I fear ours to-night will not be so good.

I made a mistake to buy my tickets beyond Munich as I had to buy others. I expect Cook to redeem them. We saw the great ruin of Hohentviel near Singen (see Ekkehard) and had a wonderful view of the Rhine Falls at Schaffhausen, an absolutely perfect day and very warm. We have driven around this place and have seen the Landes-Museum thoroughly, with its real mediæval rooms taken from different castles and houses. We have sat out on the lake front and are now ready to take leave. I am going to post this from here and must let it go now. Hoping to get a full mail at Paris tomorrow morning, with much love to all.

Affectionately, M. D. R.

FRANCE

Hotel Belmont, Paris,
5th May, 1906.

DEAR FRANK,

We left Sigmaringen in the rain with great regret, but it cleared at Immendingen and we had a lovely view of the Rhine Falls and arrived at Zurich at one o'clock. As we were not to take the sleeping car for Paris until 9 P. M. we took lunch in the station and then drove around the town and had tea in a tea shop and finished up at the Baur-au-Lac and sat out on the lake front until six and then had dinner at the hotel and took the omnibus back to the station.

The ride to Paris was a very rough and shaky one, altho the stateroom was very comfortable. We got in at 7.40 and quickly got a porter and rushed out and secured a little omnibus; then I went back and got the trunks through the custom house and in a very short time were on our way to the Hotel. The proprietor received us very politely and had a small bedroom and large salon ready for us, costing us 35 francs a day for all, food included.

I went immediately to Harjes' and got two letters from you and one from Clifford. They told us two gentlemen had just been there to inquire but left no name or address. We suppose it was Mr. D. and hoped he would have been here

EIGHT JOURNEYS ABROAD

to-night but he did not come. We were terribly tired, even Sigmaringen did not rest us, for we talked so much there. There is some shopping to do and we propose to get through it as quickly as possible before doing any sightseeing. It looks quite hopeless but Laura must see some of the galleries and churches.

I have sent cards to the Bairds and Rochambeaus this evening. To-day has been perfectly beautiful. I have no clothes to wear in the street as my black cloth is too heavy and it looks like hard work to get anything. Paris is so crowded. We have not seen King Edward as yet.

Paris, May 7th, 1906.

To-day while we were out the Bairds and Rochambeaus called. Laura stayed in yesterday. I went to church and when I got back Addie Eads Hazard and her sister Mrs. Howe called and I ordered tea.

We went first to the Invalides to see Napoleon's tomb, then to the Luxembourg gardens (the Museum was closed), then we drove by the Pantheon and St Etienne du Mont and then to Notre Dame, coming back by the old Louvre and St Germain l'Auxerrois and then to tea at Columbin's. Much love to all.

Your aff., M. D. R.

Hotel Belmont, Paris,
May 8th, 1906.

DEAR CLIFFORD,

I have your letter of April 22nd and note what you say. To-day we had tea at Rumpelmeyer's on the Rue de Rivoli after a hard day's work at dressmaker's. When we got back to the hotel we found the Marquise de Rochambeau had called and also Lord Berwick and Miss Noel-Hill.

It is too bad but we cannot sit in the house this beautiful weather in order to see people! There was a heavy hail storm while we were in a carriage and we were obliged to sit still

FRANCE

until it passed over. Lord Berwick called early which I think indicated he tried to find us in, for of course every one is out in the late afternoon. I think I shall return their call at an hour when there is some prospect of finding them at home.

I want to get to Versailles and Fontainebleau if possible and we must drive once in the Bois de Boulogne. I am very tired and must get to bed. We shall go to London either 16th or 17th May and sail from Dover 25th, and will soon be home. Tell the girls to get the house entirely dismantled and give my love to all the family. Hoping to see you all soon, with much love.

Your aff., M. D. R.

Hotel Belmont, Paris, 13th of May, 1906.

DEAR FRANK,

Such a busy few days as I have put in trying to give Laura some idea of Paris, getting a few clothes and trying to see friends! Yesterday we spent the entire day at Versailles and it was the first really warm sunshiny whole day for some time. We took a train from the Pont de l'Alma and had to drive a mile to the Trianons where we also walked in the Park and saw the thatched houses of Marie Antoinette's Laiterie. Then we had lunch at the Hotel des Reservoirs, formerly the residence of Mme. de Pompadour.

It was all ideally beautiful. Going out of the back of the Hotel we were at once in the Park and walked up the shady avenue to the Palace where we spent three hours and then took a cup of tea in the garden of the same Hotel before returning to town hot and tired.

The night before we went to the Grand Opera and saw a really magnificent performance of Samson and Delilah with Alvarez as Samson and Mme. Heglou as Delilah. The latter had a superb contralto voice and was also beautiful. The music is lovely and well interpreted by a very large orchestra—the chorus was perfect and “mise-en-scene” faultless. With all that a superb ballet which gave a sort of pantomime ballet after the Opera and you can imagine how fine it was.

EIGHT JOURNEYS ABROAD

Two Hindoo women in most gorgeous gold embroidered veils and clothes sat near us. We walked out between the acts so Laura could see the house and had some orangeades and cake between the Opera and Ballet, arriving home after one o'clock. You see how independent we are.

The night before we had seen the Cid at the "Français" beautifully acted, but we were glad to stay in last night. This morning we made a good start and went to St. Sulpice,

AVENUE DU BOIS DE BOULOGNE, PARIS

where Widor is the organist and heard magnificent playing of real church music, a fugue of Bach's played to perfection. After service we walked over to the Luxembourg Gallery and saw its contents, then I stopped at the Madeleine to let Laura walk through it and then home.

We fixed up a bit and went to Mrs. Hazard's to lunch where her sister Mrs. Howe is staying. Her son is in the Latin Quarter with a young Mr. Tilson who is studying the organ with Widor and a young artist Mr. Cobb who were all

FRANCE

at lunch, as well as Mrs. McKinley and her niece Miss Filley, so we had a very gay lunch. I was glad for Laura to meet some young people.

I had a carriage come for us to drive to the Bois but none of the party could go along so we went alone, and as Mrs. Hazard gave us tickets for the Puteaux Club, Isle de Puteaux, we drove there at once, passing through Neuilly. The Puteaux Club is the swellest in Paris and as on Sunday the other resorts are filled with objectionable people it was delightful to be able to go there. We had to cross the river in the queerest little flat ferry boats that ran on a cable by a crank.

The island was beautifully green and we were early enough to get a good table and watch the crowd of French, English and Americans. Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt and Gladys came. They didn't seem to know any more people than we did. After a stay of an hour we came away.

We took the usual drive around the Cascade and the Lakes and with the chestnut trees in full bloom, some white and some pink, you can imagine how beautiful the Park was. Unfortunately the automobiles making such noises and smells ruin it all. To-morrow I have asked the Rochambeaus and Mrs. Hazard and Mrs. Howe to have tea at the Ritz, and we are to dine with the Marquise Wednesday evening, our last in Paris. Mrs. Baird asked us to have tea with her Saturday but we had to go to Versailles and I asked her for to-morrow but through a misunderstanding of the maid she thought we were going to her. Thursday morning we go to Dover, staying over night so as to see it and go on to Canterbury Cathedral, arriving in London Friday night, the 18th, and then we come back to Dover to sail 25th. How glad I shall be to see you all again and hope you will meet us in New York.

With much love to you all.

Affectionately,

M. D. R.

ENGLAND

Lord Warden Hotel, Dover,
May 17th, 1906.

DEAR FRANK AND BOYS,

We left Paris this morning early and had a very comfortable and quiet but cold trip across the Channel and are looking forward to a good night's rest.

Yesterday was a very full day. I met Mrs. Baird and was presented to Mme. Marchesi, who was more than kind in her reception of us. Then I met Mrs. Hazard and Mrs. Howe down town and all went to Viau's for lunch. Then we flew home to pack and in the midst of it M. d'Aillieres and Baron Boulay de la Meurthe appeared at six and we had to see them. They were full of gratitude for our attention to them in America. I was sorry I did not let them know at once we were in Paris, for when I did at last they were out of town and came at once on their return.

We had a warm reception at the Rochambeau's at dinner and we all four (the Count and Countess) packed into a Victoria and came home together. They could not have been more cordial. Both they and the young Frenchmen sent their kindest greetings to you and the boys, Fanny and Joe, Lena and Betty. I do hope it will be a little warmer for our trip

ENGLAND

DOVER CASTLE

A BIT OF CANTERBURY

EIGHT JOURNEYS ABROAD

to Canterbury tomorrow. I am so very tired I must beg off and am looking forward to being together again so very soon.

Hoping you are all well and things going on all right.

Affectionately, M. D. R.

CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL

The Hotel Metropole, London,
May 21st, 1906.

DEAR FRANK,

This is my last letter before sailing and yours arrived this afternoon. I do hope Clifford will not go West before I get back.

I have tried to arrange to go to Oxford, but the weather has been so bad I have just written Katy we cannot go. Lena's friend Mrs. Greenall has invited us to lunch with her at the Empress Club Wednesday.

Please be at the ship. I must get to bed so good-bye, with much love.

Your aff., M. D. R.

THE JOURNEYS OF 1910

FROM THE OIL PORTRAIT BY ALICE KENT STODDARD

FROM THE OIL PORTRAIT BY ALICE KENT STODDARD

Ms Frank H. Rungsten
1905 Walnut St.
Phil^a Pa.

THE JOURNEYS OF 1910

Steamship "Cedric," to the Azores, Ponta Delgada, Madeira, Gibraltar, Algeciras, Naples; Sorrento, Ravello, Rome, Assisi, Perugia, Florence, Ravenna, Ferrara, Padua, Venice, Abbazia, Trieste, Fiume, Trau, Spalato, Dalmatian Coast, Zara, Zara Vecchio, Zebenico, Falls of Krka, Salona, Clissa, Ragusa, Bocche de Cattaro, Mostar, Zablanika, Sarajevo, Gorge of the Varenta, Jablanica, Herzegovina, Bosnia, Jayce, Across the Balkans, Banjaluka, Gorge of the Urbas, Agram, Buda Pesth, Vienna, Salzburg, Munich, Sigmaringen, Chiemsee, Zurich, Paris, Aboard the "Cincinnati" and home.

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EN ROUTE

On board S. S. "Cedric" off New York,
Wednesday, February 16, 1910.

DEAR FRANK:

The mail leaves in ten minutes and I have been standing

ABOARD THE "CEDRIC"

in line ever since you left. I hope you saw us, but we could not see you, try as we might. You will be amused to learn

EIGHT JOURNEYS ABROAD

that Pierpont Morgan is on board; no doubt that is why they would not furnish a list until the ship started.

The sun is shining brightly and all is pleasant. Tell all I could not write on account of having to be so long in line. I shall now go down and get out rugs and cushions and necessary things, and hope to spend the afternoon on my chair, which is not on the highest deck, but the second one.

With much love, and thanks for your great generosity,
Yours aff., M. D. R.

P. S.—I shall write you often, but it will be three weeks before you can hear from us. Try to get Laura to go to see "Griseledis."

On board S. S. "Cedric,"
Sunday, February 20th, 1910.

DEAR FRANK:

Here I am writing for the first time in the writing room. I have been in to dinner for the first time since Wednesday; yet I have not had the slightest twinge of sea-sickness and I attribute it to the Metchnikoff tablets, as I don't see how it could be anything else.

This ship is wonderfully steady and there is practically no motion at all and we have had the hall port-hole open most of the time. Our stewardess is most attentive and is quite an interesting person, the wife of an English clergyman who died of consumption, and she was obliged to do something to stave off a similar condition. We have been either in our chairs on deck or in bed and have not met anyone. It is not nearly as gay as on the Celtic.

We land in the Azores on Tuesday morning. Have had sunshine every day and were uncomfortably warm crossing the Gulf Stream, which we are out of today. We shall be glad to get on land for a while, but the time will not seem long from now on. I can't get over it, that in spite of my fatigued condition, I have not had a touch of seasickness.

The Captain has not taken any notice of us, but the Second Steward sent us word that we could have anything cooked to

EN ROUTE

order. We found Betty's basket of fruit a veritable treasure house, and a delightful box of candy from Mrs. Jordan. I shall write to both. We sit at the first table from the door and Pierpont Morgan has the small table in the outer corner. I shall probably write you about our landing at the Azores and Madeira before closing this, so will just say good night.

On board S. S. "Cedric"
Wednesday, February 23rd, 1910.

DEAR F.

This is just like sailing on a river, there is so little motion, and the sunshine is *hot*. We are expecting to land at Madeira to-morrow to spend the day. Yesterday we spent three or four

PONTA DELGADE

hours at Ponta Delgade, Isle of San Miguel, Azores. It had been very stormy on Monday and we feared we would not be allowed to land, but a north wind cleared the sky and the sun shone out hot.

We went ashore with some people we did not know and a gentleman joined us in a carriage for an hour. He turned out to be a Mr. Gorton, of Chicago.

EIGHT JOURNEYS ABROAD

We went first to a wonderful tropical garden filled with fern palms and rubber trees, camellias and frisia; and wonderful tropical birds were singing with all their might. It was like a little glimpse of heaven or the Garden of Eden. We saw a curious Jesuit church with wonderful deep wood carvings; the whole chancel being filled with them, also immense landscapes made entirely of old Spanish tiles.

When we landed we came with two turns of the small boat. Where the arches are is a building covered with old blue tiles and the arches covered a walk, and on each side steps led down to the water. The gallery was filled with peasant men and women with the gayest colored handkerchiefs and aprons, caps, etc. Then off to the left the ship entrance from the landing to the main street was through three pointed arches decorated with the Portuguese coat of arms, making a very picturesque effect from the water.

We drove up to Mrs. Brown's where Laura and I had lunch in 1906 and they told us they were not prepared and could not give us any lunch, but they recommended us to another place in the town and we got an omelette and some little birds and fruit. Most of the ship people came there.

An elderly woman at Pierpont Morgan's table, who seems to keep them all amused, judging by the shouts of laughter after her speeches, is a Miss De Puyster Carey. These are all the people we have learned to know by name. Friday I will tell you about our day in Madeira. Now I am tired and will go out on deck.

Madeira, February 25th, 1910.

Such a heavenly day as we had yesterday. The sun was hot and strong and the air just cool enough to temper it. We landed at Madeira in steam launches and took the bullock carts up to the railroad station and found a train just starting. We went through banana groves and palms and fern palms, and saw exquisite gardens with giant trumpet flower vines in full bloom; also bougainvillea in great masses, wall flowers, acacia trees in full bloom, and every one was charmed.

EN ROUTE

I hope sometime to spend a month here in this perfect climate. We walked in the gardens of two hotels where there were fountains and large bushes of white azaleas, and wonderful views of the water, 2000 feet below; then we each got in hammocks and were carried on narrow paths higher up to the church for the view, and then to the hotel, where we lunched.

GLORIOUS MADEIRA

Some of the ship's stewards had been sent up to wait on us, and we ate out of doors with odors of Araby, and the finest views in the world. And Sam said we would be cold; how I wish you could all be here with us.

After lunch we sledged down to the town again and then took a bullock cart up to the Casino and back. Then we sat down at little tables on the street leading to the water and

EIGHT JOURNEYS ABROAD

had tea, and it was so gay. Mr. Bodine was with us and we bought strawberries, which fortunately we did not eat, as the moment Morton saw us he made us throw them overboard for fear of typhoid, as there were some cases at one of the hotels at Madeira.

It is all much gayer than when we were here before, streets filled with people sitting and walking, parrots and macaws screaming, new hotels and lovely parks, bastions, flowers and

MADEIRA

sunlight. The contrast with my last sight of Philadelphia is too great to admit of description.

When we came on board, the decks were covered with natives selling all sorts of things, and boys were diving for money, some climbing way up to the highest deck and diving from there. Everybody was entranced and hated to leave.

Mr. Morgan has bought birds at both the Azores and here and has his room full. He has a great aviary, one great cage, in his home in New York, and just turns them loose in it. I never see him on deck, only at his meals. One lady at his table is going to Dalmatia in April, taking only her maid. Perhaps we shall meet her, but I do not rely upon that.

EN ROUTE

Even at night we have the fresh air blowing in our faces and we dress with port-holes open.

I feel it such a pity that you are all breathing that foul Philadelphia air when you might be here. Will write after Gibraltar telling our experiences there. This ship is so high out of the water that it is amazing it don't roll more, but I haven't a qualm.

Much love to all and hoping to hear soon. Have written Morgan Harjes to send Mail to Naples to Thos. Cook & Son.
Affectionately, M. D. R.

On board S. S. "Cedric" Sailing from Gibraltar,
Monday, February 28th, 1910.

DEAR FRANK:

I should have written yesterday to tell you of our day at Gibraltar, but it was so rough that almost as soon as I was up I had to go back to bed to avoid being actively seasick. About noon, as soon as we got under the shore of Sardinia, it quieted down and I got a nice salt bath and dressed, and now they are going to have a dance on deck, and we land early in the morning at Naples.

Our day at Gibraltar was quite different from what we planned. Billy Neilson had told Maria that General Oman would probably send out a tug for us to take us ashore and entertain us, so we were ready early, prepared for anything. The enquiry man told me there was a note for me, and I said "yes, I expected it" but he couldn't find it. Then he said he had sent it to our state room by a steward, but not one of the stewards would acknowledge having received it and no one could find it.

In the meantime, we had to get ashore by the last tug or not at all. We had been invited by Judge Saunders to go on a special tug to Algeciras for lunch, so we went over to the dock and there I tried to get Dr. Oman's house, as we were told there was no General Oman, but it was impossible to get any answer and as we did not know who had written the note,

EIGHT JOURNEYS ABROAD

we went off at 12.30 for Algeciras and found a wonderful Spanish Hotel, built with courts and gardens, and such a view of the Rock! We had a perfect lunch. It was all like fairyland. I would have liked to stay a month.

The English women were all in linen suits. When I came back, through the town of Gibraltar, the Alameda, and out to Europa Point, I bought my usual orange basket at the market, where Laura will remember the delicious dates we got. I hope we may find some letters at Naples, though I doubt it, as you probably did not write at once on your return.

I have my packing to do, so with much love to you all.

Affly., M. D. R.

P. S.—I will write from Naples.

ITALY

Imperial Hotel,
Sorrento, Saturday, March 5, 1910.

DEAR FRANK,

I hope you will remember this is our 37th wedding anniversary!

We arrived here last night quite worn out—but after our long drive—it was delightful to arrive at a warm, comfortable hotel, and have a delicious dinner and a big fine room, and this morning to look out on one of the most wonderful views in the world, the water without a ripple, like glass, and the mountains covered with snow. It was impossible to tell their summits from the clouds.

To-day we have spent strolling about in the hot sun and went over to the Vittoria Hotel for afternoon tea, sat out of doors in the sun, not a scrap of wind, and growing about us forget-me-nots, pansies, frisia, cowslips, banana and palm and pepper trees, acacia, camellias and oranges and lemons; then on the tiled terrace hanging over the sea, far up above the Marina or landing. It is certainly a heaven on earth, it is impossible to imagine greater beauty and we are wonderfully favored, so far, in having nothing but brilliant sunshine, and hoping for a perfect day to-morrow to go on to Amalfi and Ravello.

We landed last Tuesday morning. Fortunately; I had

EIGHT JOURNEYS ABROAD

telegraphed for rooms and the man who met us at the dock had my name on his list.

To my surprise, they have built stone docks at Naples since we were here last, and we docked at once without trouble. As soon as we had lunch (and the food tasted like ambrosia after that on the ship) we took cabs and went to the museum and spent an hour; then up to San Martino which was as

SOLFATARA

lovely as ever, and then up in a lift to the Bertolini Hotel where we had tea, sitting on a terrace and having a glorious view and sunset, with singing and playing by native musicians in costume. Then we came back and down to the Grand Hotel again and had a perfect dinner.

The next day we spent the morning in Naples over our trunks and resting and took lunch early and went in a landau, for the whole afternoon, out through the new grotto, through the hill of Posilipo, over to Solfatara, Pozzuoli, where we went to see the Amphitheatre, a splendid ruin, with a piece

ITALY

of the Appian way leading up to it, and to the Lerapeum, a perfectly beautiful ruin half under water, which by an eruption of Solfatara, was let down under the water and when the Monte Novo was created by an earthquake hundreds of years after, it was raised up again, but has sunk a metre in the last hundred years.

Then we went on to Baiæ and returned by Lake Avernus and Grotto of the Cumæan Sybil, Lake Lucrinus and the Falerian hill and the hot baths of Nero. En route among other

THE AMPHITHEATRE, POZZUOLI

wonderful views was that of Nisida, a promontory almost detached from the main land, and a glorious sunset all the way back, and through the Grotto Antico where the Roman legions marched through, and all unchanged.

Each thing we see is more beautiful than the other, and so it goes on. I had written from Gibraltar to Morgan Harjes to send our mail to Thos. Cook & Son, Naples, but we did not get any mail there. I took Cook tickets for the round trip to La Cava and return by train to Naples, and hope to get to Rome the same day. The utter silence here is such a rest for the nerves one cannot realize it at first. We sleep under mosquito nets, and that alone makes it seem like summer.

EIGHT JOURNEYS ABROAD

I wonder what you are all doing, and think of you hived up in the library, all smoking and with black snow outside, and wish you were here, where you could be out in this wonderful air all day, smelling oranges and flowers, and the birds singing all the time.

Hoping to get letters forwarded from Naples.

Affectionately, M. D. R.

Hotel & Pension Palumbo,
Ravello, Tuesday, March 8, 1910.

DEAR FRANK,

If I only had words to describe the beauty around me; it is indescribable. The sea is like glass and this rocky coast stands out in wonderful sharp lines; way beyond stretch snow capped mountains. We are looking at it from the terrace of the hotel, 1100 feet above the water. These lines are cut by cypresses and pines, like dark green velvet, and the old towers of the palaces are mostly ruins.

There were thirty-five thousand people in this town once, and Amalfi was a great city trading all over the world. This house was the Bishop's Palace, and the Dependance was the property of the Confalone family and above is the Palazzo delli Affitili, and both of them 1100 years old. A Mr. Reid many years ago bought the Palazzo Rufolo just below this and has turned it into a Garden of Eden.

He and his wife did a great deal to elevate the people around here, but both are now dead, and while the nephew, Sir James Lacaito, keeps up the place, he is a busy man in England, and only comes here for the month of April.

The influence of the Saracens is felt here in the architecture, and there are wonderful pulpits in the churches, of mosaic and twisted columns. Wherever they dig, they find treasures.

We sit in the morning on this terrace, which has a stone bench tiled all around the edge, and it is high up above the surrounding ground, and there are lovely daffodils and violets and primroses all about us, and over our heads rose vines with

ITALY

big yellow roses and ivy everywhere. Things are just budding out; deciduous trees, etc., and grapevines; but there is so much green and so many flowers that one doesn't miss them.

We are going to walk to the Cembrone, a sort of promontory facing up the valley towards the mountains, with a wonderful view. It is just the rest I want. It is absolutely

A BIT IN RAVELLO

quiet. The air is perfect and the eye is satisfied. You must come here sometime with me.

It is quite gay at lunch time, when people drive up and take lunch here. In the evening, we sit around a table and read. They have fires here in my room and in the dining room and we are quite comfortable. It is very cold at bed time, but in the morning we have the hot sun and a fire and dress comfortably. I can't bear to think of leaving, but I

EIGHT JOURNEYS ABROAD

suppose we will go on Saturday or Sunday, as direct to Rome as possible.

We have our first mail, your letter of February 17th and postal of 18th. You did not say a word about who used the Opera box that Tuesday night. We think of you always, wishing you could share our pleasure.

We must get off, so good-bye, with much love and hoping to hear from you at Rome.

Affly., M. D. R.

P. S.—You have the itinerary, which tells you as nearly as possible where we will be.

Grand Hotel, Naples,
March 12th, 1910.

DEAR FRANK,

This is my birthday and I am sure you have thought of it.*

We left Ravello at nine this morning in just the same perfect weather we have had continuously—warm and lovely,

AMALFI

and drove down almost to Amalfi, then turned off to La Cava, arriving there at 12.45 and took the train to Naples.

* Her sixty-fourth birthday!

ITALY

Our carriage was almost full of men and I soon gained from their talk that they had been off on some enterprise. Two young engineers and two Italians. The young men were Germans and spoke Italian and English as well and helped us install our packages.

We got here and found a comfortable room; then as it was my birthday we celebrated it by tea at Bertolini's. So we drove up and then went up in the lift and on to the Terrace, and once more had that wonderful view of the Bay of Naples. We couldn't get in to the Palace Hotel at Rome and Mrs. Johnson was good enough to get, through the Proprietor, rooms for us at the Windsor. Rome is terribly crowded, so we are thankful to be assured of a roof over our heads to-morrow night.

I am so dead tired I must go to bed, but I didn't want to go without letting you know of our safe arrival here. We have your letters (two mails) and Laura's written a few days after we left. Am glad you enjoyed the Opera.

How I wish I could bring back the cook; there is never taste or smell of grease about the cooking, and it is so dainty and digestible! We have much to learn at home. I shall not do much sightseeing in Rome. I will let you know as soon as we are settled.

With much love to all, and hoping Cliff and Sam will write sometimes to me. (My letters are for them as well as you).

Affectionately, M. D. R.

Palace Hotel, Rome,
Tuesday, March 15, 1910.

DEAR FRANK,

Since I wrote you from Naples on the eve of the 12th, we have your letters telling of your knowledge of our arrival at Naples, etc. I wrote Maj. Landis that we would be at the Windsor Hotel just below here, but on our arrival, we found the Porter from the Palace Hotel, saying they were going to take us in here, for which we were glad. I have had a slight

EIGHT JOURNEYS ABROAD

bilious attack so did not go out to-day. Maj. Landis and his wife are coming to call at 6.30. He writes he had a jolly letter from Col. Shore and enclosed a note to me, in which I am commanded to come to India without delay, written in Shore's usual joking way.

We may go one night to the Opera to hear "Iris" with Mascagni leading. Sunday afternoon on our arrival, we drove to the Janiculum and through the Villa Borghese grounds and the Pincian. The weather was perfect and I thought it best to utilize it, and fortunately, as it has been overcast to-day and yesterday.

Rome, Wednesday, March 16, 1910.

The cab drivers have been on a strike for two days and it is difficult to get cabs. This P. M. we are going to the Pantheon and Santa Maria della Pace to see Raphael's Sybils, and perhaps to the Capitol Museum. We have just come back from the rag fair where we went with the Johnsons, and met a Mr. Graham, who has lived here for years.

He sent us round the corner to the Palace of Prince Massimo, where there is a chapel that is opened only once a year. We went up a narrow staircase and got into a frightful crowd of peasants and priests, and all sorts of people, and had to come down without seeing it, as we were afraid we would be shut in for hours.

I should have told you first that Reynolds Landis and his wife called yesterday at 6.30 P. M. and we were waiting in the smoking room for them. I had written from Naples Saturday, and they only got my letter Monday evening, and they expressed great regret that they had not got it in time, as their day at home was Monday afternoon. We are to dine with them Sunday evening, and they are to lunch with us at the Aventine Hill on Friday if pleasant, if not, on Saturday, as that is one of the things to do. They were most friendly and she is quite pretty.

He is trying to carry out Col. Shore's instructions to make

ITALY

me cable you that I am going to India and for you to come and join us. I told him that it was of no use, that you would never forgive me, and that I was not prepared financially, etc. Lina will be much disappointed, but I cannot do otherwise.

To-day we had a short shower, with hail, but when I went out at eleven, it was like summer. I bought a great bunch of white gilly flowers for 20 cents, the only time I have indulged, but they are so tempting. To-morrow we have arranged to go out on the Appian way and to St. Paul's Basilica and the catacombs. A week is so ridiculously short a time to be here one does not know what to do.

My letters have to be for all, for I do not have time to write each one, but I think of you all and wish you could enjoy what I am having here, beautiful out of doors.

With much love to you all.

Affly., M. D. R.

Palace Hotel, Rome,
March 20, 1910.

DEAR MR. ROSENGARTEN,

I have thought many times of writing to you, but I have not had time hardly to say my prayers. Every moment since we landed in Naples has been full of delightful experiences and filled to overflowing; and the day at Ponta Delgada, the day at Madeira and the one at Gibraltar and Algeciras were delightful; especially the day we spent at Madeira, a dream of a place. Mrs. Rosengarten has written you so fully of our trip that you will not want to hear it again.

I only want to tell you how perfectly appreciative I am of all your kindnesses to me, and how grateful I am you have made such a wonderful experience possible for me. This has been a hard week for me because I have felt I must see everything of importance.

I have been able to see things intelligently with a Prof. Renaud, a bright, clever man, with a marvelous fund of information, who lectures on all the important things of Ancient

EIGHT JOURNEYS ABROAD

Rome, on the spot, but some of the galleries and churches I have visited alone. Mrs. R. has done very little sightseeing. She is better than when she left home but seems utterly exhausted by every little thing that she attempts to do, even in the quiet of Ravello she would be worn out by even a little walk.

I have pleaded with her to give up Dalmatia, urging upon her the importance of going home strong and well, and have tried to persuade her to spend the three weeks she would spend in Dalmatia, at Nauheim, or some such place and get well. Her digestion is so easily disturbed, as you know, at all times, and it seems to me very foolish to go to a place where the hotels are said to be impossible. I wish you were here to insist upon rest, and not a month of hard travel, and perhaps discomfort. Do not think Mrs. Rosengarten is ill, but she evidently cannot stand any fatigue.

I am wild about Rome, it is so full of interest and beauty. We are to dine to-night with Major and Mrs. Landis. I went this morning to the service at St. Peter's, but it was disappointing.

With much love and deep gratitude.

Aff., MARIA.

Grand Hotel (Brufani),
Perugia, March 23rd, 1910.

DEAR FRANK,

I have so much to tell and am so far in arrears that I hardly know how to begin. We left Rome on Tuesday. I found the excitement of people and sightseeing very fatiguing, I thought it best to keep to my original program. Although we were only eight days in Rome, we saw most of the really important sights and worked hard.

I wrote you a few days after our arrival about the Landis's calling. I found him quite unchanged and admired his wife very much. They went to lunch with us on the Aventine on Friday, 18th, at a popular restaurant where there is a fine

ITALY

view. We met Mr. Graham, of Pittsburgh, who has a lovely home in Rome; is also aa intimate friend of the Landis's. He was asked to meet us at the Landis's for dinner Sunday night. He then decided to have us to tea on Monday afternoon, so we had plenty to do. We went to the Landis's Sunday night for dinner and there met Baron d'Isola (who talked Italian to me), and Mr. Ezekiel, the sculptor, who has had his studio for so many years in the Baths of Diocletian, and must now get out of it. He has the loveliest face and is very interesting lived for many years at the Villa d'Este with Cardinal d'Este

PERUGIA AND HOTEL BRUFANI

and Queen Mother, and the King and Queen are great friends with him.

A pretty Miss Walker (who is staying with the Landis's), and Mr. Graham made up the party. The conversation was always interesting and the Landis's said they were so pleased to be able to entertain one of the Rosengarten family for the first time, and they professed the greatest admiration for Joe and Fanny and wish they could see them.

They live in the apartment formerly occupied by the De Castros, and have a fine view from their balconies.

EIGHT JOURNEYS ABROAD

They have many interesting and beautiful vases in metal inlaid, which they brought from the Philippines. Monday afternoon we went to Mr. Graham's apartment, which is a veritable museum, with wonderful Chinese things he got in Peking. Mrs. Ethelbert Nevin poured tea at one end of the dining room, and Mrs. Bastienelli at the other.

I also met a Judge Cochran, now of St. Louis, whose father was Judge C. of Pittsburgh, and who said he used to play with me as a very small child, and knew father and Clifford well. The Browns (Mrs. Fox's brother) were also there and some young Italians and the Baron d'Isola, who sat by me

THE CONVENT OF ST. FRANCIS, ASSISI

at Landis's dinner. The Johnsons and Walkers went with us, and we felt very gay and had a hard time getting packed that night to leave early on the next morning, but we got off all right Tuesday morning and made the acquaintance almost at once of Miss Sergeant, of New Haven. You remember we met her brother at the Country Club when Freddie Ford introduced him.

We all got off at Assisi at 2 P. M., and stayed over night and we came on in a carriage to Perugia. I wish I could describe the beauty of that sunset from our windows, looking over the Umbrian Plain, seeing Assisi, Spello and Spoleto, with a background of snow mountains. We spent Tuesday

ITALY

and Wednesday nights there going over the old sights, and are enjoying the Hotel Brufani, where we have front windows that look down on the Etruscan gate in the old wall. This afternoon we take the two o'clock train to Florence and go to the Anglo-American Hotel.

We are all going tomorrow afternoon at five P. M. to drive out to the country to see some procession in costume, something peculiar to Florence and Good Friday. We found your letter and Laura's, saying you had not heard anything on March 12th, which seems very strange. We have written constantly. I cannot stop to tell you lots of little things for this must be posted, so I will say good night.

Hoping you are all well and happy.

With much love to all.

Yours Aff.,

M. D. R.

Anglo-American Hotel,
Florence, March 27th, 1910.
Easter Sunday.

DEAR FRANK:

We got here Thursday about dusk and were comfortably settled in quiet rooms on the court. As Florence streets are very noisy, I am very glad of this. We arranged to join friends in an excursion to Grassina, a small village about ten miles in the country to see a church procession after dark, Good Friday. So we took a substantial five o'clock tea and started and had a beautiful drive, which was unfortunately marred by the dust, which was excessive owing to the prolonged drought.

It is an old custom to have a procession on Good Friday of Roman soldiers and priests bearing a life-sized figure of Christ on a sort of Catafalque, followed by children dressed in white, and then a lot of mourning women in black around a statue of the Virgin. There were crowds of carriages and automobiles in a piazza on the village street where the village fair was going on, so we went back up the road on the hillside where we could see the church.

EIGHT JOURNEYS ABROAD

About seven, the moon rose back of the hills just in the right place, and soon the torchlight procession started out from the church, curving along the hill and descending towards us; a very good band playing very solemn music and the priests chanting at intervals. It was really very impressive in the dark, and against that background.

Your last letters came yesterday; also one from Lina. I have had a letter from Countess Adelmänn inviting us there. I am

MADONNA DELLA SEDIA, RAPHAEL

writing her that I cannot tell so long ahead. We are almost a week behind our Itinerary, as we could not possibly go faster.

It seems such a long time before you got our letters when they were posted at the earliest opportunity and we have written steadily. I have all your letters although you did not put numbers on all of them. They come in clusters. Last one is dated March 14th and postal card 15th. I hope it will be less expensive in Dalmatia.

ITALY

I find very little time to write to anyone but you. We shall leave here for Bologna Tuesday afternoon probably and

THE GALLERY OF THE UFFIZI, FLORENCE

INTERIOR OF SANTA CROCE, FLORENCE

go by Ravenna and Ferrara to Venice, getting there Sunday or Monday next.

With much love to you all and constantly wishing you were with us.

Affectionately, M. D. R.

EIGHT JOURNEYS ABROAD

Byron Palace Hotel,
Ravenna, March 30th, 1910.

DEAR FRANK:

Here we are in old Ravenna, having had an adventurous day yesterday. Last Sunday, as everything was closed, we

GARDEN OF THE HOTEL BYRON, RAVENNA

went to call on Miss Reeder Macaulay in the afternoon, after going to the Cathedral in the morning. No one was at home, but I got a very nice note from Miss Macaulay saying they were sorry to miss me and if they could have known I was coming, could as well as not have been at home.

Monday we spent sightseeing. Tuesday afternoon we took the 3.30 train by Faurze here. We had to change twice

ITALY

and after dark and a very nice young Naval Officer (Italian) was very polite, said he was coming here, etc., and made himself very useful.

Arriving at 9.30 we went to bed as soon as we were settled, and this morning started out sightseeing, and did not see him

THE TOMB OF DANTE, RAVENNA

again, but found a nice note saying he had been obliged to return to Florence. He had just returned from Peking where he had been attached to the Italian Legation in China; said he knew many Americans there and seemed to have read many of our books.

I am very much impressed with Ravenna; not with its

EIGHT JOURNEYS ABROAD

outward appearance, but with the wonderful early Christian relics, sarcophagi and mosaics, the churches of San Vitale and San Apollonia date from 300 and 500 A. D. The tomb of Galla Placidia was near the former. There were three wonderful enormous archaic sarcophagi, and the walls and vaulting and dome of exquisite mosaic, and in the church a great altar of translucent alabaster.

This hotel was the Palazzo Rasponi and Byron lived here in 1819. At present the heater is out of commission and the great barnlike rooms are cold as charity. Our room opens on a second-floor terrace, and as it is raining to-night, we must go out on this terrace to get to bed. There is a beautiful garden, but it turned so cold to-day we could not stay there.

We have been talking with a very interesting mother and daughter (Dutch) who are great travellers, and have been in America. They went all over, from Mexico to Canada, in three months and seem not to have forgotten anything they saw, and to have been much impressed with our country. They advise us to see Ferrara during the day and go on to Padua, as the hotel is better at Padua and the distances are very short, so we shall be in Venice by Friday evening, April 1st, a few days behind our itinerary.

I think it doesn't matter, however, as it may be rather cold. It must be beautiful here in Ravenna in warm weather, the garden is so lovely and the terrace, but there is a sensation of desolation about the place, and one would not want to stay long unless with a gay party. We will not get your letters until next Saturday, when I hope we shall find a large mail.

I am looking forward to loafing in Venice, and will write you from there.

With much love for you all.

Your affectionate,

M. D. R.

ITALY

Hotel De L'Europe, Venice,
April 4th, 1910.

DEAR FRANK:

I found a letter from you dated March 22nd when I stopped at Cook's this A. M. I have written you twice a week and sometimes oftener, and you can hardly expect more. I must sometimes rest after being out all day.

I wrote you Wednesday night, and we left Ravenna the

CHAPEL AND ALTAR OF ST. ANTHONY, PADUA

next morning in a raging cold storm, which developed into snow, as we got to Ferrara, where we lunched and drove around, seeing first the old Castello with a moat, a fortified castle of the Este family, and also saw some other palaces and a cathedral, with fine façade; but it was so cold and such a fearful wind, that we got back to the station as soon as possible, where we found a stove in the Trattoria and drank tea to get warm. They call this storm a burrasca (bourasque in French) and it is the worst I was ever out in. Glad indeed we were to get to a warm, modern hotel at Padua, where

EIGHT JOURNEYS ABROAD

to our astonishment, a huge black porter met us with the omnibus.

A good night's sleep and an excellent dinner put us in shape for seeing Padua the next morning. There we admired the Palazzo del Ragione, beautiful outside and inside, with a wonderful hall, with frescoes, and the Church of St. Anthony of Padua, which was full of superb tombs and pulpits and bas reliefs by Donatello. An hour's ride in the afternoon brought

THE FOUNTAIN AND PIGEONS, ST. MARK'S SQUARE, VENICE

us to Venice, and we found two nice single rooms with heat and electric light and fine linen sheets and towels.

We go every afternoon late to see the sun set on the façade of St. Mark's.

Why do you not come over to bring us home? Meet us in Vienna. With much love.

Affectionately, M. D. R.

THE BALKANS AND AUSTRIA

Hotel Stephanie,
Abbazia, April 10th, 1910.

DEAR FRANK:

I wish you could see this beautiful place; beautiful although the Bora is blowing and the sun obscured. The train from Trieste stopped away back in the mountains, and we had to get out and take a trolley down hill to the town. It reminds me of Hombourg, in the character of the houses, but there is much more tropical and glossy foliage. It is very steep, the houses rising one behind the other out of thick foliage. There is a lovely walk all along the rocky coast, where there are no ugly wooden things to interfere with the beauty of nature.

We are at an enormous hotel, well furnished, but with no heat except in the smoking room, where we are seated at present. We had dinner in a large restaurant belonging to this hotel last night, quite gay with officers and well dressed women, and the cooking was excellent. We had things that looked like lobsters, only about six inches long, a pale pink, very delicate, and a delicious dessert, not like anything I ever had. We are going to take our tea at the Kursaal where the Gypsy band is to play. If the weather is all right, we shall take an early boat to Fiume and change to the 11 A. M. boat for Zara.

We thought it best to spend Sunday here rather than at Fiume, where there is really nothing to see, and I never saw a more beautiful place to stay in if one had a party. Of

EIGHT JOURNEYS ABROAD

course, it is impossible to say on just what day we will be at a certain place, but I will let you know as I go along.

I find I cannot draw any money on my letter of credit after Fiume until Buda Pesth, so I may draw some more money, as it will do in Vienna and I would rather have too much Austrian money than to be stranded at Sarajevo or Agram without any money, so I will probably draw £40.

Here they speak only German, except an Egyptian who speaks English. He is the second colored person we have seen on our trip. I hope to get a good mail at Fiume tomorrow,

ABBZIA, DALMATIA

and have ordered the next mail sent to Ragusa. I often wish you could be with us but suppose you would be tired out with the detail of travel.

Much love for all of you. Affly., M. D. R.

Dalmatia, Trau near Spalato,
April 15th, 1910.

DEAR BOYS:

We are enjoying all this beautiful scenery and architecture, and especially the people in their wonderful costumes.

THE BALKANS AND AUSTRIA

The men are giants. It is uncommon to meet a short man and an ordinary thing to see men from 6 ft. 4 inches to 6 ft. 7 or 8 inches. Tell Felix he would be a person of ordinary height. They are all handsome and look like Romans. We hope to get letters at Ragusa. Nothing since Venice.

Affly., M. D. R.

Grand Hotel Bellevue,
Spalato, April 15th, 1910.

DEAR FRANK:

We left Fiume at eleven on Monday morning, April 11th, the first really clear weather for days and sailed off down the

TRAU

Dalmatian coast. We had a nice table d'hôte luncheon and when we came up on deck, the view made us fairly gasp for breath. The Velebit range was on our left, the most picturesque mountains I ever saw, the softest grey, and above, the snow looked like clouds. I haven't a vocabulary to describe them.

At about five we reached Zara, landing at a stone pier, jutting out from a long quay, where a line of modern buildings stretched along a promenade. No vehicles in sight, but we were rejoiced by the sight of wonderful costumes, nurses with

EIGHT JOURNEYS ABROAD

baby carriages, etc., Austrian officers in beautiful uniforms; it all looked so gay and bright. We had good rooms and delicious food but no sitting room, which didn't matter, as we were always too tired to do anything but go to bed.

I don't understand why people have given these hotels such a bad reputation. When it is cold, of course, the linen sheets seem damp, but we overcome that by warming them up with hot water bottles and wearing woolen wrappers. There are inlaid floors everywhere and good furniture and excellent beds.

We admired the churches in Zara. San Danato was an

PIUME

early Christian church built with the ruins of a Roman temple in the crudest way, but very impressive; it is now a museum: and an old Roman column stands in a square and was used for a pillory in mediaeval times. We walked around the rampart on top of the old walls, and enthused over the Porta Marina and lovely Roman bits here and there. The next morning I went out to see the museum and came across the market, with such a riot of color.

The men wear embroidered vests with red fringe, and the

THE BALKANS AND AUSTRIA

most wonderful little caps, smaller than the English soldiers wear, and as they are giants, the effect is most peculiar. They have great coats of brown homespun, made all in one piece like a kimono with a hood, and the women have big sleeveless coats, which are really stylish.

At eleven we started for Sebenico on another voyage of four hours and stopped at Zara Vecchio, where Queen Elizabeth of Hungary was imprisoned and died. We left behind the snow clad Velebits, wound our way among many islands, having an excellent lunch, and getting very friendly with the Captain, who was very proud of his English. The boat was named the "Split," Croat for Spalato.

ZARA, CAPITAL OF DALMATIA

Finally we rounded an old Venetian fort with the Lion of Venice on top, and came into a wonderful harbor, where there is a Naval training ship. Our hotel, "The Velebit" was also along the quay, and it was a great pleasure to watch the middies rowing up and down. There were two fine white English yachts there, but we saw nothing of the people.

Sebenico in Dalmatia was quite different from Zara, being on a steep hillside and crowned with two fortresses. The old town has a magnificent Duomo, the celebrated church all of stone, inside and outside, and a wagon roof; the doors were

EIGHT JOURNEYS ABROAD

exquisite, and all the interior details, especially the Baptistery, which was a perfect gem, although so dark, it was difficult to properly see it.

The next morning we took a carriage and drove to the Falls of Krka. There are several, and it takes two to three days to see the upper one, so we only saw the lower one. The drive was over high, grey rocky hills with almost no vegetation, and it was a surprise when we suddenly saw way below, the river and green islands fringed with tall slender poplars,

THE WATER FRONT, SEBENICO, DALMATIA

and a picturesque old stone mill. Small cataracts in every direction were flowing out and down, and it was only when we got down below them that we got the real effect.

Maria took some photos, which I hope will turn out well. We ate our lunch on a stone terrace overlooking a farm yard, where the little donkeys were trudging up and down with enormous loads on their backs, and their drivers were bright with color, red caps and wonderful silver buttons in two rows down their vests. It was a pretty picture.

We were tired, indeed, on our return, but took an early

THE BALKANS AND AUSTRIA

dinner and then at six-thirty a train to Spalato, arriving at Spalato at ten, and as usual, no vehicles, and we had to walk to our hotel, passing by the front of Diocletian's Palace, along the water front, and then we got to bed as soon as possible.

We feared it might rain, so in the morning arranged for an afternoon drive to Salona and Trau. We spent the forenoon walking through and around the Roman Palace and the Duomo, which was either a temple of Jupiter or Diocletian's Mausoleum, probably the latter. It is superb, and nowhere

ONE OF THE FIVE CASCADES OF THE KRKA RIVER, NEAR SEBENICO

else can one see such a thing as a city inside of a palace. Of course, it is only the old town, Spalato and outside there is a modern city. It is much more of a city than anything we have seen so far.

Our drive to Salona and Trau was very beautiful but very fatiguing, partly on account of the high wind, and partly on account of the difficult walk through the ruins of Salona. After a visit to the house of Herr Buice, the curator of the Museum, we saw the ruins of an early Christian Basilica, and

EIGHT JOURNEYS ABROAD

at last we have seen real tombs of the martyrs of the early Christian church.

A very curious thing is the way in which these magnificent sarcophagi have been broken into by Goths and Vandals, and robbers generally, and more curious still the way in which these mammoth sarcophagi are wedged in all directions and even piled up on top of each other, in their efforts to get as near as possible to a martyr's tomb. These things interest me very much, especially since I have read *Fabiola*. One wonders how such monstrous things could have been made at

AT CLISSA

all, and above all, at the superb carvings; they all make our modern tombs look absolutely without merit of any kind.

Maria and I drove alone to-day up to Clissa, a high barren rock away up in the mountains, crowned by an old Venetian castle fort, with superb views of the coast. A slight haze prevented our seeing as far as we might otherwise.

I forgot to say that after we had gone through a mass of ruins at Salona, we took the carriage again and went on to Trau, a perfect mediæval town on an island, beyond the seven castelli, which extend along the coast. It is a walled town with the Venetian lions over its gates, and with the most perfect

THE BALKANS AND AUSTRIA

cathedral one can imagine. It differs from others in having an open porch or vestibule to protect its wonderful carvings from weather.

At one end of the Island is the old Venetian Fort of Camerlango, most beautiful. The views back from Trau were more beautiful than I can describe, exquisite soft grey back of the green; and all the way lovely hedges of hawthorn and purple and white flowers and blue bachelor buttons. The vine and fig trees are just leafing out, and the sights and sweet smells were delightful.

Unfortunately, one cannot get away from here except at night, so we are leaving to-night on a Hungarian Croatian boat for Ragusa, where we are all going to rest and refresh ourselves. There are few English speaking people to be met; a family of three, whose names I do not know, but no doubt we shall meet some at Ragusa, where we also hope to get letters.

I must stop to go to dinner, so hoping you will all have the patience to read this, with love to all.

Affectionately,

M. D. R.

P. S.—You would perhaps be interested to know, that on our drive home, after leaving the source of the Jader, a typical Dalmatian river, which flows out of the face of an immensely high cliff, and makes a picturesque descent in many waterfalls, we found soldiers stationed at different points, shooting at an imaginary enemy, and others hiding all the way back, and some marching, as if reserve forces.

Grand Hotel Imperial,
Ragusa, Sunday, April 17th, 1910.

DEAR FRANK:

Here we are at last in beautiful Ragusa, and it is even more perfect than I expected! We came by night boat from Spalato, and had a very bad night. I awoke at six, an hour before we were due to arrive, and in that time, managed to be very ill, and we could not get a comfortable room until the late afternoon.

EIGHT JOURNEYS ABROAD

I had been trying for two weeks to take care of myself, so stayed in bed this A. M. We have a balcony, and such a view from it, down the coast! great promontories jutting out into the sea; then the old town wall climbing steeply up, with great round towers, all ivy covered; then such flowers, Banksia roses, oleanders, mimosa and arbors everywhere covered with wistaria, palms and pines.

Maria went out to see the country people, who come in on Sunday dressed in their best costumes, which have a great

THE DALMATIAN COAST

deal of gold embroidery and tissue. All still are giants, and here wear a fez or red turban and baggy trousers. One feels as if it must be an Opera Bouffe it is all so unreal. Their belts are stuck full of knives and pistols, but fierce as they look, they all seem very pleasant and good natured.

I am writing in the reading room, which has a balcony with tables and chairs where we take tea. It overhangs the hotel garden, and past it flows the life of the city though we are outside the walls. We walk down this street and come to a little Piazza called the Brisalje, which looks like a scene set

THE BALKANS AND AUSTRIA

for one of Hammerstein's Operas. In the middle a beautiful statue, a café on the left where all sorts of people are drinking. The sea makes the background, coming in between two great round towers on high rocks. The old moat, has now been turned into a garden, and the old drawbridge into a modern bridge.

This is the first hotel we have found in Dalmatia which has a reading room, and it is such a comfort. We have been

VIEW OF RAGUSA FROM LACROMA

talking with some Germans we had noticed at Spalato and on the boat. They live at Hamburg and know the Herzs, and lived in New York as young people, immediately after the Civil War. He says two of the Herzs were in New York. Then there is an interesting couple from Boston, who came over on the Cedric, by the name of Deland. He is a lawyer and knows Frank Miles Day, whom I wrote you I met at Florence.

All these men come in every day and take five o'clock tea with their wives, and it is so cosy and nice. A young Russian

EIGHT JOURNEYS ABROAD

has just been playing the piano so beautifully, but unfortunately, the piano is very bad. We sit at a long table and three nice Boston women sit on our left, and two English women opposite, and we get a great deal of information from them. They are going to do just the same trip I have planned.

You must not worry about us. We are having luxury, and there are no privations. They say the hotel at Cetinje is excellent. The only unpleasant thing is the sail down this coast until we turn into the Bocche de Cattaro. The sail up the Bocche and the drive up to Cetinje are said to be absolutely beautiful. We shall drive with horses and carriages and not go in the public auto.

I have just found out that the Boston Mr. Deland has a brother-in-law, Frank Chandler, architect, so I asked if he was related to Peleg Chandler, and he is a nephew. The Hamburg man is named Volckens, and he is still in business in New York and goes over every year. They are all so friendly and nice. I only wish you were along, you would enjoy these people we meet. I will send this, although I could go on forever.

Do tell the boys to write. Much love.

Affly., M. D. R.

P. S.—I get few letters and don't know where they are held up.

Grand Hotel Imperial, Ragusa,
April 22nd, 1910.

DEAR FRANK,

Only a line to tell you we are leaving here to-morrow morning for Mostar en route for Sarajevo. The Volckens have just returned from both places and are so enthusiastic about them and say the Hotels are excellent. We had a nice party of four carriages up to Cetinje in Montenegro so we were never alone. The two English old maids, one a Miss Thackeray, niece of Wm. M., and the Hendersons, who know David Bispham and who are urging us to come to London.

THE BALKANS AND AUSTRIA

There is no doubt that it is the most wonderful drive in the world and although it climbs 2000 ft. in zigzag you think you are almost on a level, it is so perfectly graded, and when near Cetinje we made a sharp turn and the most gorgeous view burst upon us, the Albanian Mts., blue as indigo, and Lake Scutari, in Albania, and back of all one high snow-capped

CETTINGE, CAPITAL OF MONTENEGRO

peak, before we descended upon the sea of stone called Montenegro. The two English women are going with us to-morrow, so we shall not be isolated.

I must pack to-night and get to bed early as we are off before nine. Tell Laura I have no time to write. With much love to you all.

Affectionately, M. D. R.

Mostar, Sat. April 23rd, 1910.

DEAR F,

We left Ragusa with great regret this morning. It is absolutely beautiful and interesting.

Mostar is a Turkish town and has the Narenta river rush-

EIGHT JOURNEYS ABROAD

MOSTAR

ing through with very picturesque banks and a wonderful bridge. Full of Mosques and Turks. We go on to Jablanica to-morrow afternoon and then to Sarajevo. Am travelling too fast to write letters except to Frank. Much love.

M. D. R.

Hotel Europe, Sarajevo,
Monday, April 25th, 1910.

DEAR FRANK,

Your last letter was an old one of Mar. 30th, forwarded from Fiume to Ragusa and repeating other letters. We did not have any mail sent to these out of the way places so will get nothing until Vienna.

We left Ragusa on Saturday morning with the two English ladies, one of whom is Miss Thackeray, whose father was first cousin to the great novelist.

The night before we had a great leave-taking of the Hendersons, the English couple, who were going to Albajea and

THE BALKANS AND AUSTRIA

BETWEEN MOSTAR AND JAYCE, HERZEGOVINA

the Volckens who had just returned from this trip of Mostar and Sarajevo, and were most enthusiastic about it and invited us to Hamburg. The Hendersons begged us to come to London before sailing and promised to take us everywhere in their motor and to take us to all the best plays, &c., &c.

We hated to leave Ragusa and the Hendersons but were delighted with the railway ride on a rack and pinion road over the Karst and came down into a beautiful green valley upon the town of Mostar, most picturesquely located on the rushing and foaming Narenta River.

The banks are curiously rough and ragged and in the centre of the town is the Roinerbrucke, a single span of stone pointing up in the middle. With lovely mountains in the background and many minarets and tall poplar trees you may imagine how beautiful it was. Our hotel was on the river bank at the end of a bridge from which there was an entrancing view and a constant and bewildering procession of costumes.

EIGHT JOURNEYS ABROAD

We had now got to our first Mohammedan town and saw veiled women in trousers and unveiled women dressed in the ordinary European way except that the dress ended in trousers instead of a skirt. The next morning being Sunday we got out soon after nine to see the Austrian officers and soldiers go to the Catholic church. We sat down on a stone wall a little in front of the church and heard the brass band play the hymns and in the meantime the peasant men and women were arriving from the country bedecked in lace veils and flowers and great white woolen overcoats embroidered and which they had caught up behind and let down as they got near the church. Some of the men wore red turbans and we cannot tell them from the Mohammedans.

It seemed so strange to see the middle class women wearing trousers and I have never dreamed of so many costumes, making an unforgettable picture. It was very hot and we were glad to find the tables set outside back of the hotel and reserved one for lunch. In the meantime officers and their families began to arrive and then the brass band came up and saluted and then gave a regular concert with printed programs, so we enjoyed the music and saw the élite of Mostar society.

Maria went with some Germans the night before to a Turkish café, where there was music and then to see the bridge by moonlight. Sunday afternoon the English ladies decided to go on to Jablanica to spend the night so we did the same and had a wonderful ride through the famous "Gorge of the Narenta," which is one of the three finest in Europe. The day was perfect so we got the outlines of the Mountains clearly and arrived at Jablanica about five to find a Government Inn in a lovely garden on the river and had tea in the garden with nightingales singing. It is a place where men come for fishing and hunting. The nightingales sang all night but I do not think they compare with our robins.

We had rather an uncomfortable breakfast and were ready to come on here, crossing the border between Herzegovina and

THE BALKANS AND AUSTRIA

Bosnia and seeing Turks. One old beast of a Turk got on the train with two women with black veils and old calico dresses. At every station we saw new costumes until we were quite bewildered.

We crossed over a high mountain range with snow very near and the conductor took us forward to see how the engine worked to catch the rail—the grade was very steep. It was a wonderful ride.

We reached Sarajevo at six and found it quite large and up to date. The hotel pretends to be modern but is very different from ours. The town lies on both sides of a river with numerous bridges and many mosques, and looks a little like Florence. The dining saloon was quite gay, one table filled with fine-looking officers wearing an infinite variety of uniforms, green, yellow, scarlet and crimson collars and cuffs. Some of them had many decorations and now that I am writing they are singing "*Gaudeamus igitur*" and banging their mugs of beer on the tables. A perfect giant sat at the next table to us—an enormous black-bearded creature who was considerably over seven feet tall.

Sarajevo, April 26th, 1910.

This morning, after a bad night's sleep, owing to the noise in the café and the street, we went out to the Museum and saw the costumed figures representing the peasant population of every part of Bosnia and Croatia.

It seems very strange to be staying in a place that I didn't know existed and find it quite civilized and almost unaware of our existence. I don't think there is an English newspaper in the house. There are automobiles darting about and electric lights and telephones.

I sent for a doctor this morning to look at my throat and find he studied with the Dr. Otis of Boston at Vienna, (who is a friend of the Landis's that I met at Cettinje). He is giving me a gargle and a water to drink and seems to think it is the old bronchial trouble—said I had the American pharyngitis.

EIGHT JOURNEYS ABROAD

I had hoped to get on to Jayce in Bosnia to-morrow afternoon but will probably wait until Thursday. We were going to the Bazaar tomorrow morning as it is Market day and the country people come in from all sides in wonderful costumes, and I do hope I will not miss it.

SARAJEVO, CAPITAL OF BOSNIA

I do not believe I had better stop at Adelman's but may ask Countess A. to come in to Munich to see us. It will all depend on when we get to Vienna. I am anxious to hear of Mrs. Whelan's condition, and hope she is recovering.

Much love to you all.

Affly., M. D. R.

Grand Hotel Hungaria, Budapest,
May 1st, 1910.

DEAR FRANK,

We sent you a cablegram last evening on our arrival to let you know that we were here safe and sound, after our arduous trip back through the Balkans. We climbed over them at least six or seven times this side of Ragusa.

THE BALKANS AND AUSTRIA

We left Jayce (pronounced Yaitze) and the English women with regret, although we had time to look at it all thoroughly. The ride from Sarajevo to Jayce on the train was through the most beautiful country, high mountains, beautiful rivers and such masses of flowering fruit trees were never seen elsewhere. They were mostly prune trees. The Turkish villages through Bosnia were a constant delight as they are more picturesque than any I have ever seen. White houses with black steep

JAYCE

pitched roofs, lovely gardens and plenty of flowing water, and lovely minarets.

We were fortunate in just striking their market days and so seeing crowds of peasants in their finery. Also on nearer inspection many proved to be walking ragbags. Jayce had a most beautiful waterfall and lovely mosques. They are making a park on both sides of the river, both above and below the Falls. The hotel was very comfortable but we had to go on and went at seven in a fine big enclosed auto through the Gorge of the Urbas, arriving at Banjaluka in four hours, going about 12 miles an hour. It was very warm at B. and walking through the town was rather uncomfortable, but we were rewarded by seeing streams of peasants with the gayest of costumes.

EIGHT JOURNEYS ABROAD

We took a slow train to Agram at 3 but hoped to get there by dark. Instead it was midnight and we went to the first hotel in Baedeker, found only a boy up, who couldn't speak German and only learned that a train went at 7.20. So we got up at five and had a really dreadful time to get a breakfast or our bill, &c., &c., but we finally got off and then found that it was another slow train and that there was a fast train in the afternoon.

We preferred anything to going back and found our train would get here two hours earlier than the other. A comfortable first class car made it easy as we were able to lie down and get naps and had the compartment to ourselves. It was a terribly stormy day, cold rain and we thought how lucky we were to have had the perfect day for the auto ride and all our trips through Bosnia for the country was flat and uninteresting after Agram.

I forgot to tell you about the queer costumes we saw between Banjaluka and Agram. The men wore straight up and down white drawers embroidered in openwork a half yard deep at the bottom and over that a full jacket of white also embroidered around the edges and belted in so it stuck out over the hips, then a Zouave jacket over that. They really had the most comical appearance you can imagine. But the most amusing mixture was a priest in a brown robe, like the Franciscans, with a curled up moustache and a common black Derby hat. We have seen some funny sights.

We are going out to drive around the town (Budapest) although it threatens rain, but we cannot lose time and hope to take the 5 P. M. train tomorrow arriving at Vienna at 9.30. Hoping you will get the cablegram all right, with love to all.

Affly, M. D. R.

Budapest, Sunday afternoon, May 1, 1910.

We drove about all afternoon through the city then went up to the "Burg," the Emperor's Schloss high up in the old

THE BALKANS AND AUSTRIA

town across the river. There were the loveliest gardens in front of it and a splendid terrace with statues overlooking the Danube with the Margareten-Insel. There were rose trees set in circles of forget-me-nots and the latter such healthy vivid blue (so unlike the weak sickly-looking plants we have) and they were in long beds of giant pansies.

Then we went on to the Margareten-Insel, a summer resort with music and restaurants and a band was playing while we took our tea and strawberries (wild ones with no flavor). It was too early to see society and when we came back we went out on the street behind the hotel and found the pavements covered with chairs and tables and fine-looking people.

This street goes along the river and looks up to the Burg.

ROYAL PALACE, BUDAPEST

It is very difficult to get along here as not one sign even in the Railway Stations is legible, all being in the Hungarian language. Even in Bosnia and Herzegovina they had the signs in four languages, but here there is nothing, and if I did not speak German I could not have got on. I have just had a telegram that they cannot give us rooms until Tuesday, so will leave Tuesday morning, 3rd of May, for Vienna.

Mr. Gorton has just written us that he is leaving Vienna to-day, couldn't stay longer and has spoken to the hotel proprietor about our rooms, and we get there to-morrow night.

EIGHT JOURNEYS ABROAD

It rained all our stay in Budapest except Sunday afternoon, when we made all possible use of our time. In Vienna it rained, poured, all but one day, but we managed to see about everything and went one night to Grand Opera and another to hear the new comic opera, by the composer of "The Merry Widow," "The Graf von Luxemburg." The Opera House is beautiful and "Faust" was delightful.

Vienna is a charming place and so gay. It is still raining and bitterly cold. Mrs. R. has of course written you of her plans. We shall hope for better weather at Sigmaringen. It would be so nice if you were here for this part of the "tour," which you would like. You never would have gone through the other part.

With love for the family.

Affectionately and gratefully, MARIA.

EN ROUTE

Hotel Bristol, Vienna,
Thurs., May 4th, 1910.

DEAR FRANK,

We came here Monday in a pouring rain and in the same train with Sydney Hutchinson and his wife and it has poured steadily ever since. They got disgusted and shipped their auto to Paris and expect to sail the end of this month.

We have gone to some churches and museums and the state apartments in the Hof Burg, but have had no chance to walk about the streets or see the life. Tuesday night we went to the Opera, Faust, hearing their best tenor. We had seats in the second row of the Parquet and enjoyed every minute of it. The orchestra was superb, the singers good, but not great, and they gave the whole Walpurgis Nacht with the most superb ballet I ever saw. The house is very handsome, in a sort of light chocolate and gold. I have not yet found out who the leader or singers were, but will do so.

People came in here afterwards for supper and it was very gay here. Yesterday Dr. Otis and his family turned up, the one I wrote you was a friend of the Landis's, and that we met at Cettinje. They are going to stay two months. The Volckens also came yesterday and leave to-morrow.

It is still raining and to-morrow is our last chance to get to Schönbrunn. To-night we are going to see the "Graf von Luxemburg" by the man who wrote the "Merry Widow" and hope to find it as amusing as they say it is.

EIGHT JOURNEYS ABROAD

We leave Saturday morning for Munich and hope for a clear day to go through the Tyrol, Linz and Salzburg to Munich, I have planned to spend Sunday there and go on Monday to Sigmaringen and on Wednesday morning to Zurich and take the night train to Paris, where I have rooms reserved at the Hotel Crillon. My next will be from Sigmaringen. It was nice to get the photos and see you all looking the same as ever.

With much love to all,

Your aff.,

M. D. R.

P.S. I will attend to the return trip the moment I get to Paris. It is much easier to get accommodations there. One cannot get the Lusitania or Mauretania at Cherbourg, so it will probably be a Hamburg-American Ship.

Grand Hotel Continental, Munchen,

May 5th, 1910.

DEAR MR. ROSENGARTEN,

You were, I am sure greatly relieved to get the cable from Budapest telling you we were safely out of "Savage Europe," as an Englishman has called his book on Bosnia. I felt on a nervous strain until we got into civilization, but now that it is over I can look back upon it all as a wonderful experience and shall always remember with joy the beautiful and interesting places and things that I have seen.

It was a hard trip from the time we left Venice and I feared it would be too much for Mrs. Rosengarten, but we had practically no discomfort and received kind and courteous treatment from every one, especially the train conductors, who seemed to look upon us as their special charges. As Mrs. R. has probably written you, we were never really alone until we reached Agram, for the two English women were with us until we left Jayce, and then some Germans with whom we had talked were in the motor and train until we got to Agram.

Mrs. R. has written you so fully about each place that it would bore you to hear of them again, so I will spare you descriptions. To me Herzegovina and Bosnia were even more

EN ROUTE

interesting than Dalmatia and much more beautiful. The scenery between Jayce and Banjaluka is the finest of my experience.

We were childishly excited the night we arrived at Budapest. It seemed like getting to Heaven to find ourselves in a good Hotel and among civilized people, but I fancy Heaven will not be quite as gay and giddy as the dining room of the Hotel Hungaria.

Grand Hotel Continental, Munchen,
Sunday, May 8th, 1910.

DEAR CLIFFORD,

Two of your letters came almost together and where the others are I do not know. I have been very careful not to order the mail to out of the way places and always stopped it several days before leaving a place, so none should arrive too late.

We hated to leave Vienna, it was so gay and bright, although it rained steadily and blew a fearful gale from Sunday to Friday, when it cleared and got warm and I went out to Schönbrunn and had a perfect view, but yesterday it started in again here and is just now stopping at 5 P. M. We went out to the picture gallery and the Frauen Kirche and some others, among them a very ornate chapel, where King Ludwig the mad King is buried. Tomorrow we shall go to the Alte Residenz before going to take the train to Sigmaringen, to stay over Monday and Tuesday nights, leaving Wednesday morning, 11th, for Zurich, and night train to Paris where I have secured rooms at the Crillon, a new Hotel every one speaks well of.

King Edward's sudden death Friday night has made a great sensation. None of you have said anything more about Mrs. Whelen, after saying she was at the point of death, so I take it she has recovered.

Your Father wrote that Hammerstein asked about my seats at the Opera. Will you please write that if the present arrangement continues I wish to keep my same seats for next

EIGHT JOURNEYS ABROAD

year. The newspapers say that the Metropolitan has bought out Hammerstein and taken over his artistes. I wonder if that is true. Please attend to this for me. Please tell Annie to have the house in summer trim, everything put away and the parlor ready to close.

I got you a Bosnian weapon in a beautiful sheath, old Bosnian work, and hope you will like it. You said not to get handkerchiefs or stockings. We had a lovely ride through Salzburg, Linz, and along the Chiemsee. We had a peep at the Tyrolean Alps when the clouds lifted at Linz.

Hoping you are quite well again, with much love,

Affly,

M. D. R.

FRANCE

Hotel de Crillon, Paris,
Saturday eve., May 14th, 1910.

DEAR FRANK,

We had a rainy day for our trip to Zurich and only saw the Museum and were relieved to find we did not have to wait until midnight to get our sleeping car, but got one direct from Zurich.

HOTEL DE CRILLON, PARIS

I think the Adelmans hated to have us go, they were so friendly and nice. Of course we were only there over one day, but we went all over the castle which is now finished and Maria took a long walk late every afternoon with Count A. He has

EIGHT JOURNEYS ABROAD

aged some and grown stouter and Countess A. was so lovely. Maria got along famously with them and seemed very much impressed with her experience there. I told them that they must absolutely come to us that we must not do all the visiting.

Count A. said that we must come and make a trip through Northern Germany and make their house the headquarters, they couldn't understand why you hadn't been willing to come over.

HOTEL DE CRILLON, PLACE DE LA CONCORDE, PARIS

We got here at six-thirty Thursday morning and were delighted with this hotel. It is the building I always thought was the Rothschild's house. It is the Ancient Hotel de Crillon owned by the Duke de Polignac, facing the Place de la Concorde and on the side that is the continuation of the Rue de Rivoli just beyond the Rue Royale.

You cannot imagine the traffic and the danger of crossing. It rained hard Thursday, but I went at once and secured a good stateroom on the Cincinnati for May 27th from Cherbourg.

We are very comfortably fixed here. I like it better than

FRANCE

any hotel I have ever been in here. We were so tired that we have not done much but rest. The Gortons arrived to-day from London in their car and are going to take us out to lunch

HOTEL DE CRILLON, PARIS

THE GARDEN, HOTEL DE CRILLON, PARIS

to-morrow at either Pre Catalan or d'Armenonville. He sails on Wednesday next.

I also met Miss de Coppet, who seems to be with some one who has an automobile and she goes back Wednesday. She asked if Clifford were with me. The Gortons have been to England for the wedding of her niece and had a great time

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there. Lady Pole-Carew, who came over to Quebec with the Prince of Wales' party and a celebrated beauty, is the niece of Mrs. Gorton's sister. Pierpont Morgan was at the wedding and sent a superb diamond ornament that Mr. Gorton says must have cost \$20,000, large pear-shaped diamonds. The young lady is a Miss Butler and marries a young Drummond in the English Navy.

I imagine we will have some good times with the automobile while the Gortons are here. I have not yet let the Rochambeaus know I am here, but will do so soon. I ordered my underclothing and got a hat for Countess Adelmann. I am too tired to write more to-night. Will write often. Much love, and hoping to see you soon.

Affly,

M. D. R.

Hotel de Crillon, Paris,
Monday, May 16th, 1910.

DEAR FRANK,

I wrote you Saturday evening and yesterday a little before noon, we went off with Mr. and Mrs. Gorton in their beautiful Packard limousine to the Pre Catalan in the Bois and had lunch there in a great white room with all glass walls looking out on beautiful flowers and exquisite green. It was as warm as summer and after lunch we went on to Versailles and Maria saw everything hurriedly, and then we came home in clouds of dust.

I never saw so many automobiles in all my life and it was one great cloud of dust and I feel that Paris is ruined by automobiles. As it was Sunday and the first warm sunny day for two weeks the whole population was out and we got into a bicycle race between Suresnes and Versailles that had left Bordeaux at five in the morning. There were one million more or less bicycles and riders waiting along the sides of the road and it was dusty and hot.

To-day was a holiday and nothing open, so Maria and I got a good rest. I haven't had time to make any calls so I have written to the Countess de Rochambeau asking them to come here to dine on Friday evening.

FRANCE

I was much surprised to meet Mr. Stotesbury in the hall this P. M. He and the Hutchinsons had moved over from the Bristol. It seems the H's had engaged rooms for Mr. S. there and when he arrived they hadn't a room—said the King of Greece and the Prince of that had arrived and had to have the rooms, so they said if they cared more for the King of Greece than Americans they would go elsewhere, so they all moved over here.

Mr. Gorton says the McCormicks arrived to-day at this hotel. He has been Ambassador in several places. I cannot think where I met her.

The time is flying and we have so far done very little. Our train leaves for Cherbourg on Friday 27th at one o'clock, and I feel as if I had enough moving about of trunks for some time.

The French people seem all to have lost their taste—they wear such enormous hats and such wigs and are so painted and wear such tight skirts that they all look disreputable. Well I must say good night and look forward to being with you soon. I also look forward to riding to Philadelphia in *our* newly painted Packard. Mrs. G. says she thinks the 1907 was the best car they have had but their 1910 moves without a hitch. They got an Italian chauffeur in New York for this trip. Much love to all. Affly, M. D. R.

Hotel de Crillon, Paris,
May 19th, 1910.

DEAR FRANK,

I went to the Bank this morning and got a letter from Betty and one from you saying you should not write again. I am sorry to miss Katherine Fowler's wedding. I think you can get Fanny Rosengarten or Betty to help you buy a present. Ask Mr. Caldwell to show you some Dutch silver, the sort of things I buy. You know the sort of things I have had sent home to choose from.

We went to the Countess Rene de Rochambeau's for tea this afternoon. She had said I would meet her mother-in-law and sister-in-law, the mother of the young Marquis. We found

EIGHT JOURNEYS ABROAD

a lot of people, about twenty, and we didn't know who any of them were. The old Marquise came in and of course asked about all the family, especially Joe and Fanny and Lina. None of the people talked to us as the Countess gathered us all around the table and it was rather embarrassing, but I think more to them than to us.

COUNT DE ROCHAMBEAU

The Count and Countess will come to us for dinner Tuesday of next week and I may ask Mr. Stotesbury. We go to the Marquise for dinner some evening before we sail a week from tomorrow. The Hutchinsons sail Saturday on the *Lusitania* and Mrs. Chester and husband (he is Admiral Chester's son) go on Wednesday night next.

Mrs. Gorton took us out in her automobile this morning